



# Recreation,

F O R

Ingenious Head-Pieces :

O R, A

## Pleasant Grove

F O R T H E I R

W I T S T O W A L K I N,

Of { Epigrams, 700.  
      { Epitaphs, 200.  
      { Fancies, a Number.  
      { Fantasticks, Abundance.

---

With their Addition, Multiplication  
and Division.

---

Mart. *Non cuique datur habere nasum.*

---

L O N D O N, Printed by S. Simmons in  
Aldersgate-Street, 1667.

---

15476.205.5\*

*Gen Ware*

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY  
IN MEMORY OF  
LIONEL DE JERSEY HARVARD =  
CLASS OF 1918

*Nov. 6, 1926*



*Ad Lectorem.*

**T**His little Book, is like a furnish'd Feast ;  
And hath a dish, I hope, to please each guest.  
Here thou may'st find some good and solid fare ;  
If thou lov'st pleasant junkets, here they are ;  
Perhaps sharp sauces take thee most ; if so,  
I have Cookt for thee some sharp sauces too ;  
But if thy squemish stomach can like none,  
No body hinders thee, thou may'st be gone.





THE  
STATIONER  
TO THE  
Reader.

**I**F new, or old Wit, please the Reader best,  
I've hope, each man of wit, will be our Guest;  
The new, was fram'd to humour some mens tast;  
Which if they like not, they may carve the last:  
Each dish hath sauce belongs to't; and you will  
By your dislike, censure the Author's skill:  
Yet if you cannot speak well of it, spare  
To utter your dislike, that the like snare  
May entrap others; So the Book may be  
Sold, though not lik'd, by a neat fallacie:  
That's all I aske, yet 'twill your goodness raise,  
If as I gain your coyne, he may your praise.

EPI.



# EPIGRAMS.

## 1. *To the Reader.*

**E**Xcuse me Reader, though I now and than,  
In some light lines, do shew my self a man;  
Nor be so fowre, some wanton words to  
blame,

They are the Language of an Epigramme.

## 2. *On Battus.*

*Battus* doth brag he hath a world of Books,  
His Studies maw holds more then well it may,  
But seld' or never, he upon them looks,  
And yet he looks upon them every day.  
He looks upon their outside, but within,  
He never looks, nor never will begin.



THE  
STATIONER  
TO THE  
Reader.

**I**F new, or old Wit, please the Reader best,  
I've hope, each man of wit, will be our Guest;  
The new, was fram'd to humour some mens tast;  
Which if they like not, they may carve the last:  
Each dish hath sauce belongs to't; and you will  
By your dislike, censure the Author's skill:  
Yet if you cannot speak well of it, spare  
To utter your dislike, that the like snare  
May entrap others; So the Book may be  
Sold, though not lik'd, by a neat fallacie:  
That's all I aske, yet 'twill your goodness raise,  
If as I gain your coyne, he may your praise.

EPI.



---

# EPIGRAMS.

---

## 1. *To the Reader.*

**E**Xcuse me Reader, though I now and than,  
In some light lines, do shew my self a man;  
Nor be so slowre, some wanton words to  
blame,  
They are the Language of an Epigramme.

## 2. *On Battus.*

*Battus* doth brag he hath a world of Books,  
His Studies maw holds more then well it may,  
But seld' or never, he upon them looks,  
And yet he looks upon them every day.  
He looks upon their outside, but within,  
He never looks, nor never will begin.



---

3. *On Prue.*

*Prue's* nose hangs down so low, one would suppose,  
VVhen e're she gapes, that *Prue* would eat her nose.

4. *To Gripe.*

*Gripe* keeps his coyn well, and his heaps are great,  
For which he seems wise in his own conceit ;  
Be not deceiv'd *Gripe*, for ought I can see,  
Thy bags in this sense are as wise as thee.

5. *On Man and Woman.*

VVhen Man and VVoman dyes, as Poets sung,  
His heart's the last stirr, of her's the tongue.

6. *On Womans will.*

How dearly doth the honest Husband buy  
His VVives defect of VVill when she doth dye ?  
Better in death, by VVill to let her give,  
Then let her have her VVill while she doth live.

7. *Spangle, the spruce Gal.*

*Spruce Spangle's* like to a Cynamon Tree ;  
His outside is of much more worth than he.

8. *To*



## Epigrams.

---

### 8. *Charilus.*

Eat Toft and Oyle, eat fupple Herbs and loof,  
For thou look'ft wondrous coftive *Charilus.*

### 9. *In Paulum.*

By lawful Mart, and by unlawful stealth,  
*Paulus* from th' Ocean hath deriv'd much wealth :  
But on the Land, a little gulfe there is,  
VVherein he drowneth all that wealth of his.

### 10. *Vestitus perisus.*

*Clitus* goes oft time clad in Suits of Scarlet,  
That else no colour had to play the Varlet.

### 11. *Of Poetus.*

*Poetus*, with fine Sonnets painted forth,  
This and that foul Ladies Beauties worth :  
He shews small wit therein, and for his pains,  
By my consent, he never shall reap gains ;  
Why, what need *Poets* paint them, O sweet Elves !  
When Ladies paint their Beauties best themselves.

### 12. *Of Shift the Sharker.*

*Shift* swears he keeps none but good company,  
For, though th'are such as he did never see,  
Worse then himself he's sure they cannot be.

## Epigrams.

---

### 13. *On an Upstart.*

(right,

Pray wrong not (*late coyn'd*) give the man his  
He's made a Gentleman although no Knight ;  
For now 'tis Cloaths the Gentleman doth make,  
Men from gay Cloaths their Pedegrees do take ;  
But wot you what's the Arms to such mens house?  
Why this—hands chancing of a Rampant Louse.

### 14. *Volens Nolens.*

*Will*, with proviso, wills you testifie,  
Has made his will, but hath no will to dye.

### 15. *Ad Clodium.*

(Gold,

*Wit*, once thou said'st was worth thy weight in  
Though now't be common for a trifle sold ;  
It dearer seems to thee that get'st not any,  
(When thou shouldst use it) for thy love or money.

### 16. *In Getam.*

*Geta*, from wool and weaving first began,  
Swelling and swelling to a Gentleman ;  
When he was Gentleman and bravely dight,  
He left not swelling till he was a Knight.

At

## Epigrams.

---

At last (forgetting what he was at first)  
He swel'd to be a Lord, and then he burst.

### 17. To Emson.

*Emson*, thou once in *Dutch* wouldst court a Wench,  
But to thy Cost, she answer'd thee in *French*.

### 18. In Fimus.

*Fimus* is Coach'd, and for his farther Grace,  
Doth ask his Friends, how he becomes the Place;  
Troth I should tell him, the poor coach hath wrong  
And that a Cart would serve to carry Dung.

### 19. In Flaccus.

The false Knave *Flaccus*, once a bribe I gave;  
The more fool I, to bribe so false a Knave:  
But he gave back my bribe, the more fool he,  
That for my folly, did not couzen me.

### 20. Of Womens naked breasts.

In open Shops, Flyes often blow that Flesh,  
Which in close Safes might be kept longer fresh.  
They but invite flesh-flyes, whose full spread paps,  
Like Road-ways lie, between their Lips and Laps.

## Epigrams.

---

### 21. On *Morecho*.

*Morecho* for hast was married in the night:  
What needed day ? his fair young wife is light.

### 22. On a *Bragadocio*.

Don *Lollus* brags, he comes from Noble blood,  
Drawn down from *Brutus* Line ; 'tis very good,  
If this praise-worthy be, each Flea may then  
Boast of his blood, more then some Gentlemen.

### 23. *Edens, vomens*.

*Cacus*, that sups so duly at the Rose,  
Casts up the reckning truly ere he goes.

### 24. On a Pump *stopt with Stones*.

*M.* 'Ile cut it down, I swear by this same hand,  
If 'twil not run, it shall no longer stand.  
*R.* Pray Sir be patient, let your Pump alone,  
How can it water make when't hath the stone ?  
Yet did he wisely, when he did it fell,  
For in so doing he did make it well.

### 24. Of *Prittle prattle*.

Though ty' danger be not great, of all tame cattle,  
Yet the most troublesome is *Prittle-prattle*.

## Epigrams.

### 26. In *Aulus*.

Thou still art muttering *Aulus* in mine ear,  
Love me and love my Dog : I will I swear,  
Thou ask'st but right ; and *Aulus*, truth to tell,  
I think thy Dog deserves my love as well.

### 27. Ad *Tilenum*.

*Tilens* 'cause th'art old, fly not the field,  
Where youthful *Cupid* doth his banner wield ;  
For why ? this god, old men his Souldiers stil'd ;  
None loves, but he who hath been twice a Child.

### 28. To *Vellius*.

Thou swear'st I bowl as well as most men do,  
The most are bunglers, therein thou say'st true.

### 29. Three Genders.

A Wife, although most wise, and chaste,  
Is of the *Doubtfull* Gender ;  
A Quean o'th' *Common* : Feminines,  
Are Women small and tender.

### 30. Of *Brawle*.

*Brawle* loveth brabbling, as he loves his life,  
Leave him for dead, when he leaves stirring strife.

### 31. In

## Epigrams.

### 31. In Paulus.

(know,

*Paul*, what my Cloak doth hide thou fain wouldst  
Wer't to be seen I would not cover't so.

### 32. Of sleep and death.

That death is but a sleep I not deny,  
Yet when I next would sleep, I would not dye.

### 33. Upon Methusius.

*Methusius* ask'd me why I call'd him Sot,  
I answer made, because he lov'd the Pot,  
For while *Methusius* busie is with it,  
The fool I'm sure's as busie with his wit.

### 34. On Thraso.

*Thraso* goes lame with blows he did receive  
In a late Duel, if you'l him believe.

### 35. News.

When News doth come, if any would discuss  
The Letter of the word, resolve it thus:  
News is convey'd by Letter, Word, or Mouth,  
And comes to us from *North, East, West, and South.*

36. Of

## Epigrams.

### 36. Of Rufus.

*Rufus*, had rob'd his Host, and being put to it,  
Said, I am an Arrant Rogue if I did do it.

### 37. Of Marcus.

When *Marcus* fail'd, a borrowed sum to pay,  
Unto his friend at the appointed day ;  
'Twere superstition for a man, he sayes,  
To be a strict observer of set dayes.

### 38. Of a Thief.

A Thief Arrested, and in Custody  
Under strong Guards of armed Company,  
Askt why they held him so ; Sir, quoth the Chief,  
We hold you for none other then a Thief.

### 39. Of Motion.

Motion brings heat, and thus we see it prov'd,  
Most men are hot and angry when they'r mov'd.

### 40. Formal the Fashionist.

*Formal*, all form and fashion is ; for matter,  
Who sayes he sees it in him, doth but flatter ;  
Open and search him, you shall quickly find  
With what course Canvas his soft Silks are lin'd.



## Epigrams.

### 31. *In Paulum.*

(know,

*Paul*, what my Cloak doth hide thou fain wouldst  
Wer't to be seen I would not cover't so.

### 32. *Of sleep and death.*

That death is but a sleep I not deny,  
Yet when I next would sleep, I would not dye.

### 33. *Upon Methusius.*

*Methusius* ask'd me why I call'd him Sot,  
I answer made, because he lov'd the Pot,  
For while *Methusius* busie is with it,  
The fool I'm sure's as busie with his wit.

### 34. *On Thraso.*

*Thraso* goes lame with blows he did receive  
In a late Duel, if you'l him believe.

### 35. *News.*

When News doth come, if any would discuss  
The Letter of the word, resolve it thus:  
News is convey'd by Letter, Word, or Mouth,  
And comes to us from *North, East, West, and South.*

36. *Of*



36. *Of Rufus.*

*Rufus*, had rob'd his Host, and being put to it,  
Said, I am an Arrant Rogue if I did do it.

37. *Of Marcus.*

When *Marcus* fail'd, a borrowed sum to pay,  
Unto his friend at the appointed day ;  
'Twere superstition for a man, he sayes,  
To be a strict observer of set dayes.

38. *Of a Thief.*

A Thief Arrested, and in Custody  
Under strong Guards of armed Company,  
Askt why they held him so ; Sir, quoth the Chief,  
We hold you for none other then a Thief.

39. *Of Motion.*

Motion brings heat, and thus we see it prov'd,  
Most men are hot and angry when they'r mov'd.

40. *Formal the Fashionist.*

*Formal*, all form and fashion is ; for matter,  
Who sayes he sees it in him, doth but flatter ;  
Open and search him, you shall quickly find  
With what course Canvas his soft Silks are lin'd.

## Epigrams.

### 41. *Ad Scriptorem quendam.*

Half of your Book is to an Index grown,  
You give your Book *Contents*, your Reader none.

### 42. *Riches.*

Gold's th' onely God, Rich Men bear Rule,  
Money makes Majesty :  
Rich *Pluto*, not plain *Pluto* now,  
Speaks with applause most high.

### 43. *On Sextus.*

*Sextus* doth wish his wife in Heaven were,  
Where can she have more happiness then there ?

### 44. *Secreta nobis.*

*Tassus*, from Temple-stairs by water goes,  
To *Westminster*, and back to Temple rows ;  
Belike he loves not trot too much the street  
Or surbait on the stones his tender feet :  
Tut ! come, there's something in't must not be  
But Sir believ't, *The debt is not his own.* (known,

### 45. *The Text-Corruptors.*

Bad Commentators spoyle the best of Books,  
So God gives meat, (*they say*) the Devil sends Cooks.

### 46. *On*

## Epigrams.

---

### 46. *On a Drawer drunk.*

Drawer with thee now even is thy Wine,  
For thou hast pierc'd his Hogs-head, and he thine.

### 47. *Upon the weights of a Clock.*

I wonder time's so swift, when as I see,  
Upon her heels, such lumps of lead to be.

### 48. *On Cynna.*

Because I am not of a Gyants stature,  
Despise me not, nor praise thy liberal nature,  
For thy huge limbs ; that you are great, 'tistrue,  
And that I'm little in respect of you :  
The reason of our growths is eas'ly had,  
You, many had perchance ; I but one Dad.

### 49. *On Alastrus.*

*Alastrus* hath no coyn, nor spirit, nor wit,  
I think he's onely then for *Bedlam* fit.

### 50. *Of Mendacio.*

*Mendacio* pretends to tell men News:  
And that it may be such, himself doth use  
To make it : but that will no longer need,  
Let him tell truth, it will be News indeed.

## Epigrams.

---

### 51. On Landanno.

*Landanno* in his gallant bravery,  
Ruffled in Silks, lookt big, and thrust me by :  
And still, as often as he meets me so,  
My home-spun cloth must to the channel go.  
Advise thee well *Landanno*, children note,  
And fools admire thee for thy Velvet Coat :  
I keep (*Landanno*) in repute with such,  
As think they cannot scorn poor thee too much.  
But thou canst squire fine Madams, thou canst vail  
Thy Cap and Feather, cringe, and wag thy tail  
Most decently : Now by you stars that shine,  
So thou transcend'st me : Take the wall, 'tis thine.

### 52. On Shanks.

*Shanks* swears he fasts ; and alwayes cries for Beef :  
O how he fasts ! that's how fast eats the Thief !

### 53. Cito bene.

Sir *John* at *Mattins* prayes he might dispatch,  
VWho by true promise is to bowl a match.

### 54. Of Pertinax.

It will, it must, it shall be so,  
Sath *Pertinax* ; but what's the reason trow ?  
Nay, that I cannot tell, nor doth he know.

55. To

## Epigrams.

---

### 55. To Valiant Damme.

*Dam-me* thy brain is valiant, 'tis confest ;  
Thou more, that with it every day dar'st jest  
Thy self into fresh braules ; but call'd upon,  
With swearing *Dam-me*, answer'st every one.  
Keep thy self there, and think thy valour right,  
He that dares *Damne* himself, dares more then fight

### 56. On Cornuto.

*Cornuto* is not jealous of his wife,  
Nor e're mistrusts her too lascivious life,  
Ask him the reason why he doth forbear,  
He'l answer straight, it cometh with a fear.

### 57. On a Shrew.

A froward Shrew being blam'd because she show'd  
Not so much reverence as by right she ow'd  
Unto her Husband, she reply'd he might  
Forbear complaint of me, I do him right ;  
His will is mine, he would bear rule, and I  
Desire the like, onely in sympathy.

### 58. Of Lawlesse.

*Lawlesse* the worst times liketh best, why ist ?  
Because then *Lawlesse* may do what he list.

## Epigrams.

---

### 59. *A rich Curre.*

*Dru* dares good men deprave because he's rich,  
Whether more fool or knave, I know not which.

### 60. *On a Youth married to an Old Woman.*

A smooth-fac'd Youth, what wedded to an old  
Decrepid Shrew! (such is the power of Gold)  
Thy fortune I dare tell; perchance thou'lt have  
At Supper dainties, but in Bed a Grave.

### 61. *On a Fly in a glass.*

A Fly out of his glasse a guest did take,  
E're with the liquor he his thirst would slake;  
When he had drunk his fill, again the Fly  
Into the glass he put, and said; though I  
Love not Flyes in my drink, yet others may,  
Whose humour I nor like, nor will gain-say.

### 62. *On Collimus.*

If that *Collimus* any thing do lend,  
Or Dog, or Horse, or Hawk unto his friend,  
He to endear the borrowers love the more,  
Saith he ne'r lent it any one before,  
Nor would to any but to him: His Wife  
Having observ'd these speeches all her life,  
Behind him forks her fingers, and doth cry,  
To none but you, I'de do this Courtesie.

63. To

## Epigrams.

---

### 63. To *Loquax*.

*Loquax*, to hold thy tongue would do thee wrong,  
For thou would'st be no man but for thy tongue.

### 64. *Good wits jump*.

Against a post a Scholler chanc't to strike  
At unawares his head ; like will to like :  
Good wits will jump (quoth he : ) if that be true,  
The title of a block-head is his due.

### 65. *On Womens Masks*.

It seems that Masks do women much disgrace,  
Sith when they wear them, they do hide their face.

### 66. *Of Sawcy the Intruder*.

*Sawcy*, though uninvited, is so rude,  
As into every comp'ny to intrude ;  
But he's no fit companion for any,  
Who alwayes makes the number one too many.

### 67. *Upon a pair of Tongs*.

The burnt child dreads the Fire ; if this be true,  
Who first invented Tongs it's fury knew.

### 68. *Lawyers and Souldiers*.

If Lawyers had for *Term*, a tearm of war,  
Souldiers would be as rich as Lawyers are ;



## Epigrams.

But here's the difference 'tween Guns and Gowns,  
These take good *Angels*, th' other take crack't *Crowns*.

### 69. On *Momus*.

*Momus* can call another fool, but he  
Can never make his brain and wit agree.

### 70. Woman.

A *Woman* is a Book, and often found  
To prove far better in the sheets then bound :  
No marvail then, why men take such delight  
Above all things to study in the night.

### 71. *Clytus* cunning.

*Clytus* the Barbar doth *Occasion* fly,  
Because 'tis bald, and he gains nought thereby.

### 72. Rich promises.

Lords promise soon, but to perform are long,  
Then would their purse-strings were ty'd to their  
(tongue.

### 73. On *Comptulus*.

I wonder'd *Comptulus*, how thy long hair,  
In comely curls could show so debonair,  
And every hair in order be, when as  
Thou couldst not trim it by a Looking-glass,

Nor



## Epigrams.

Nor any Barber did thy tresses pleat ;  
'Tis strange ; but *Monsieur* I conceive the feat,  
When you your hair do kemb, you off it take,  
And order't as you please for fashion sake.

### 74. On Gellius.

In building of his house, *Gellius* hath spent  
All his Revenues, and his ancient Rent ;  
Ask not a reason, why *Gellius* is poor,  
His greater house hath turn'd him out of door.

### 75. To Ponticus.

At Supper time will *Pontus* visit me,  
I'd rather have his room then company ;  
But if him, from me I can no wayes fright,  
I'd have him visit me each fasting night.

### 76. Balbus.

*Balbus* a Verse on *Venus* Boy doth scan,  
But e're 'twas finish'd *Cupia*'s grown a man.

### 77. On a Pot-Poet.

What lofty verses *Cælus* writes ? it is  
But when his head with wine oppress'd is :  
So when great drops of rain fall from the skies,  
In standing pools, huge bubbles will arise.

### 78. On Onellus.

Thou never supp'st abroad, *Onellus*, true,  
For at my home, I'm sure to meet with you.

## Epigrams.

---

### 79. *Of professed Atheists.*

If even Devils themselves believe and tremble,  
Atheists protest methinks should but dissemble.

### 80. *To Termagant.*

My *Termagant*, as I have ought to save,  
I neither call'd thee fool, nor knave :  
That which I call'd thee, is a thing well known,  
A trifle not worth thinking on :  
What I suppose thy self wilt easily grant,  
I call'd thee, Cuckold, *Termagant*.

### 81. *On a Vertuous Talker.*

If Vertue's always in thy mouth, how can  
It e're have time to reach thy heart, fond man ?

### 82. *To Severus.*

Believe *Severus*, that in these my Rhimes  
I tax no person, but the Common Crimes.

### 83. *Upon Pigs devouring a Bed of Penny-royal, commonly called Organs.*

A good wife once, a Bed of Organs set,  
The Pigs came in, and eat up every whit ;  
The good Man said, Wife you your Garden may  
Hogs Norton call, here Pigs on Organs play.

### 84. *On*

## Epigrams.

### 84. *On Gubs.*

*Gubs* calls his Children Kitlins : and wo'd bound  
(Some say) for joy to see those Kitlins dround.

### 85. *On a Fortune Teller.*

The influence of th' Stars are known to thee,  
By whom thou canst each future fortune see :  
Yet sith thy wife doth thee a Cuckold make,  
'Tis strange they do not that to thee partake.

### 86. *To sweet Sir Outside.*

Th' expence in Odours, is a foolish sin,  
Except thou couldst sweeten thy Corps within.

### 87. *On a Gallant.*

A glittering Gallant, from a prancing Steed,  
Alighting down, desir'd a Boy with speed  
To hold his Horse a while, he made reply,  
Can one man hold him fast ? 'twas answer'd, I :  
If then one man can hold him, Sir, you may  
Do it yourself, quoth he, and slunk away.

### 88. *To Eras-mus.*

That thou'rt a Man, each of thy learn'd works  
But yet thy name tells us *thou wast a Mouse.* (shows.

### 89. *On Bunce.*

Money thou ow'st me ; prethee fix a day  
For payment promis'd, though thou never pay :  
Let

## Epigrams.

Let it be Dooms-day ; nay, take longer scope ;  
Nay when th'art honest , let me have some hope.

### 90. *On an empty House.*

*Lollus* by night awak'd, heard Thieves about  
His house, and searching narrowly throughout  
To find some pillage there, he said, you may  
By night, but I can find nought here by day.

### 91. *A trim Barber.*

Neat Barber trim, I must commend thy care,  
Which dost all things exactly to a hair.

### 92. *On a bragging Coward.*

*Corsus* in Camp, when as his Mates betook  
Themselves to dine, encourag'd them and spoke,  
Have a good stomach Lads, this night we shall  
In heaven at Supper keep a Festival.  
But battle joyn'd, he fled away in hast,  
And said, I have forgot, this night I fast.

### *On a great Nose.*

Thy Nose no man can wipe, *Proclus*, unless  
He have a hand as big as *Hercules* : (hear,  
When thou dost sneeze the sound thou dost not  
Thy Nose is so far distant from thine ear.

### 94. *On an unequal pair.*

Fair *Phillis* is to churlish *Priscus* wed,  
As stronger wine with waters mingled ;

*Priscus*

## Epigrams.

*Priscus* his love to *Phillis* more doth glow  
With fervency then fire ; hers cold as snow :  
'Tis well, for if their flames alike did burn,  
One house would be too hot to serve their turn.

### 95. In *Quintus*.

*Quintus* is burnt, and may thereof be glad,  
For being poor, he hath a good pretence  
At every Church to crave benevolence  
For one that had by fire lost all he had.

### 96. On a changeable Rayment.

Know you why *Lollus* changeth every day,  
His Perriwig, his Face, and his Array ?  
'Tis not because his comings in are much,  
Or 'cause he'll swill it with the roaring *Dutch* ;  
But 'cause the Sergeants (who a writ have had  
Long since against him) should not know the Lad.

### 97. On *Guesse*.

*Guesse* cuts his shoes, and limping goes about  
To have men think he's troubled with the Gout ;  
But 'tis no Gout (believe it) but hard Beer,  
Whose acrimonious humour bites him here.

### 98. On *Stale-Batch*.

For all night-sins, with other Wives unknown,  
*Batch* now doth daily penance in his own.

### 99. To

## Epigrams.

### 99. *To Sir Guilty.*

*Guilty*, be wise; and though thou knowst the crimes  
Be thine I tax; yet do not own my Rimes;  
'Twere madness in thee to betray thy fame,  
And person to the world, e're I thy name.

### 100. *Veritas subverta.*

Take that a man on Horse-back met but late,  
Would simply seem thus to equivocate,  
And strong maintain 'gainst them, contend who  
'Twas meerly but a Taylor and a Mare. (dare,

### 101. *On Hugh.*

*Hugh* should have gone to Oxford th' other day,  
But turn'd at Tyburn, and so lost his way.

### 102. *On a painted Madam.*

Men say y'are fair; and fair ye are, 'tis true,  
But (Hark!) we praise the Painter now, not you.

### 103. *On Barossa.*

*Barossa* boasts his Pedigree, although  
He knows no letter of the Christ-Cross row;  
His house is ancient, and his Gentry great,  
For what more ancient e're was heard of yet  
Then is the family of Fools? how than  
Dare you not call *Barossa* Gentleman?

### 104. *Experto credendum.*

How durst *Capritius* call his wedlock Whore,  
But that he speaks it *plusquam per narratum*.

*Nam*

## Epigrams.

---

*Nam ipse teste* : what require you more,  
Unlesse you'd have it *magis approbatum* ?

### 105. On Jack Cut-Purse.

Jack Cut-purse is, and hath been patient long,  
For he's content to pocket up much wrong.

### 106. On Afer.

*Afer* hath sold his land, and bought a Horse,  
Whereon he pranceth to the Royal Burse ;  
To be on horf-back he delights ; wilt know ?  
'Cause then his Company he'd higher show :  
But happy chance, tall *Afer* in his pride,  
Mounts a Gunnelly, and on foot doth ride.

### 107. On Charismus.

Thou hast compos'd a Book, which neither age,  
Nor future time shall hurt through all their rage ;  
For how can future times or age invade,  
That work which perished, as soon as made ?

### 108. *Facilis descensus averni.*

The way to hell is easie, th' other day,  
A blind man thither quickly found the way.

### 109. Age and Youth.

Admire not Youth, despise not Age, although  
Some Young are grave, most Old Men children grow.

### 110. On



## Epigrams.

### 110. On Orus.

Orus sold Wine, and then Tobacco ; now  
He Aqua-vitæ doth his Friends allow.  
What e're he had was sold to save his life,  
And now turn'd Pander, he doth sell his Wife.

### 111. On Sneap.

Sneap has a face so brittle, that it breaks  
Forth into blushes, whensoe're he speaks.

### 112. On Acerra.

Tobacco hurts the brain Physitians say,  
Doth dull the wit, and memory decay,  
Yet fear not thou *Acerra*, for 'twill ne're  
Hurt thee so much by use, as by thy fear.

### 113. *Empta nostra.*

Madam *La Foy* wears not those locks for nought,  
Ask at the Shop else, where the same she bought.

### 114. On Briso.

Who private lives, lives well, no wonder then,  
You do absent you from the sight of men,  
For out of doors you ne'r by day appear,  
What, is a Sergeant such a huge Bug-bear ?

### 115. *A foolish Querie.*

How rich a man is, all desire to know ;  
But none inquires if good he be or no.

### 116. On



## Epigrams.

---

### 116. *On the King of Swedens Picture.*

VWho but the half of this neat Picture drew,  
That it could ne'r be fully done, well knew.

### 117. *B. J. Answer to a Thief bidding him stand.*

Fly Villain hence, or by thy coat of steel,  
I'll make thy heart, my brazen bullet feel,  
And send that thrice as thievish soul of thine  
To hell, to wear the Devils Valentine.

### 118. *The Thiefs Reply.*

Art thou great *Ben*? or the revived ghost  
Of Famous *Shakespeare*? or some drunken host?  
Who being tipsie with thy muddy Beer, (fear?  
Dost think thy Rhimes shall daunt my soul with  
Nay know base slave, that I am one of those,  
Can take a Purse as well in Verse as Prose;  
And when th'art dead, write this upon thy Herse,  
Here lyes a Poet that was rob'd in Verse.

### 119. *Nothing New.*

Nothing is new: we walk where others went;  
There's no vice now, but has it's president.

### 120. *On Cupid.*

*Cupid* hath by his sly and subtil Art,  
A certain Arrow shot, and pierc'd my heart;  
What

## Epigrams.

What shall I do to be reveng'd on love ?  
There is but one way, and that one I'll prove ;  
I'll steal his Arrows, and will head them new  
With womens hearts, and then they'll ne'r fly true.

### 121. *A Tobacconist.*

All dainty meats I do defie,  
Which feed men fat as Swine ;  
He is a frugal man indeed,  
That on a leaf can dine.

He needs no Napkin for his hands,  
His fingers ends to wipe,  
That keeps his Kitchin in a Box,  
And Roast-meat in a Pipe.

### 122. *Feeble standing.*

*Mat* being drunken, much his anger wreaks  
On's wife ; but stands to nothing that he speaks.

### 123. *Long and Lazie.*

That was the Proverb. Let my Mistriss be  
Lazie to others ; but belong to me.

### 124. *On the Tobacconist.*

If mans flesh be like Swines, as it is said,  
The Metamorphosis is sooner made :  
Then full fac'd *Gnatho* no Tobacco take,  
Smoaking your Corps, lest Bacon you do make.

### 125. *An-*

## Epigrams.

---

125. *Another.*

Tom, I commend thee above all I know,  
That sold'st thy cushion for a pipe of To——  
For now 'tis like if e're thou study more,  
Thou'lt sit to't harder then thou didst before.

126. *On Button the Grave maker.*

Ye powers above, and heavenly poles,  
Are graves become but *Button*-holes?

127. *On long hair,*

*Lucas* long hair down to his shoulders wears,  
And why? he dares not cut it for his ears.

128. *To a stale Lady.*

Thy wrinkles are no more, nor less,  
Then beauty turn'd to sowerness.

129. *A Crab is restorative.*

The Crab of the wood,  
Is sawce very good,  
For the Crab of the foaming Sea;  
But the wood of a Crab,  
Is sawce for a drab,  
That will not her Husband obey.

130. *Alius alior.*

Would you with *Cajus* offer now confer  
In such familiar sort as heretofore?

C

And

## Epigrams.

And not observe he's grown an Officer,  
That looks for adoration ten times more ?  
Tut ! what of pedigree, or *surpe domo*,  
'Tis not so now ye see, *nam ecce homo*.

### 131. *Sorte tua contentus.*

If adverse fortune bring to passe,  
And will that thou an Assc must be ;  
Then be an Assc, and live an Assc,  
For out of question, wise is he,  
That undergoes with humble mind,  
The state that chance hath him assign'd.

### 132. *On a Pretender to Prophecy.*

Ninety two years, the world as yet shall stand,  
If it do stand or fall at your command ;  
But say, why plac'd you not the worlds end nyr,  
Lest e're you dy'd, you might be prov'd a lyer ?

### 133. *Mart. Lib. 8. Epigr. 69.*

Old Poets only thou dost praise,  
And none but dead ones magnifie ;  
Pardon *Vocerta*, thee to please,  
I am not yet in mind to dye.

### 134. *On a Gamester.*

For hundred thousands *Matho* plays ;  
*Olus*, what's that to thee ?

Not

## Epigrams.

Not thou by means thereof, I trow,  
But *Mathe* poor shall be.

135. *Parvus profusus.*

Old doting *Claudius*, that rich miser known,  
Made drunk one night, and jumping but with *Joan*,  
Was forc't not only to discharge the shot,  
But keep the bastard which the gull ne're got.

136. *On Fr. Drake.*

Sir *Drake*, whom well the worlds end knew,  
Which thou didst compass round,  
And whom both Poles of Heaven once saw,  
Which North and South do bound,  
The Stars above would make thee known,  
If men here silent were;  
The Sun himself cannot forget,  
His Fellow Traveller.

137. *B. J. approbation of a Copy of verses.*

One of the witty sort of Gentlemen,  
That held society with learned *B*—  
Shew'd him some verses of a tragick sense;  
Which did his ear much curious violence;  
But after *Ben* had been a kind partaker  
Of the sad lines, he needs must know the maker;  
What unjust man he was, that spent his time,  
And banish'd reason to advance his rhyme;

## Epigrams.

Nay gentle *Ben*, replies the Gentleman,  
I see I must support the Poet than;  
Although those humble strains are not so fit  
For to please you, he's held a pretty wit;  
Is he held so? (says *Ben*) so may a Goose,  
Had I the holding, I would let him loose.

### 138. *Ut pluma persona.*

Why wears *Laurentius* such a lofty feather?  
Because he's proud and foolish both together.

### 139. *Gain and Gettings.*

When other gain much by the present cast,  
The Coblers getting time, is at the Last.

### 140. *Domina predominans.*

Ill may *Radulphus* boast of rule or riches,  
That lets his wife rule him, and wear the breaches.

### 141. *On Doll.*

*Doll* she so soon began the wanton trade;  
She ne'r remembers that she was a Maid.

### 142. *To a Nose and Teeth very long.*

Gave 'gainst the Sun, and by thy Teeth and Nose  
'Tis easie to perceive how the day goes.

### 143. *On a Welshman and an English man.*

There was a time a difference began,  
Between a Welshman and an Englishman,

And

## Epigrams.

And thus it was ; the Englishman would stand  
Against all Argument, that this our land  
Was freest of her fruits : there is a place,  
Quoth he, whose ground so fruitful is of grass,  
But throw a staffe in't but this night, you shall  
Not see't the morrow, 'twould be cover'd all,  
The Wellman cry'd, 'tis true it might lye under  
The o're-grown grass, wch is with us no wonder :  
For turn your horse into our fruitful ground,  
And before morning come, he shan't be found,

### 144. On Pride.

Why, Pride to others doth her self prefer,  
The reason's clear, she's heir to *Lucifer*.

### 145. O Skrew.

*Skrew* lives by shifts; yet swears by no small oaths ;  
For all his shifts, he cannot shift his cloathes.

### 146. O Mores.

Now *vertu*'s hid with *follies* juggling mist,  
And he's no man that is no humorist.

### 147. To Teltale.

Thy glowing ears, to hot contention bent,  
Are not unlike red Herrings broyl'd in lent.



## Epigrams.

### 148. *Sperando pariens.*

*Hodg* hir'd him such a house, at such a rent,  
As might gainst marriage, much his state augment;  
But lingring fates did so his hopes prevent,  
As *Hodg* perforce must fly, for all was spent.

### 149. *On a Souldier.*

The Souldies fights well, and with good regard,  
But when he's lame, he lies at an ill ward.

### 150. *Vivens mortuis.*

What makes young *Brutus* bear so high his head,  
And on the sudden gallant it so brave?  
Pray understand Sir; 's Father's newly dead,  
VVho hath so long been wish'd for laid in's grave.

### 151. *A secret necessity.*

VVhat makes *F. G.* wear still one pair of hose?  
Ask *Banks* the Broker; he the business knows.

### 152. *On Garret and Chambers.*

*Garret* and his friend *Chambers* having done  
Their City business, walkt to *Paddington*,  
And coming near the fatall place, where men,  
I mean offenders, ne'r return again;  
Looking on *Tyburn* in a merriment,

Sayes

## Epigrams.

Sayes *Chambers*, here's a pretty Tenement,  
Had it a Garret: *Garret* hearing that,  
Replies, friend *Chambers*, I do wonder at  
Your simple censure, and could mock you for it,  
There must be chambers, e're there be a Garret.

### 153. *Dubium indubitatum.*

Say *Parnells* children prove not one like th' other;  
The best is yet, she's sure th'ad both one Mother.

### 154. *On Linnit.*

*Linnit* playes rarely on the Lute, we know;  
And sweetly sings, but yet his breath sayes no.

### 155. *On Usuring Gripe.*

*Gripe* feels no lameness of his knotty Gout,  
His money's travel for him in and out.  
And though the soundest legs go every day,  
He toyles to be at Hell as soon as they.

### 156. *A phrase in Poetry.*

Fairer then that word fair, why so she must,  
Or be as black as *Timothies* toasted crust.

### 157. *A Wit-all.*

*Jeppa*, thy wit will ne'r endure a touch,  
Thou knowst so little, and dost speak so much.

## Epigrams.

### 158. *Ad Lectorem.*

Is't possible that thou my book hast bought,  
That said't 'twas nothing worth ? why was it  
Read it agen perchance thy wit was dull, (nought  
Thou may'st find something at the second pull ;  
Indeed at first thou nought didst understand ;  
For shame get something at the second hand.

### 159. *On Skins.*

*Skins* he din'd well to day ; how do you think ?  
His nayles they were his meat, his reume the drink.

### 160. *Suum cuique pulchrum.*

*Posthumus*, not the last of many more,  
Asks why I write in such an idle vain,  
Seeing there are of Epigrams such store ;  
O give me leave to tell thee once again,  
That Epigrams are fitted to the season,  
Of such as best know how to make rime reason.

### 161. *Certa dissimulans.*

*Monsieur Piero's* wife trades all in French,  
And coyly simpring cryes, *Pardona moy ;*  
As who should think, she's sure no *Common Wench*,  
But a most true dissembler, *par ma foy*,

162.

## Epigrams.

---

162. *In magnis voluisse sat est.*

In matters great, to will it doth suffice:  
I blush to hear how loud this Proverb lyes,  
For they that ow great sums by Bond or Bill,  
Can never cancell them with meer good will.

163. *As proud as witless Dracus.*

*Dracus* his head is highly by him born,  
And so by straws are empty heads of corn.

164. *Saltem videretur.*

A Welshman and an Englishman disputed,  
Which of their lands maintain'd the greatest state;  
The Englishman the Welshman quite confuted,  
Yet would the Welshman nought his brags abate,  
Ten cooks, quoth he, in *Wales* one wedding fees.  
Truth, quoth the other, each man tosts his cheese.

165. *Knowing and not knowing.*

*Cosmus* by custome taunts each man,  
And yet can nought of reason scan,  
How can that be, when who knows least  
Knows he should wise be, that would jest:  
Then thus no further I allow,  
That *Cosmus* knows, but knows not how.

166.

## Epigrams.

---

### 166. *Stupid Binus.*

Sith time flies fast away, his safest flight,  
*Binus* prevents with dreaming day and night.

### 167. *Postrema pessima.*

*Cacus* in's cunning ne'r so prov'd o'r-reacht  
As now at last, who must be halter-stretcht.

### 168. *On his Mistress.*

My Love and I for kisses play'd,  
She would keep stakes, I was content,  
And when I won she would be paid;  
This made me ask her what she ment,  
Saith she, since you are in this wrangling vain,  
Take you your kisses, and give me mine again.

### 169. *On a proud Maid.*

She that will eat her breakfast in her bed,  
And spend the morn in dressing of her head,  
And sit at dinner like a Maiden-bride,  
And talk of nothing all day but of pride;  
God in mercy may do much to save her,  
But what a case is he in, that shall have her?

### 170. *Tempus edax rerum.*

Time eateth all things, could the Poets say,  
The times are chang'd, our times drink all away.

## Epigrams.

---

### 171. *Facis ignota.*

Why should not *Rubin* rich apparel wear,  
That's left more money then an *Ass* can bear ?  
Can any guess him by his outward guise,  
But that he may be generous and wise ?

### 172. *On a Coy Woman.*

She seems not won, yet won she is at length ;  
In loves war, women use but half their strength.

### 173. *On bed keeping.*

*Bradus* the Smith hath often sworn and sed,  
That no Disease should make him keep his bed ;  
His reason was, I oft have heard him tell it,  
He wanted money, therefore he would sell it.

### 174. *On a man stealing a Candle from a Lanthorn.*

One walking in the street a winter night,  
Climb'd to a Lanthorn, thought t' have stole the  
But taken in the manner and descri'd (light,  
By one o'th' *Servants*, who look'd & cry'd (handle?  
Whose there: what d'you ? who doth our lanthorn  
Nothing, said he; but only snuff the Candle.

### 175. *On Fraternus.*

*Fraternus* 'opinions show his reason weak,  
He held the nose was made for man to speak.

## Epigrams.

---

### 176. *Little and Loud.*

Little you are ; for Womens sake be proud ;  
For my sake next, (though little) be not loud.

### 177. *On a French Fencer, that challenged Church an English Fencer.*

The fencing *Gauls* in pride and gallant vaunt,  
Challeng'd the *English* at the Fencing skill,  
The Fencer *Church*, or the *Church* Militant,  
His errors still reprov'd and knock'd him still ;  
But sith our *Church* him disciplin'd so sore,  
He (rank Recusant) comes to *Church* no more.

### 178. *On Gella.*

*Gella* is light, and like a Candle wasteth,  
Even to the snuff, that stinketh more it lasteth.

### 179. *On J. Lipsius, who bequeathed his Gown to the V. Mary.*

A dying Latinist of great Renown,  
Unto the Virgin *Mary* gave his Gown ;  
And was not this false Latine so to joyn  
With Female Gender, the case masculine ?

### 180. *On two striving together.*

Two falling out, into a ditch they fell ;  
Their falling out, was ill ; but in, was well.



## Epigrams.

### 181. *A Lawyers Will.*

A Lawyer being sick, and extream ill,  
Was moved by his friends to make his Will,  
Which soon he did, gave all the wealth he had  
To frantick persons, lunatick, and mad;  
And to his friends this reason did reveal;  
(That they might see, with equity he'd deal)  
From mad mens hands I did my wealth receive,  
Therefore that wealth to mad mens hands I leave.

### 182. *Youth and Age.*

Age is deformed, Youth unkind,  
We scorn their bodies, they our mind.

### 183. *Somnus decipiens.*

Dod sweetly dreamt this other night had found  
In Gold and Silver ne'r an hundred pound,  
But waking felt he was with Fleas sore bitten,  
And further smelt he had his shirt be —

### 184. *To a Shoemaker.*

VVhat boots it thee, to follow such a trade,  
That's alwayes under foot and underlaid?

### 185. *Death.*

The lives of men seem in two seas to swim.  
Death comes to young folks, and old go to him.

## Epigrams.

### 186. *Quos ego? &c.*

Rufus in rage the Pots flings down the stairs,  
And threats to pull the Drawer by the ears,  
For giving such attendance: Slave (says he)  
Where's thine observance? Ha! must such as we  
Be no more waited on? Go; bring to pay,  
And keep my Rapier till I come this way.

### 187. *A disparity.*

Children fondly blab truth,  
and fools their brothers;  
Women have learn'd more wisdom  
of their mothers.

### 188. *To Maledict.*

Thou speakest ill, not to give men their dues,  
But speakest ill, because thou canst not chuse.

### 189. *On Newter Ned.*

Newter convict of publick wrongs to men,  
Takes private beatings, and begins agen;  
Two kinds of valour he doth shew at once,  
Active in's brains, and passive in his bones.

### 190. *Interpone tuis, &c.*

Not mirth, nor care alone, but inter-wreath'd;  
Cares gets mirths stomach, mirth makes care long  
(breath'd.

## Epigrams.

### 191. *Ignotus sibi.*

*Fastidius* finds it *Nimis ultra posse*,  
How to distinguish of *Te ipsum nosce*;  
I do not marvel much it should be so,  
For why the Coxcomb, will himself not know.

### 192. *On Craw.*

*Craw* cracks in Sirrop; and do's stinking say,  
Who can hold that (my friends) that will away.

### 193. *Pot Poet.*

Poet and Pot differ but in a letter,  
Which makes the Poet love the Pot the better.

### 194. *Content.*

Content is all we aim at with our store;  
If that be had with little, what needs more?

### 195. *Fast and loose.*

*Paphus* was marry'd all in hast,  
And now to rack doth run;  
So knitting of himself too fast,  
He hath himself undone.

### 196. *Tortus.*

*Tortus* accus'd to lye, to fawn, to flatter;  
Said he, but set a good face on the matter;  
Then

## Epigrams.

Then sure he borrow'd it, for 'tis well known,  
*Tortus* ne'r wore a good face of his own.

### 197. *On Raspe.*

*Raspe* plays at Nine holes, and 'tis known he gets  
Many a Teaster by his game, and bets;  
But of his gettings there's but little sign;  
VVhen one hole waists more then he gets by nine.

### 198. *Impar imparis odit.*

*Sotus* hates wise men, for himself is none,  
And fools he hates, because himself is one.

### 199. *Similis doctrina libello.*

*Cræsus* of all things, loveth not to buy  
So many books of such diversity:  
Your Almanack (says he) yield's all the sence  
Of times past profit, and experience.

### 200. *On Tullus.*

*Tullus* who was a Taylor by profession,  
Is late turn'd Lawyer, and of large possession.  
So who before did cut but countrey freeze,  
Now cuts the countrey in excessive fees.

### 201. *Ut parca perdit.*

*Marcellus* proves a man of double means,  
First rais'd by drunkards, then undone by queans.

### 202. *On*

## Epigrams.

### 202. *On Jack and Jill.*

Since Jack and Jill both wicked be,  
It seems a wonder unto me,  
That they no better do agree.

### 203. *On Women.*

Woman's the centre, and the lines be men,  
The circle's love; how do they differ then?  
Circles draw many lines into the center,  
But love gives leave to only one to enter.

### 204. *On Woman's love.*

A woman's love is like a Syrian flow'r,  
That buds, and spreads, and withers in an hour.

### 205. *On Cooke a Cuckold.*

A young Cook marry'd upon Sunday last,  
And he grew old e're Tuesday night was past.

### 206. *Nomine, non re.*

Grace I confess it, hath a comely face,  
Good hand and foot as answerable to it:  
But what's all this except she had more grace?  
Oh you will say, 'tis want that makes her do it.  
True, want of grace indeed, the more her shame:  
Graceless by Nature, only Grace by Name.

## Epigrams.

207. *A Mounſieur Naſo, vero le.*

*Naſo* let none drink in his glaſſe but he;  
Think you 'tis pride? 'tis courteſie.

208. *A Butcher marrying a Tanners  
Daughter.*

A fitter match then this could not have bin,  
For now the fleſh is marryed to the ſkin.

209. *A Widow.*

He which for's wife a widow doth obtain,  
Doth like to thoſe that buy clothes in *Long-lane*,  
One Coat's not fit, another's too too old,  
Their faults I know not, but th'are manifold.

210. *On a Farmer Knighted.*

In my conceit Sir *John*, you were to blame,  
To make a quiet good-wife, a mad-dame.

211. *On Pallas and Bacchus Birth.*

*Pallas* the off-ſpring of *Joves* brain,  
*Bacchus* out of his thigh was ta'en;  
He breaks his brain that learning wins,  
VVhen he that's drunk breaks but his ſhins.

212. *On an old man doting upon a young  
Wench.*

A rich old man loving a fair young Laffe,  
Out of his breeches his ſpectacles drew,

VVhere-



## Epigrams.

Wherewith he writ a note how rich he was ;  
All which (quoth he) sweet heart I'll give to you.  
Excuse me Sir (quoth she) for all your riches,  
I'll marry none that wears his eyes in's breeches.

### 213. On a Welshman.

The way to make a Welshman think on bliss,  
And daily say his prayers on his knees,  
Is to perswade him, that most certain 'tis,  
The Moon is made of nothing but green Cheese ;  
Then he'll desire of ~~Jove~~ no greater boon,  
Then to be plac'd in Heaven to eat the Moon.

### 214. On Lungs.

Lungs (as some say) ne'r sets him down to eat,  
But that his breath doth fly-blow all his meat.

### 215. Ad quintum.

Thy lawfull wife, fair *Lelia* needs must be,  
For she was forc'd by law to marry thee.

### 216. As many days in the year, so many Veins in man.

That every thing we do, might vain appear,  
We have a vein for each day in the year.

### 217. To a friend, on the loss of his Mistress.

If thou the best of women didst forgo,  
Weigh if thou found'st her, or did'st make her so :



## Epigrams.

If she was found, know there is more then one ;  
If made, the workman lives though she be gone.

218. *On a Whore.*

Rosa is fair, but not a proper woman ;  
Can any woman proper be that's common ?

219. *Aequalis consensus.*

Cacus and's choyce, for change no time defers,  
Both separate, yet consenting each together,  
He Maids for his turn takes, she Men for hers,  
And so they jump, though seldom joyn together.

220. *On a Welshman.*

'A Welshman late coming into an Inne,  
Asked the Maid what meat there was within ;  
Cow-heels she answer'd, and a brest of Mutton ;  
But quoth the Welshman, since I am no glutton ;  
Either of both shall serve ; to night the brest,  
The heels i'th' morning, then light meat is best ;  
At night he took the brest, and did not pay,  
I'th morning took his heels, and run away.

221. *On Men and Women.*

Ill thrives that hapless family that shows,  
A Cock that's silent, and a Hen that crows :  
I know not which lives more unnatural lives,  
Obeying Husbands, or commanding Wives.

222. *On*

## Epigrams.

### 222. *On Linus.*

Linus told me of Verses that he made,  
Riding to *London* on a trotting Jade;  
I should have known, had he conceal'd the case,  
Even by his Verses of his Horses pace.

### 223. *Sauce for Sorrows.*

Although our sufferings meet with no relief,  
An equal mind is the best sauce for grief.

### 224. *On a little diminutive Band.*

What is the reason of God-dam-me's Band,  
Inch-deep, and that his fashion doth not alter?  
God-dam-me saves a labour, understand,  
In pulling't off, when he puts on the Halter.

### 225. *On fine Apparel.*

Some that their wives may neat and cleanly go,  
Do all their substance upon them bestow:  
But who a Gold-finch, fain would make his wife,  
Makes her perhaps a Wag-tail all her life.

### 226. *Upon Conscience.*

Many men this present age dispraise,  
And think men have small conscience now adays;  
But sure, I'll lay no such fault to their charge,  
I rather think their conscience is too large.

## Epigrams.

### 227. *Dicta predicta.*

*Battus* breaks jests on any thing that's spoken,  
Provided always, they before are broken.

### 228. *On Umber.*

*Umber* was painting of a Lyon fierce,  
And working it, by chance from *Umbers* Erse  
Flew out a crack, so mighty, that the fart,  
(As *Umber* swears) did make his Lyon start.

### 229. *In Cornutus.*

*Cornutus* call'd his wife both whore and slut,  
Quoth she, you'l never leave your brawling, but--  
But what quoth he? quoth she, the post or door,  
For you have horns to butt, if I'm a whore.

### 230. *A witty passage.*

An old man sitting at a Christmass feast,  
By eating Brawn occasioned a jest;  
For whilst his tongue and gums chased about,  
For want of pales the chased Bore broke out;  
And light perchance upon a handsome Lass,  
That near him at the Table placed was;  
Which when she spy'd, she pluck'd out of her sleeve  
A pin, and did it to the old man give; (slip,  
Saying, sith your Brawn out of your mouth doth  
Sir take this pin, and therewith close your lip;  
And

## Epigrams.

And bursting into laughter, strain'd so much,  
As with that strain her back-part spake low-dutch  
Which th' old man hearing, did the pin restore;  
And bad her therewith close her postern door.

### 231. On Cob.

Cob clouts his shooes, and as the story tells,  
His thumb-nayles par'd afford him sparables.

### 232. Omnia pariter.

Ralph reads a line or two, and then crys mew;  
Deeming all else according to those few; (Lad,  
Thou might'st have thought and provid a wiser  
(As Joan her fooding bought) som good som bad.

### 233. A new married Bride.

The first of all our sex came from the side of Man,  
I thither am return'd from whence I came.

### 234. On a Pudding.

The end of all, and in the end,  
the praise of all depends.  
A Pudding merits double praise,  
because it hath two ends.

### 235. Answer.

A pudding hath two ends; you lye my brother,  
For it begins at one, and ends at th' other.

# Epigrams.

236. *Si nihil attuleris, ibis, &c.*

*Plautus*, an honest Swain, but moneyless,  
Besought a Lawyer to be good unto him,  
Who either (*gratis*) must his cause redress,  
Or promise what he never meant to do him,  
Being asked why he careless lingred it?  
Made this reply, *Ex nihilo nihil fit*.

237. *On Maids.*

Most Maids resemble *Eve* now in their lives,  
Who are no sooner women, then th' are wives;  
As *Eve* knew no man, e're fruit wrought her wo;  
So these have fruit oft e're their husbands know.

238. *Ut cecidit surgit.*

Now *Martha* married is, she'l brave it out,  
Though ne're so needy known to all about;  
And reason good, she' rise once in her life,  
That fell so oft before she was a wife.

239. *On a man whose choyce was to be hang'd  
or Married,*

*M.* Lo here's the Bride, and there's the Tree,  
Take which of these best liketh thee.

*R.* The choyce is bad on either part;  
The woman's worst, drive on the Cart.

## Epigrams.

### 240. *Women.*

Were women as little as they are good ;  
A Peseod would make them a gown and a hood.

### 241. *On a Louse.*

A Louse no reason hath to deal so ill,  
With them of whom she hath so much her will ;  
She hath no tongue to speak ought in their praise,  
But to back-bite them finds a tongue always.

### 242. *A Courtier and a Scholler meeting.*

A Courtier proud, walking along the street,  
Hap'ned by chance a Scholler for to meet :  
The Courtier said (minding nought more then  
Unto the Scholler (meeting face to face) (place,  
To take the wall, base men I'll not permit ;  
The Scholler said, I will ; and gave him it.

### 243. *Cede Majoribus.*

I took the wall, one rudely thrust me by,  
And told me, the High-way did open lye ;  
I thank'd him that he would me so much grace,  
To take the worse and leave the better place ;  
For if by owners we esteem of things,  
The wall's the Subjects, but the way the Kings.

### 244. *On Betty.*

Sound teeth has Betty, pure as pearle, and small,  
With mellow lips, and luscious therewithall.

### 245. *A.*



## Epigrams.

### 245. *A rule for Courtiers.*

He that will thrive in Court, must oft become,  
Against his will, both blind, and deaf, and dumb.

### 246. *Why women wear a fall.*

A question 'tis, why women wear a fall ;  
The truth it is, to pride they're given all,  
And pride, the Proverb says, will have a fall.

### 247. *Foras expertus.*

*Prifus* hath been a traveller, for why ?  
He will so strangely swagger, swear and ly.

### 248. *To a painted Whore.*

Whosoever saith thou sellest all, doth jest,  
Thou buy'st thy beauty, that sells all the rest.

### 249. *Detur quod meritum.*

A Courtier kind in speech, curst in condition,  
Finding his faults could be no longer hidden,  
Came to his friend to clear his bad suspicion,  
And fearing least he should be more then chidden,  
Fell to flattery, and most base submission,  
Vowing to kiss his foot if he were bidden.

My foot said he ? nay that were too submissive ;  
You three foot higher, well deserve to kiss.

250. *Non*



## Epigrams.

### 259. *Non lubens loquitur.*

*Gluto*, at meals is never heard to talk,  
For which the more his chaps and chin do walk,  
When every one that sits about the bord,  
Makes sport to ask, what *Gluto* ne'r a word?  
He forc'd to answer being very loath,  
Is almost choak'd, speaking and eating both.

### 251. *On Philos.*

If *Philos*, none but those are dead, do praise,  
I would I might displease him all his days.

### 252. *The Promise-breaker.*

*Ventus* doth promise much, but still doth break,  
So all his promises are great and weak:  
Like bubbles in the water (round and light)  
Swelling so great, that they are broke out-right.

### 253. *Change.*

What now we like, anon we disapprove;  
The new successor drives away old love.

### 254. *On a passing Bell.*

This doleful musick of impartial death,  
Who danceth after, danceth out of breath,

### 255. *Nummos & demonia jungit.*

*Bat* bids you swell with envy till you burst,  
So he be rich, and may his coffers fill,

Bringing

## Epigrams.

Bringing th' example of the Fox that's curst (kill;  
And threatning folks who have least power to  
For why 'tis known, his trade can never fall,  
That hath already got the Devil and all.

### 256. *Nil gratum ratione carens.*

*Paulus* a Pamphlet doth in prose present  
Unto his Lord (the fruits of idle time)  
Who far more careless, then therewith content,  
Wisheth it were converted into rhyme:  
Which done, and brought him at another season,  
Said: now 'tis rhyme, before, nor rhyme nor reason.


### 257. *Non cessat perdere lusor.*

Ask *Ficus* how his luck at dicing goes:  
Like to the tide (quoth he) it ebbs and flows;  
Then I suppose his chance cannot be good,  
For all men know 'tis longer ebbe than flood.

### 258. *Womens policy.*

To weep oft, still to flatter, sometime spin,  
Are properties women excell men in.

### 259. *Volucrum sic decipit aucups.*

*Hidrus* the Horse-courser (that cunning mate)  
Doth with the buyers thus equivocate;  
Claps on his hand, and prays he may not thrive,  
If that his gelding be not under five. 

260. *Petr-*

## Epigrams.

260. *Perdat qui caveat emptor.*

Nor less meant *Promissus* when that vow he made,  
Then to give o're his coufening Tapsters trade,  
Who check'd for short and frothy measure, swore  
He never would from henceforth fill pot more.

261. *On Death.*

How base hath sin made man, to fear a thing  
VVhich men call *Mors*? wch yet hath lost all sting,  
And is but a privation as we know,  
Noy is no word if we exempt the O:  
Then let good men the fear of it desie,  
All is but O, when they shall come to dye.

262. *To Mr. Ben. Johnson, demanding the reason  
why he called his Playes, Works.*

Pray tell me *Ben.* where doth the mystery lurk,  
VVhat others call a Play, you call a VVork.

263. *Thus answer'd by a Friend, in Ben.  
Johnsons defense.*

The Authors friend, thus for the Author sayes,  
*Bens* plays are works, when others works are plays.

264. *On crambo, a lowfie shifter.*

By want of shift, since Lice at first are bred,  
And after by the same increast and fed;  
*Crambo* I muse how you have Lice so many,  
Since all men know, you shift as much as any.

265. *Ad*

## Epigrams.

---

### 265. *Ad Aristarchum.*

Be not agriev'd, my humorous lines afford  
Of looser language here and there a word :  
VVho undertakes to sweep a common sink,  
I cannot blame him, though his broom do stink.

### 266. *In Aulum.*

*Aulus* gives naught, men say, though much he  
Yet I can tell to whom the Pox he gave. (crave,

### 267. *On covetous persons.*

Patrons are Latrons, then by this  
Th'are worst of greedy people,  
VVhose cognizance a VVols head is,  
And in his mouth a steeple.

### 268. *On a Dyer.*

VVho hath time hath life, that he denies,  
This man hath both, yet still he dies.

### 269. *Non verbera, sed verba.*

Two Schollars late appointed for the field ;  
Must, which was weakest to the other yield ;  
The quarrel first began about a word,  
VVhich now should be decided by the sword :  
But e're they drew, there fell that alteration,  
As they grew friends again by disputation.

### 270. *Love*

## Epigrams.

---

### 270. *Love and Liberty.*

Love he that will ; it best likes me  
To have my neck from loves yoke free.

### 271. *To a neat Reader.*

Thou say'st my verses are rude, ragged, ruff,  
Not like some others rhimes, smooth dainty stuff;  
Epigrams are like Satyrs, rough without,  
Like Chesnuts sweet, take thou the kernel out.

### 272. *Of Letting.*

In bed a young man with his old wife lay,  
O wife quoth he, I've let a thing to day,  
By which I fear, I am a loser much:  
His wife replies, youths bargains still are such;  
So turning from him angry at her heart,  
She unawares let out a thundring—  
O wife, quoth he, no loser am I now,  
A marv' lous sayer I am made by you;  
Young men that old wives have may never sell;  
Because old wives, quoth he, let things so well.

### 273. *Sublata causa, &c.*

VVhy studies *Silvester* no more the laws,  
'Tis thought *Duck-lane* has ta'ne away the cause.

### 274. *Sapiat*

## Epigrams.

274. *Sapiat qui dives, oportet.*

'Tis known how well I live, sayes *Romeo*,  
And whom I list, I'll love, or will despise:  
Indeed it's reason good it should be so:  
For they that wealthy are, must needs be wise:  
But this were ill, if so it come to pass,  
That for your wealth you must be beg'd an Ass.

275. *In Doffum.*

*Doffe* riding forth, the wind was very big,  
And strained court'sie with his Perriwig,  
Leaving his sconce behind so voyd of hair,  
As *Esops* Crow might break her Oyster there;  
Fool he to think his hair could carry fast,  
VVhen *Boreas* tears Forrests with a blast.

276. *Post dulcia, finis amarus.*

*Jenkin* a VVelshman that had suits in Law,  
Journeying to *London*, chanc'd to steal a Cow;  
For which (pox on her luck as ne'r mon saw)  
VVas burnt within the fist, and know not how:  
Being ask'd if well the Laws with him did stand,  
Hur have hur now (quoth *Jenkin*) in hur hand.

277. *Femina ludificantur viros.*

Kind *Katharine* to her Husband kist these words,  
Mine own sweet *Will*, how dearly do I love thee!

If



## Epigrams.

If true (quoth *will*) the world no such affords.  
And that it's true, I durst his warrant be ;  
For ne'r heard I of woman good or ill,  
But always loved best, her own sweet will.

278. *Ad Tufferum.*

*Tuffer*, They tell me when thou wert alive,  
Thou teaching thrift, thy self couldst never thrive;  
So like the whetstone many men are wont  
To sharpen others when themselves are blunt.

279. *Præstat videri quam esse.*

*Clitus* with clients is well customed,  
That hath the Laws but little studied ;  
No matter *Clitus*, so they bring their fees,  
How ill the case and thy advice agrees.

280. *Tuæ tuæ rei agitur.*

A jealous Merchant that a Sailor met,  
As'd him the reason why he meant to marry,  
Knowing what ill their absence might beget,  
That still at Sea, constrained are to tarry ?  
Sir (quoth the saylor) think you that so strange ?  
'Tis done the time whiles you but walk th' ex-

(change:

281. Q<sup>d</sup>



## Epigrams.

---

### 281. On Skoles.

Skoles stinks so deadly, that his breeches loath  
His dampish buttocks furthermore to cloth :  
Cloyd'd they are up with Arse; but hope, and blast  
Will whirle about, and blow them thence at last.

### 282. A Conference.

A Dane, a Spaniard, a Polonian,  
My self a Swisse, with an Hungarian,  
At supper met, discoursed each with other,  
Drank, laught, yet none that understood another.

### 283. In Marcus.

'*Marcus* is not an Hypocrite, and why ?  
He flies all good, to fly Hypocrisie.

### 284. *Quod non verba suadeant ?*

*Sextus* half sav'd his credit with a jest,  
That at a reckoning this devise had got,  
When he should come to draw amongst the rest,  
And saw each man had coyn, himself had not ;  
His empty pocket feels, and 'gins to say ,  
In sadnesse Sirs, here's not a cross to pay.

### 285. Stupid Binus.

Sith time flies fast away, his safest flight  
*Binus* prevents with dreaming day and night.

### 286. In

## Epigrams.

---

286. *In divites.*

Rich men their wealth as Children Rattles keep,  
When play'd a while with't then they fall asleep.

287. *In Fanniam.*

What fury's this? his foe whilst *Fannius* flies,  
He kills himself, for fear of death he dyes.

288. *On a vaunting Postaster.*

*Cecilius* boasts his Verses worthy be  
To be ingraven on a Cypresse tree;  
A Cypress wreath befits them well, 'tis true;  
For they are near their death and crave but due.

289. *In divites iracundos.*

Rich friends 'gainst poor to anger, still are prone:  
It is not well but profitably done.

290. *Durum talem necessitas.*

*Coquus* with hunger penniless constrain'd,  
To call for meat and wine three shillings cost,  
Had suddenly this project entertain'd,  
In stead of what's to pay, to call mine host;  
Who being come, entreateth him discuss;  
What price the Law alots for shedding blood:  
Whereto mine Host directly answers thus;  
'Tas alwayes forty pence he understood:

## Epigrams.

So then, quoth *Cælius*, to requite your pains,  
Pray break my head, and give me what remains.

291. *To an upstart.*

Thy old friends thou forgot'st having got wealth :  
Nor marvail, for thou hast forgot thy self.

292. *Ambition.*

In wayes to greatness, think on this,  
That slippery all Ambition is.

293. *Suum cuique.*

A Strange contention being lately had,  
Which kind of Musick was the sweet'st and best,  
Some praise the sprightly sound, and some the sad,  
Some lik't the Viols ; and among the rest,  
Some in the Bag-pipes commendation spoke,  
Quoth one stood by, give me a pipe of smoke.

294. *In Prodigum.*

Each age of men new fashions doth invent ;  
Things which are old, young men do not esteem :  
What pleas'd our Fathers, doth not us content :  
What flourish'd then, we out of fashion deem :  
And that's the cause, as I do understand,  
Why *Prodigus* did sell his Fathers Land.

295. *In*

## Epigrams.

### 295. *In Medicum.*

When *Mingo* cries, how do you Sir? 'tis thought  
He Patients wanteth; and his practice's naught:  
Wherefore of late, now every one he meeteth,  
With [I am glad to see you well] he greeteth:  
But who'll believe him now, when all can tell,  
The world goes ill with him, when all are well?

### 296. *On Zelot.*

Is *Zelot* pure? he is: ye see he wears  
The sign of *Circumcision* in his ears.

### 297. *Crispati crines plume dant calcar amori.*

Why is young *Annas* thus with feathers dight?  
And on his shoulder wears a dangling lock?  
The one foretels he'll sooner fly then fight,  
The other shows he's wrapt in's mothers smock.  
But wherefore wears he such a jingling spur?  
O know, he deals with Jades that will not stir.

### 298. *On Boung-Bob.*

*Bob*, thou, nor souldier, thief, nor fencer art,  
Yet by thy weapon liv'st, th'hast one good part.

### 299. *On Glaucus.*

*Glaucus* a man, a womans hair doth wear,  
But yet he wears the same comb'd out behind:

## Epigrams.

---

So men the wallet of their faults do bear,  
For if before him, he that fault should find :  
I think foul shame would his fair face invade,  
To see a man so like woman made.

### 300. *On Crab.*

*Crab* faces gowns with sundry Furs ; 'tis known,  
He keeps the Fox-fur for to face his own.

### 301. *Dolo intims.*

Nor Hawk, nor Hound, nor Horse, those letters *bbb*,  
But ach it self, 'tis *Brutus* bones attaches.

### 302. *Of Batardus.*

*Batardus* needs would know his Horoscope,  
To see if he were born to scape the rope :  
The *Magnus* said, 're thou mine answer have,  
I must the name of both thy parents crave :  
That said *Batardus* could not speak but spit ;  
For on his fathers name he could not hit :  
And out of doors at last he slept with shame,  
To ask his mother for his fathers name.

### 303. *Consuetudo lex.*

Two wooers for a wench were each at strife,  
Which should enjoy her to his wedded wife,  
Quoth th' one, she's mine, because I first her saw ;  
She's mine, quoth th' other, by Pye-corner law :  
Where

## Epigrams.

Where sticking once a prick on what you buy,  
It's then your own, which no man must deny.

### 304. *On Womens denial.*

Women, although they ne're so goodly make it,  
Their fashion is but to say no, and take it.

### 305. *In Battus.*

*Battus* affirm'd no Poet ever writ,  
Before that love inspir'd his dull-head wit :  
And that himself in love had wit no more,  
Then one stark mad, though somewhat wise before.

### 306. *On Marriage.*

Wedding and hanging, the Destinies dispatch,  
But hanging seems to some the better match.

### 307. *Vidua aurata.*

*Gallus* hath got a widow wondrous old,  
The reason is, he woo'd her for her gold :  
Knowing her Maids are young, and serve for hire,  
Which is as much as *Gallus* doth desire.

### 308. *In Dol Pregnantem.*

*Dol* learning *Propria quæ maribus* without book,  
Like *Nomen crescentis genitivo* doth look.

### 309. *Timidos fortuna repellit.*

When *Miles* the Serving-man my Lady kist,  
She knew him not (though scarcely could resist)  
E 4 For



## Epigrams.

For this (quoth he) my Master bid me say ; —  
How's that (quoth she) and frowning flings away :  
Vext to the heart, she took her mark amiss,  
And that she should a serving creature kisse.  
Why, thus it is, when fools must make it known,  
They come on others business, not their own.

### 310. *Against a certain*—

For mad-men Bedlam, Bridewell for a Knave,  
Choose whether of those two th'adst rather have.

### 311. *Loves Progress.*

Loves first approach, delights sweet song doth sing:  
But in departure, she woes sing doth bring.

### 312. *On old Scylla.*

*Scylla* is toothless, yet, when she was young,  
She had both teeth enough, and too much tongue.  
What shall I then of toothless *Scylla* say,  
But that her tongue hath worn her teeth away ?

### 313. *On Gallants cloaks.*

Without, plain cloaks; within, plush: but I doubt  
The wearer's worst within, and best without.

### 314. *On Banks the Usurer.*

*Banks* feels no lameness on his knotty Gout,  
His money travels for him in and out :

And



## Epigrams.

And though the soundest legs go every day,  
He toils to be at Hell as soon as they.

315. *Pecunia pravalens.*

Tell *Tom* of *Plato's* worth, or *Aristotles*; (tles.  
Hang't, give him wealth enough; let wit stop bot-

316. *On the same.*

*Tom* vow'd to beat his boy against the wall,  
And as he struck, he forthwith caught a fall:  
The boy deriding, said, I do aver,  
Y'have done a thing, you cannot stand to Sir.

317. *On Debt.*

To be indebted is a shame, men say,  
Then 'tis confessing of a shame to pay.

318. *A forsworn Maid.*

*Rosa* being false and perjur'd, once a friend  
Bid me contented be, and mark her end:  
But yet I care not, let my friend go fiddle;  
Let him mark her end, I'll mark her middle.

319. *Adversity.*

Love is maintain'd by wealth, when all is spent,  
Adversity then breeds the discontent.

320. *On Soranzo.*

*Soranzo's* broad-brim hat I oft compare  
To the vast compass of the heavenly sphere:  
His

## Epigrams.

His head, the Earth's globe, fixed under it ;  
Whose center is, his wondrous little wit.

### 321. *To a Great Guest.*

With other Friends I bid you to my Feast,  
Though coming late, yet are you not the least.

### 322. *In Cottam.*

*Cotta* when he hath din'd faith, God be prais'd,  
Yet never praiseth God for meat or drink :  
Sith *Cotta* speaketh, and not practiseth,  
He speaketh surely what he doth not think.

### 323. *De Corde & Lingua.*

The tongue was once a Servant to the heart,  
And what it gave she freely did impart ;  
But now hypocrisie is grown so strong,  
She makes the heart a servant to the tongue.

### 324. *On Rump.*

*Rump* is a Turn spit, yet he seldome can  
Steal a swolne sop out of the dripping-pan.

### 325. *On Poverty.*

If thou be poor, thou shalt be ever so,  
None now do wealth, but on the rich bestow.

### 326. *In Ebriofum.*

Fie man (saith she) but I tell Mistris *Anne*,  
Her drunken Husband is no drunken man.

For

## Epigrams.

For those wits which are overcome with drink,  
Are void of reason, and are Beasts I think.

### 327. *Wills error.*

*Will* says his wife's so fat, she scarce can go,  
But she as nimbly answers, Faith Sir no :  
Alas good *Will*, thou art mistaken quite,  
For all men know, that she is wondrous light.

### 328. *On Rome.*

Hate and debate, *Rome* through the world hath  
Yet *Roma*, *amor* is, if backward read : (spread,  
Then is't not strange, *Rome* hate should foster ? no,  
For out of backward love all hate doth grow.

### 329. *On Tuck.*

At Post and Pair, or Slam, *Tom Tuck* would play  
This Christmase, but his want therewith, says nay.

### 330. *Something no savour.*

All things have savour, though some but small ;  
Nay, a box on th'care, hath no smell at all.

### 331. *Art, Fortune, and Ignorance.*

When Fortune fell asleep, and hate did blind her,  
Art, Fortune lost ; and Ignorance did find her :  
Sith when dull Ignorance with Fortunes store,  
Hath been inrich'd, and Art hath still been poor.

### 332. *On*

## Epigrams.

### 332. On *Bibens*.

*Bibens* to shew his liberality,  
Made *Lusus* drunk ; (a noble quality,      (prove,  
And much esteem'd) which *Bibens* fain would  
To be the sign of his familiar love :  
*Lusus* beware, thou'lt find him in the end,  
Familiar Devil, no familiar Friend.

### 333. On Tobacco.

Things which are common, common men douse,  
The better sort do common things refuse :  
Yet Countries-cloth-breech, & Court-velvet-hose,  
Puff both alike Tobacco through the nose.

### 334. On *Cupid*.

*Cupid* no wonder was not cloth'd of old,  
For love though naked, seldom e're is cold.

### 335. On *Ebrio*.

See where *Don Ebrio*, like a Dutchman goes,  
Yet drunk with English Ale, one would suppose  
That he would shoulder down each door and wall,  
But they must stand, or he, poor fool must fall.

### 336. On Love.

Love hath two divers wings, as lovers say :  
Thou following him, with one he flies away ;  
With

## Epigrams.

With th' other, if thou fly he follows thee :  
Therefore the Last, Love, only use for me.

### 337. *On the same.*

(tools,  
Love, as 'tis said, doth work with such strange  
That he can make fools wise-men, wise-men fools  
Then happy I, for being nor fool, nor wise,  
Love with his toyes and tools I shall despise.

### 338. *On a Woman.*

Some the word *Woman* fetch, though with small  
From those that want one to effect their wil; (skil,  
If so, I think that wantons there are none,  
For till the world want men, can they want none.

### 339. *Ingluvium sequitur fames.*

*Curio* would feed upon the daintiest fare,  
That with the Court or Country might compare :  
For what lets *Curio* that he need to care,  
To frolick freely with the proud'st that dare :  
But this excess was such in all things rare,  
As he prov'd bankrupt e're he was aware.

### 340. *On Maulsters.*

Such *Maulsters* as ill measure sell for gain,  
Are not meer knaves, but also knaves in grain.

## Epigrams.

### 341. *In Corbum.*

*Corbus* will not, perswade him all I can,  
The world should take him for a Gentleman :  
His reason's this, because men should not deem,  
That he is such as he doth never seem.

### 342. *On Priscus Mistris.*

*Priscus* commends his Mistris for a Girle,  
Whose lips be rubies, and whose teeth are pearle :  
Th'had need prove so, or else it will be found,  
He payes too dear ; they cost him many a pound.

### 343. *On Women.*

Women think wo--men far more constant be,  
Than we--men, and the letter O we see,  
In wo--men, not in we--men, as they say,  
Figures Earths constant Orb ; we--men say nay :  
It meansthe Moon, which proves (none think it  
Women are *constant*, &c most true in change. (strange

### 344. *On Souldiers.*

Nor faith, nor conscience common souldiers carry,  
Best pay, is right ; their hands are mercenary.

### 345. *Drusus and Furio.*

*Furio* would fight with *Drusus* in the field,  
Because the straw, stout *Drusus* would not yield,  
On

## Epigrams.

On which their Mistris trod ; they both did meet ;  
*Drusus* in field tell dead at *Furia's* feet ;  
One had the straw, but with it this Greek letter π  
The other lost it, pray who had the better ?

### 346. On Cupid.

Love is a Boy, and subject to the rod  
Some say, but Lovers say he is a God :  
I think that Love is neither God nor Boy,  
But a mad brains imaginary toy.

### 347. On Candidus.

When I am sick, not else, thou com'st to see me,  
Would fortune from both torments still would  
(free me.

### 348. On a Puritan.

From impure mouths, now many bear the name  
Of puritan, yet merit not the same.  
This one shall only be my Puritan,  
That is a knave, yet seems an honest man.

### 349. *Ostendit hedera vinum.*

A scoffing mate, that past along Cheap-side,  
Incontinent a Gallant Lass espide ;  
Whose tempting Beasts (as to the sale laid out)  
Incites this youngster thus to 'gin to flout.

Lady



## Epigrams.

Lady (quoth he) is this flesh to be sold?  
No Lord (quoth he) for silver nor for gold,  
But wherefore ask you? (and there made a stop)  
To buy (quoth he) if not shut up your shop.

### 350. *Quantum mutatus ab illo!*

*Pedes* grown proud makes men admire thereat, (it,  
Whose baser breeding, should they think not bear  
Nay, he on cock-horse rides, how like you that?  
Tut! *Pedes* proverb is, Win gold and wear it.  
But *Pedes* you have seen them rise in haste,  
That through their pride have broke their neck  
(at last.

### 351. *Upon Lavina.*

*Lavina* brought to bed, her husband looks  
To know's child's fortune throughout his books,  
(rather,  
His neighbours think h' had need search backward  
And learn for certain, who had been the father.

### 352. *Repprt and Errour.*

Errour by Errour, Tales by Tales, great grow;  
As Snow-balls do, by rowling to and fro.

### 353. *In Superbum.*

Rustick *Superbus* fine new cloths hath got,  
Of Taffata and velvet, fair in sight;

The

## Epigrams.

The shew of which hath so bewitcht the sot,  
That he thinks Gentlemen to be his right :  
But he's deceiv'd, for true that is of old, (gold.  
An Ape's an Ape, though he wear cloth of

354. *No truth in Wine.*

Truth is in wine, but none can find it there,  
For in your Taverns, men will lye and swear.

355. *On Infidus.*

*Infidus* was so free of Oaths last day,  
That he would swear, what e're he thought to say:  
But now such is his chance, whereat he's griev'd,  
The more he swears, the less he is believ'd.

356. *On Celsus.*

*Celsus* doth love himself, *Celsus* is wise,  
For now no Rival e're can claim his prize.

357. *On Christmasts Ivy.*

At Christmasts, men do always Ivy get,  
And in each corner of the house it set :  
But why do they, then use that *Bacchus* weed ?  
Because they mean, then *Bacchus*-like to feed.

358. *Adversity.*

Adversity hurts none, but only such,  
Whom whitest fortune dandled has too much.

*SW* Epigrams.

---

359. *On Bacchus.*

Pot-lifting *Bacchus* to the earth did bend  
His knee, to drink a health unto his friend :  
And there he did so long in liquor pour,  
That he lay quite-sick-drunk upon the floor.  
Judge, was there not a drunkards kindness shown,  
To drink his friend a health, and loose his own ?

360. *Of a fat man.*

He's rich, and hath great in-comes by the year :  
Then that great belly'd man is rich, I'll swear :  
For sure his belly ne'er so big had bin,  
Had he not daily had great comings in.

361. *A wished Cramp.*

Some have the Cramp in legs, and hands, 'tis told ;  
I wish't in my wifes tongue, when she doth scold.

362. *Vindicta vim sequitur.*

*Nick* being kick'd and spurr'd, pursues the Law,  
That doom'd the dammage at twice forty pence.  
Which, when the party wch had wrong'd him, law ;  
Thought 'twas too great a fine for such offence.  
Why then, quoth *Nick*, if I too much request,  
Thou may'st at any time kick out the rest.

363. *On Flaccus.*

*Flaccus* being young, they said he was a Gull ;  
Of his simplicity each mouth was full :

And

## Epigrams.

And pitying him, they'd say, the foolish Lad,  
Would surely be deceived, of all he had.  
His youth is past, now may they turn him loose;  
For why? the gull is grown to be a Goose.

### 364. *Per plumas Anser.*

See how young *Rufus* walks in green each day;  
As if he ne'r was youthfull until now:  
E're Christmas next, his green Goose will be gray;  
And those high burnish'd plumes in's cap wil bow:  
But you do wrong him, since his purse is full,  
To call him Goose, that is so young a Gull.

### 365. *Of Jenkin.*

*Jenkin* is a rude Clown, go tell him so;  
What need I tell, what he himself doth know?  
Perhaps he doth not, then he is a Sor;  
For tell me, what knows he that knows it not?

### 366. *On Trigg.*

*Trigg* having turn'd his Sute, he struts in state,  
And tells the world he's now regenerate.

### 366. *To Fortune.*

Poets say Fortune's blind, and cannot see,  
And therefore to be born withall, if she  
Sometimes drops gifts on undeserving wights:  
But sure they are deceiv'd; she hath her sight;  
Else

## Epigrams.

Else could it not at all times so fall out, (out.  
That tools should have, and wise men go with-

367. *O. Briscus.*

I pray you give Sir *Briscus* leave to speak,  
The Gander loves to hear himself to creak.

368. *On an English Ape.*

Would you believe, when you this Monsieur see,  
That his whole body should speak *French*, not he?  
That he untravell'd should be *French* so much,  
As *French* men in his company should seem *Dutch*?  
Or hung some *Monsieurs* picture on the wall;  
By which his *damne* conceiv'd him, cloaths and all?  
No, 'tis the new *French* Taylors motion, made  
Daily to walk th' Exchange, and help the trade.

369. *Possessions.*

Those Possessions short liv'd are,  
Into the which we come by war.

370. *Nulla dies sine linea.*

By ever learning, *Salon* waxed old,  
For Time he knew, was better far then Gold:  
Fortune would give him Gold which would decay  
But Fortune cannot give him yesterday.

371. *In*

## Epigrams.

### 371. *In Cornutum.*

One told his wife, a Harts-head he had bought,  
To hang his hat upon, and home it brought :  
To whom his frugal wife, what needs that care ?  
I hope, sweet-heart, your head your hat can bear.

### 372. *On More-dew.*

*More-dew* the Mercer, with a kind salute,  
Would needs intreat my custome for a suite :  
Here Sir, quoth he, for Sattins, Velvets call,  
What e're you please, I'll take your word for all.  
I thank'd, took, gave my word ; say than,  
Am I at all indebted to this man ?

### 373. *Pari jugo dulcis tractus.*

When *Cæcus* had been wedded now three days,  
And all his neighbours bad God give him joy,  
This strange conclusion with his wife assayes,  
Why till her marriage-day she prov'd so coy : (yield  
'Fore God (saith he) 'twas well thou didst not  
For doubtless then my purpose was to leave thee.  
O Sir (quoth she) I once was so beguild, (me.  
And thought the next man should not so deceive  
Now fie upon't (quoth he) thou breed'st my wo ;  
Why man (quoth she) I speak but *quid pro quo*.

## Epigrams.

---

### 374. *On Sims Marriage.*

Six months, quoth *Sim*, a Suiter, and not sped?  
I in a sev'n-night did both woo and wed (shake;  
Who green fruit love, must take long pains to  
Thine was some down-fall, I dare undertake.

### 375. *Upon Sis.*

*Sis* brags sh'hath beauty, and will prove the same:  
As how? as thus Sir; 'tis her Puppies name.

### 376. *On Clym.*

*Clym* calls his wife, and reckning all his neighbours,  
Just half of them are Cuckolds, he avers.  
Nay fie, quoth she, I would they heard you speak;  
You of your self, it seems, no reckning make.

### 377. *On Gut.*

Science puffs up, says *Gut*, when either Pease  
Make him thus swell, or windy Cabbages.

### 378. *On Womens faults.*

We men in many faults abound,  
But two in women can be found:  
The worst that from their Sex proceeds,  
Is naught in words, and naught in deeds.

### 379. *To a Muck-worm.*

Content great riches is, to make which true,  
Your Heir would be content to bury you.



## Epigrams.

### 380. *On Law.*

Our Civil Law doth seem a Royal thing,  
It hath more titles then the Spanish King ;  
But yet the Common-Law quite puts it down,  
In getting, like the Pope, so many a Crown.

### 381. *In Coam.*

A nor ſ will Coa eſpy,  
Till he aſcend up to the corner'd π

### 382. *Maids Nay's.*

Maids Naves are nothing, they are ſhy,  
But to deſire what they deny.

### 383. *De Ore.*

O's of O, a Mouth, *Scaliger* doth make ;  
And from this letter, Mouth his name doth take :  
And I had been of *Scaliger's* belief,  
But that I look'd in O, and ſaw no Teeth.

### 384. *In Hugonem.*

Though praife, and pleaſe, doth *Hugo* never none,  
Yet praife, and pleaſe, doth *Hugo* ever one ;  
For praife, and pleaſe, doth *Hugo* himſelf alone.

### 385. *On Severus.*

*Severus* is extream in eloquence,  
For he creates rare phraſe, but rarer ſenſe :

## Epigrams.

Unto his Serving-man, *alias* his Boy,  
He utters speech exceeding quaint and coy ;  
Diminutive, and my defective slave,  
My pleasures pleasure is, that I must have  
My Corps Coverture, and immediately,  
T' insconce my person from frigility.  
His Man believ's all's Welsh his Master spoke,  
Till he rails English, Rogue go fetch my Cloke.

### 386. On *Julius* weeping.

She by the River sate, and sitting there,  
She wept, and made it deeper by a tear.

### 387. On a Gallant.

(mine ears ?  
What Gallant's that, whose Oaths fly through  
How like a Lord of *Pluto's* Court he swears!  
How Dutchman-like he swallows down his drink!  
How sweet he takes Tobacco till he sink !  
How lofty sprighted he disdains a Boor !  
How faithfull hearted he is to a — !  
How Cock-tail proud he doth himself advance !  
How rare his spurs do ring the Morrice-dance!  
Now I protest by Mistris *Susan's* Fan,  
He and his Boy will make a proper Man.

### 388. On

## Epigrams.

---

### 388. On Vertue, Milla's Maid.

Saith *Aristotle*, *Vertue* ought to be  
Communicative of her self and free ;  
And hath not *Vertue*, *Milla's Maid*, been so ?  
Who's grown hereby, as big as she can go.

### 389. On Corydon.

An home-spun Peasant with his Urine-glass,  
The Doctor ask'd what Country-man he was.  
Quoth *Corydon*, with making legs full low,  
Your worship, that, shall by my water know.

### 390. On a Spanish Souldier.

A Spanish Souldier, sick unto the death,  
His Pistol to's Physitian did bequeath.  
Who did demand, what should the reason be,  
Bove other things to give him that ; (quoth he)  
This with your practice joyned, you may kill,  
Sir, all alive, and have the world at will.

### 391. Upon the Ass.

The Ass a Courtier on a time would be,  
And travel'd forrain Nations far to see ;  
But home returned, fashion he could none,  
His main and tail were only larger grown.

### 392. On Hypocrisie.

As Venison in a poor mans Kitchin's rare ;  
So Hypocrites and Usurers in Heaven are.

### 393. Da-

## Epigrams.

### 393. *Demonum certamen.*

A Broker and an Usurer contended,  
VVhich in's profession was the most befriended ;  
And for experience more to have it try'd,  
A Scrivener must the difference decide,  
'To whom (quoth he) you like the Fox and Cub,  
One shall be *Mammon*, th'other *Belzebub*.

### 394. *On Love.*

Love's of it self too sweet ; the best of all  
Is, when Loves honey has a dash of gall.

### 395. *On Man and Woman.*

VVhen Man and VVoman dyes, as Poets sung ;  
His Heart's the last that stirs, of hers the Tongue.

### 396. *On Fabullus.*

I ask'd *Fabullus*, why he had no wife ?  
(Quoth he) because I'de live a quiet life.

### 397. *On Fornus.*

*Fornus* takes pains, he need not without doubt,  
O yes, he labours much. How ? with the Gout.

### 398. *Quid non ebrietas.*

*Rubin* reports, his Mistris is a Punk :  
VVhich being told her, was no whit dismayd,  
For sure as death (quoth she) the Villains drunk,  
And

## Epigrams.

And in that taking, knows not what he said.

'Twas well excus'd, but oft it comes to passe,  
That true we find, *In vino veritas*.

399. *No Pains, no Gains.*

If little labour, little are our gaines,  
Mans fortunes are according to his pains.

400. *Infirmis animosus.*

*Pontus* by no means from his coyn departs,  
Z'foot, will you have of men more then their  
(hearts ?

401. *A culina ad curiam.*

*Lix*, that long a Serving-goom hath been,  
VWill now no more the man be known or seen :  
And reason good, he hath the place resign'd ;  
VVitness his cloak, throughout with Velvet lin'd,  
VWhich by a Paradox comes thus to pass ;  
The greasie Gull is turn'd a gallant Ass.

402. *Frustra vocaveris heri.*

*Dick* had but two words to maintain him ever,  
And that was Stand, and after stand, Deliver.  
But *Dick's* in *Newgate*, and he fears shall never  
Be blest again with that sweet word, Deliver.

403. *Magnis non est morandum.*

See how *Silenus* walks accomplished,  
VWith due performance of his Fathers Page:  
Looks

## Epigrams.

Looks back of purpose to be honoured,  
And on each slight occasion 'gins to rage ;  
You, villain, dog, where hath your stay bin such?  
Quoth he, the Broker would not lend so much.

404. *Paduit sua damna refert.*

Such ill success had Dick at Dice last night,  
As he was forc'd, next day, play least in sight :  
But if you love him, make thereof no speeches,  
He lost his Rapier, Cloak, and Velvet Breeches.

405. *Ad Lectorem.*

Reader, thou seest how pale these papers look,  
While they fear thy hard censure on my Book.

406. *Nimis docuit consuetudo.*

Old *Fucus* board is oft replenished,  
But nought thereof must be diminished,  
Unless some worthless upper-dish or twain ;  
The rest for service still again remain.  
His man that us'd to bring them in for show,  
Leaving a dish upon the bench below,  
Was by his Master (much offended) blam'd,  
Which he, as brief, with answer quickly fram'd ;  
T'hath been so often brought afore this day,  
As now ch'ad thoft it self had known the way.

407. *Po-*

## Epigrams.

### 407. *Poculo junguntur amici.*

A health, saith *Lucas*, to his Loves bright eye ;  
Which not to pledge, were much indignity ;  
You cannot do him greater courtesie,  
Then to be drunk, and damn'd for company.

### 408. *Nullam stimulum ignaris.*

*Cacus* awake, was tol'd the Sun appear'd,  
Which had the darkness of the morning clear'd :  
But *Cacus* sluggish, thereto makes reply,  
The Sun hath further far to go then I.

### 409. *In Richardum.*

At three go-downs *Dick* doffs me off a pot,  
The English Gutter's Latine for his throat.

### 410. *Non penna, sed usus.*

*Cajus* accouts himself accurst of men,  
Only because his Lady loves him not :  
Who, till he taught her, could not hold her pen,  
And yet hath since, another Tutor got.  
*Cajus* it seems, Thy skill she did but cheapen,  
And means to try him at another weapon.

### 411. *An absolute Gallant.*

If you will see true valour here display'd,  
Hear *Poly-phemus*, and be not afraid.

D'ye



## Epigrams.

D'ye see me wrong'd, and will ye thus restrain me?  
Sir let me go, for by these hilts I'll brain ye.  
Shall a base patch with appearance wrong me?  
I'll kill the villain, pray do not prolong me.  
Call my Tobacco putrified stuff?  
Tell me it stinks? say it is drossy snuff!  
Sirrah! what are you? why Sir, what would you?  
I am a Prentice, and will knock you too:  
O are you so? I cry you mercy then,  
I am to fight with none but Gentlemen.

### 412. To Momus.

*Momus* thou say'st my Verses are but toys:  
'Tis true, yet truth is often spoke by boys.

### 413. In Dolentem.

*Dolens* doth shew his purse, and tell you this,  
It is more horrid then a Pest-house is:  
For in a Pest-house many mortals enter,  
But in his purse one Angel dares not venter.

### 414. Abditio, perditio.

From *Mall* but merry, men but mirth derive,  
For *trix* 'tis makes her prove demonstrative.

### 415. On a Gallant.

Sirrah, come hither, boy take view of me,  
My Lady I am purpos'd to go see;

What

## Epigrams.

What doth my Feather flourish with a grace?  
And this my curled hair become my face?  
How decent doth my Doublet's form appear?  
I would I had my Sute in *Long-lane* here;  
Do not my spurs pronounce a silver sound:  
Is not my hose-circumference profound?  
Sir these be well, but there is one thing ill,  
Your Taylor, with a sheet of Paper-Bill,  
Vows he'll be paid, and Sergeants he hath sec'd,  
Which wait your coming forth, to do the deed.  
Boy, God a-mercy, let my Lady stay,  
I'll see no Counter for her sake to day.

### 416. *In Sextum.*

*Sextus* six pockets wears, two for his uses,  
The other four to pocket up abuses.

### 417. *A Stammerer.*

*Balbus* with other men would angry be,  
Because they could not speak as well as he;  
For others speak but with their mouth he knows,  
But *Balbus* speaks both through the mouth & nose.

### 418. *On himself.*

I dislik't but even now;  
Now I love I know not how.  
Was I idle, and that while,  
Was I fired with a smile?

I'll

## Epigrams.

I'll to work, or pray, and then  
I shall quite dislike agen.

### 419. *Tom's Fortune.*

*Tom* tel's he's rob'd, and counting all his losses,  
Concludes, all's gone, the world is full of crosses:  
If all be gone, *Tom* take this comfort then,  
Th'art certain never to have cross agen.

### 420. *Opus and Usus.*

*Opus* for need consum'd his wealth apace,  
And ne'r would cease untill he was undone;  
His brother *Usus* liv'd in better case  
Than *Opus* did, although the Eldest Son.  
'Tis strange it should be so, yet here was it,  
*Opus* had all the Land, *Usus* the Wit.

### 421. *A good wife.*

A Batchelour would have a Wife were wise,  
Fair, rich, and young, a maiden for his bed—  
Nor proud, nor churlish, but of faultless size;  
A Country house-wife, in the City bred.  
But he's a fool, and long in vain hath staid;  
He should bespeak her, there's none ready made.

### 422. *Anger.*

Wrongs if neglected, vanish in short time;  
But heard with anger, we confess the crime.

### 423. *Upon*

## Epigrams.

### 1423. Upon Gellia.

When Gellia went to school, and was a girle,  
Her teeth for whiteness might compare with pearl;  
But after she the taste of sweet meats knew,  
They turned all Opalls to a perfect blew;  
Now Gellia takes Tobacco, what should let,  
But last they should converted be to jet?

### 424. On an unconstant Mistriss.

I dare not much say when I thee commend,  
Lest thou be changed ere my praises end.

### 425. In Lesbiam.

Why should I love thee Lesbiam? I no reason see:  
Then out of reason, Lesbiam, I love thee.

### 426. In Paulinum.

Paul by day wrongs me, yet he daily swears,  
He wisheth me as well as to his soul:  
I know his drift, to damn that he nought cares,  
To please his body; therefore good friend Paul,  
If thy kind nature will afford me grace,  
Hereafter love me in thy body's place.

### 427. On Zeno.

Zeno would fain th'old widow Egle have,  
Trust me he's wise, for she is rich and brave.

## Epigrams.

But *Zeno*, *Zeno*, she will none of you ;  
In my mind she's the wiser of the two.

### 428. Of a Drunkard.

*Cinna* one time most wonderfully swore,  
That whilst he breath'd he would drink no more.  
But since I know his meaning, for I think  
He meant he would not breath whilst he did drink

### 429. To *Cotta*.

Be not wroth *Cotta*, that I not salute thee,  
I us'd it whilst I worthy did repute thee ;  
Now thou art made a painted Saint, and I,  
*Cotta*, will not commit Idolatry.

### 430. To Women.

Ye that have beauty, and withall no pitty,  
Are like a prick-song lesson without ditty.

### 431. On *Creta*.

*Creta* doth love her husband wondrous well,  
It needs no proof, for every one can tell :  
So strong's her love, that if I not mistake,  
It doth extend to others for his sake.

### 432. On *Priscus*.

Why still doth *Priscus* strive to have the wall ?  
Because he's often drunk and fears to fall.

### 433. On

## Epigrams.

### 433. On Rufus.

At all, quoth *Rufus*, lay you what you dare,  
I'll throw at all, and 'twere a peck of gold;  
No life lies on't, then coyn I'll never spare;  
Why *Rufus*, that's the cause of all that's sold?  
For with frank Gamesters it doth oft befall,  
They throw at all, till thrown quite out of all.

### 434. On Tobacco.

Tobacco is a weed of so great pow'r,  
That it (like earth) doth all it feeds, devour.

### 435. Upon Nasuto.

When at the Table once I did aver,  
Well taken discords best did please the ear,  
And would be judg'd by any Quirister,  
Were in the Chappell, *Pauls*, or *Westminster*;  
*Nasuto* sitting at the nether end, (friend,  
(First having drunk and cough'd) quoth he my  
If that were true, my wife and I, I fear,  
Should soon be sent to some Cathredal Quire,

### 436. *Nec vultus indicat virum.*

Dick in a raging deep discourtesie,  
Call's an Atturney meer Necessity:  
The more knave he; admit he had no law,  
Must he be flouted at by every Daw?

## Epigrams.

---

### 437. On *Furius*.

*Furius* a lover was, and had loving fits,  
He lov'd so madly that he lost his wits;  
Yet he lost nought, yet grant I, he was mad,  
How could he lose that which he never had?

### 438. *Fools Fortune*.

Fools have great fortune, but yet not all,  
For some are great fools, whose fortune's small.

### 439. *Tace sed age*.

Little or nothing said, soon mended is,  
But they that nothing do, do most amiss.

### 440. On *Count-surly*.

Count-surly will no Scholler entertain:  
Or any wiser then himself; how so?  
The reason is, when fools are in his train,  
His wit amongst them, makes a goodly show.

### 441. On *Women*.

When man lay dead-like, woman took her life,  
From a crook't embleme of her nuptiall strife;  
And hence (as bones would be at rest) her ease  
She loves so well, and is so hard to please.

442. *Verſes*



## Epigrams.

---

### 442. *Verses.*

VWho will not honour noble Numbers, when  
Verses out-lives the bravest deeds of men?

### 443. *Poor Irus.*

*Irus* using to lye upon the ground,  
One morning under him a feather found,  
Have I all night here lien so hard (quoth he)  
Having but one poor feather under me:  
I wonder much then, how they take their ease,  
That night by night, lye on a bed of these.

### 444. *Merry Doll.*

I blame not lusty *Doll*, that strives so much,  
To keep her light-heart free from sorrows touch;  
She'l dance and sing a hem boyes, hey all six,  
She's steel toth' back, all mirth, all *meretricks*.

### 445. *Heaven and Hell.*

If Heaven's call'd the place where Angels dwell,  
My purse wants Angels, pray call that Hell.

### 446. *Like question like answer.*

A young beginner walking through Cheap-side,  
A house shut up, he presently espy'd,  
And read the Bill, which o're the door was set,  
Which said, this house and shop was to be let;

## Epigrams.

That known, he ask'd a young man presently,  
Which at the next door stood demurely.

May not this shop be let alone? quoth hee,  
Yes, you may let't alone for ought I see.

### 443. On deaf Joan.

She prates to others, yet can nothing hear,  
Just like a sounding Jugge that wants an ear.

### 448. Of an ill wife.

*Priscus* was weeping when his wife did die,  
Yet he was then in better case then I:  
I should be merry, and should think to thrive,  
Had I but his dead wife for mine alive.

### 449. *Meum & Tuum.*

*Megge* lets her husband boast of rule and riches,  
But she rules all the roast, and wears the breeches.

### 450. *Deaths trade.*

Death is a Fisherman, the world we see  
His Fish-pond is, and we the Fishes bee,  
He sometimes, Angler-like, doth with us play,  
And sliely takes us one by one away;  
Diseases are the murdering hooks, which he  
Doth catch us with, the bait mortalitie,

Which

## Epigrams.

VVhich we poor silly fish devour, till strook,  
At last too late we feel the bitter hook.  
At other times he brings his net, and then  
At once sweeps up whole Cities full of men,  
Drawing up thousands at a draught, and saves  
Onely some few, to make the others graves ;  
His net some raging pestilence ; now he  
Is not so kinde as other Fishers be ;  
For if they take one of the smaller frye,  
They throw him in again, he shall not dye :  
But death is sure to kill all he can get,  
And all is fish with him that comes to net.

### 451. On Bice.

*Bice* laughs, when no man speaks; and doth protest  
It is his own breech there that breaks the jest.

### 452. Valiant in drink.

Who onely in his cups will fight, is like.  
A clock that must be oyl'd well ere it strike.

### 453. Master and Schollar.

A Pedant ask'd a Puny ripe and bold,  
In an hard frost, the Latine word for cold :  
I'll tell you out of hand, (quoth he) for lo,  
*I have it at my fingers ends*, you know.

## Epigrams.

### 454. *Gaster's great belly.*

*Gaster* did seem to me to want his eyes,  
For he could neither see his legs nor thighs ;  
But yet it was not so ; he had his sight,  
Onely his belly hanged in his light.

### 455. *Drunken Dick.*

When *Dick* for want of drunken mates grows sick,  
Then with himself to work goes faithful *Dick*.  
The buttery door t' himself he shutteth close (nose:  
That done, then goes the pot straight wayes to's  
A health (quoth noble *Dick*) each hogs-heads then  
Must seeming pledge this honest faithful man :  
But straight from kindness *Dick* to humors grows,  
And then to th' barrels he his valour shows,  
Throwing about the cups, the pots, the glasses,  
And rails at the runs ; calling them drunken asses :  
Ne'r ceasing this same faithful coyl to keep,  
Till under th' hoghead *Dick* fals fast asleep.

### 456. *In Sextinum.*

A pretty block *Sextinus* names his Hat,  
So much the fitter for his head by that.

### 457. *Sine Sanguine.*

*Ralph* challeng'd *Robin*, time and place appointed,  
Their Parents heard on't, O how they lamented !

But

## Epigrams.

But good luck was, they soon were free'd of fear,  
The one ne'r meant, the other came not there.

### 458. On humane bodies.

Our bodies are like shoes, which off we cast,  
Physick their Cobler is, and death the Last.

### 459. On Trencher-man.

Tom shifts the trenchers; yet he never can,  
Endure that luke-warme name of serving-man;  
Serve or not serve, let Tom do what he can,  
He is a serving, who's a Trencher-man.

### 460. A toothless-pratler.

Nature the teeth doth as an hedge ordain,  
The nimble frisking tongue for to contain:  
No marvel then, since that the hedge is out,  
If *Fuscus* tongue walketh so fast about.

### 461. A musical Lady.

A Lady fairer far then fortunate,  
(In dancing) thus o'r-shot her self of late,  
The musick not in tune, pleas'd not her mind,  
For which she with the Fiddlers, fault did find;  
Fiddlers (quoth she) your fiddles tune for shame,  
But as she was speaking of the same,  
To mend the consort, let she did a (f.)

Whereas

## Epigrams.

VWhereas the fiddling knaves thus did her greet,  
Madam your pipe's in tune, it plays most sweet ;  
Strike up qd. they, '(but then the knaves did smile)  
And as you pipe, we'll dance another while.  
At which, away the blushing Lady flings,  
But as she goes, her former note she sings,

### 462. In Laurettam.

Lauretta is laid o're, how I'll not say,  
And yet I think two manner of ways I may,  
Doubly laid o'r, *videlicet*, her face  
Laid o'r with colours, and her coat with lace.

### 463. On Macer.

You call my verses toy's, th'are so, 'tis true,  
Yet they are better then ought comes from you.

### 464. Briskap the Gallant.

Though thou hast little judgement in thy head,  
More than to dress thee, drink and goe to bed ;  
Yet may'st thou take the wall, & th'way shalt lead,  
Sith Logick wills that simple things precede.

### 465. Necessity hath no Law.

Florus did beat his Cook, and 'gan to swear,  
Because his meat was rotten roasted there. (Law,  
Peace good Sir (quoth the Cook) Need hath no  
'Tis rotten roasted, 'cause 'twas rotten raw.

### 466. In

## Epigrams.

---

### 466. *In Carentium.*

*Carentius* might have wedded where hee woo'd,  
But he was poor, his means was nothing good,  
'Twas but for lack of living that he lost her;  
For why? no penny now, no *Pater noster*.

### 467. *On Harpax.*

*Harpax* gave to the poor all by his will,  
Because his heir should not feign'd tears distill.

### 468. *To a Barbar.*

*Tonferius* onely lives by cutting haire,  
And yet he brags that Kings to him sit bare:  
Methinks he should not brag and boast of it,  
For he must stand to beggars while they sit.

### 469. *Upon Grandtorto.*

The morrow after just Saint *Georg's* day,  
*Grandtorto* piteous drunk, fate in a ditch,  
His hands by's side; his gelding stray'd away;  
His scarlet hose, and doublet very rich,  
With mud and mire all beastly raid, and by  
His feather with his close-stool-hat did ly.  
VVe ask'd the reason of his sitting there,  
Zound's cause I am King *Solomon* (quoth he)  
And in my throne; then for the love we bear  
(Replyed my self) unto your Majesty,

We'll



## Epigrams.

We'l pull you out, and henceforth with your grace,  
Would speak your Proverbs in a warmer place.

### 470. *The Fencer and Physick Doctor.*

Lie thus (the Fencer cries) thus must you guard,  
Thus must you slip, thus point, thus pass, thus ward  
And if you kill him Sir, this trick learn then  
With this same trick you may kill many men.  
A Doctor standing by, cries, Fencing fool,  
Both you and he to me may come to School,  
Thou dost but prate: my deeds shall show my skill  
Where thou hurt'st one, an hundred I do kill.

### 471. *In Lusiam.*

*Lusia* who scorns all other imitations,  
Cannot abide to be out-gone in fashions :  
She says she cannot have a hat or ruff,  
A gown, a peticoat, a band, or cuff.  
But that these Citizens (whom she doth hate)  
Will get into't, at ne'r so dear a rate :  
But *Lusia* now doth such a fashion wear,  
Whose hair is curl'd, and costs her somewhat dear:  
That there's no Citizen, what e'r she be,  
Can be transform'd so like an Owl as she.

### 472. *Kisses.*

Give the food that satisfies a Guest,  
Kisses are but dry banquets to a feast.

## Epigrams.

### 473. *A Civilian.*

A lusty old grown-grave gray-headed Sire,  
Stole to a wench, to quench his lusts desire;  
She ask'd him what profession he might be?  
I am a Civil Lowyer, girle, (quoth he)  
A Civil Lawyer Sir: you make me muse,  
Your talk's too broad for civil men to use:  
If Civil Lawers are such bawdy men,  
Oh what (quoth she) are other Lawyers then?

### 474. *Rainaldo, and Reiner.*

*Rrainaldo* meeting *Reiner* in the street,  
Deep in his debt, he doth thus *Reiner* greet,  
You know some money is betwixt us two,  
That well-nigh now these ten years hath bin due;  
Quoth *Reiner* (looking down unto his feet)  
I'faith and we will part it, if I see't:  
But as I live *Rainaldo* I find none,  
As fain as you, I would you had your own.

### 475. *Spinus his choice.*

*Spinus* would wed, but he would have a wench  
That hath all tongues, Italian, Spanish, French,  
But I dissuade him; for if she hath any,  
She hath enough; if two, she hath too too many.

### 476. *Back-*

## Epigrams.

### 476. *Backbiters.*

VWhen *Codrus* catches fleas, what e'r he ailes,  
He kills them with his teeth, not with his nails;  
Saying, that man by man may blameless go,  
If every one would use *Backbiters* so.

### 477. *In Salonus.*

Oft in the night *Salonus* is inclin'd,  
To rise and pisse; and doth as oft break wind:  
It's urinall be glasse, as 'tis no doubt,  
I wonder it so many cracks holds out.

### 478. *In Leonatus.*

The filthiest, the fowlest, deformedst lasse,  
That is, will be, I think or ever was,  
*Leonatus* loves; wherewith should she him draw,  
Except as she's like jet, he be like straw?

### 479. *Nosce teipsum.*

Walking and meeting one not long ago,  
I ask't who 'twas, he said he did not know:  
I said, I know thee; so said he, I you,  
But he that knows himself I never knew.

### 480. *On old Silvium.*

*Silvius* by *Simony* a living got,  
And he liv'd well upon it; pray why not?

For

## Epigrams.

For he the poor did pilt, the rich did lurch,  
And so became a pillar of the Church.

### 481. On Perfumes.

They that smell least, smell best : which intimates,  
They smell like beasts that smell like Civet Cats.

### 482. Arcadis ambo.

Jack and Dick both with one woman dealt  
So long till she the paines of woman felt :  
Now Dick he thinks to put a trick on Jack ;  
And Jack again to hang it on Dick's back :  
Which got the child, it makes't a double case,  
It hath so like (they say) Jack's nose, Dick's face.  
Put by both marks my judgment should be quick,  
*Et vitulo tu dignus Jack & Dick.*

### 383. On Punchin.

Give me a reason why men call  
Punchin a dry plant-Animall.  
Pecause as plants by water grow,  
Punchin by Beer and Ale spreads so.

### 484. Ne fide colorē.

VWhen Bassa walks abroad she paints her face,  
And then she would be seen in every place,  
For then your Gallants who so e'r they are,  
Under a colour will account her faire.

### 485. In

485. In Flavianum.

When *Flavius* once would needs praise *Tin*,  
His brain could bring no reasons in;  
But what his belly did bethinke,  
Platters for meat, and Pots for drink.

486. Ad Quintum.

Thy lawful wife, fair *Lelia* needs must be,  
For she was forced by Law to marry thee.

487. In Vultum.

Virtue we praise, but practise not her good,  
(*Athenian*-like) we act not what we know;  
So many men doe talk of *Robin-Hood*,  
Who never yet shot arrow in his bow.

488. A good wits diet.

That which upholds our tottering walls of flesh,  
Is food: and that which doth our wits refresh,  
Is wholesome study; for like stronger fare,  
Be solid Arts, but sweet meats Poems are.

489. On womens tongue.

Things that be bitter, bitterer than gall,  
Physicians say, are alwayes Physical.

Then

## Epigrams.

Then womens tongues, if into powder beaten,  
And in a Potion, or a pill be eaten,  
Nothing more bitter is, I therefore muse,  
That womens tongues in Physick they ne'r use:  
There's many men who live unquiet lives,  
Would spare that bitter member of their wives.  
Then prove them Doctor, use them in a pill;  
Things oft help sick men, that do sound men kill.

### 490. *A proper comparison.*

As there are three blue beans in a blue bladder,  
As there are thrice three rounds in a long ladder;  
As there are three nooks in a corner'd cap,  
And three corners, and one in a Map,  
Even so like all these,  
There are three Universities.

### 491. *Of Death.*

He that fears death, or mourns it in the just,  
Shews of the resurrection little trust.

### 492. *Women.*

Women was once a rib, (as truth hath said)  
Else sith her tongue runs wide from every point,  
I should have dream'd her substance had bin made  
Of Adams whirle-bone, when 'twas out of joynt.

H

493. *Pr*

## Epigrams.

### 493. *Pepertit, &c.*

*Nels* Husband said, she brought him nought but  
But yet (without his help) she brings him boys. (toys,

### 494. *Insipiens.*

Two friends discoursing that together stood,  
The one enquiring, if the other could  
Tell whether such a man were wise ?  
He answer'd no, but he is otherwise.

### 495. *Romes wifeless Clergy.*

Long did I wonder, and I wonder'd much,  
*Rome* should her Clergy that contentment grudge  
As to debar them of their proper due ;  
VVhat, doth she all with continence indue ?  
O no, they find a womans lips so dainty, (twenty.  
They'l tie themselves from one, 'cause they'l have

### 496. *On Eves Apples.*

*Eve* for thy fruit thou gav'st too dear a price,  
VVhat ? for an Apple give a Paradise ?  
If now adayes of fruit such gains were made,  
A Coster-monger were a Devilish trade.

### 497.

*Will* the Perfumer met me in the streer,  
I stood amaz'd, he ask'd me what I meant ;



## Epigrams.

In faith, said I, your Gloves are very sweet,  
And yet your breath dost cast a stronger sent.

### 498. *Beauty.*

Beauty's no other but a lovely grace,  
Of lively colours, flowing from the face.

### 499. *On Poetical Blinks.*

He nine wayes looks, and needs must learned be,  
That all the Muses at one view can see.

### 500. *A Conceit.*

As *Sextus* once was opening of a Nut,  
VVith a sharp knife, his finger deeply cut,  
VVhat sign is this, quoth he, can any tell?  
'Tis sign, quoth one, y'have cut your finger well:  
Not so, saith he, for now my finger's sore,  
And I am sure, that it was well before.

### 551. *Women.*

Howsoe'r they be, thus do they seem to me.  
They be and seem not, seem what least they be:

### 552. *Mutuan's Dissimulans.*

Dick crafty borrows to no other end,  
But that he will not ought to others lend,  
That else might ask him: 'Tis some wisdom Dick,  
How ere accounted but a knavish trick.

## Epigrams.

---

### 503. *Writing.*

When words we want, love teacheth to indite;  
And what we blush to speak, she bids us write.

### 504. *A cure for impatience.*

Who would be patient, wait he at the Pool,  
For Bul-heads, or for Block-heads in the School.

### 505. *Satisfaction.*

For all our works, a recompence is sure:  
'Tis sweet to think on what was hard t'endure.

### 506. *To Mistress mutable.*

Love runs within your veins, as it were mixt  
With Quick-silver, but would be wisely fixt:  
For though you may for beauty bear the Bell,  
Yet ever to ring Changes sounds not well.

### 507. *On a Mad-man.*

One ask'd a Mad-man, if a wife he had?  
A wife! quoth he, I never was so mad.

### 508. *To Scilla.*

If it be true that promise be a debt,  
Then *Scilla* will her freedom hardly get;  
For if she hath vow'd her service to so many,  
She'll neither pay them all, nor part from any.

Yet

## Epigrams:

Yet she to satisfy her debts, desires  
To yield her body, as the Law requires.

509. *Nescis, quid serus vespere vebat.*

*Lyncus* deviseth as he lyes in bed,  
What new apparel he were best to make him :  
So many fashions flow within his head,  
As much he fears the Taylor will mistake him ;  
But he mistook him not, that by the way  
Did for his old suit lay him up that day.

510. *To Ficus.*

*Ficus* hath lost his nose, but knows not how,  
And that seems strange to ev'ry one that knows it:  
Me thinks I see it written in his brow,  
How, wherefore, and the cause that he did loose it.  
To tell you true, *Ficus*, I thus suppose,  
'Twas some French Canibal bit off your nose.

511. *On a painted Curtezan.*

Whosoever saith thou sellest all, doth jest,  
Thou buy'st thy beauty, that sels all the rest.

512. *Of Arnaldo.*

*Arnaldo* free from fault, demands his wife,  
Why he is burthen'd with her wicked life ?  
Quoth she, good husband do not now repent,  
I far more burthens bear, yet am content.

## Epigrams.

### 513. *Labor improbus omnia vincit.*

Glogo will needs be knighted for his lands,  
Got by the labour of his fathers hands,  
And hopes to prove a Gentleman of note,  
For he hath bought himself a painted coat.

### 514. *Quis nisi mentis inops* —

Ware proffer'd stinks; yet stay good Proverb, stay,  
Thou art deceiv'd, as Clients best can say;  
VWho proffering treble fees, for single care,  
It's well accepted, gold it is such ware.

### 515. *On a friend indeed.*

A real friend, a Cannon cannot batter; (ter.  
With nom'nall friends, a Squib's a perilous mat-

### 316. *On an Italian proverb.*

Three women met upon the Market day,  
Do make a Market (they do use to say  
In *Italy*) and why? their tongues do walk  
As loud, as if an hundred men did talk.  
One hearing this, swore had his wife been there  
And made a fourth, there might have been a Faire.

### 517. *Mans ingress, and egress*

Nature, which head-long into life did throng us,  
With our feet forwards to our grave doth bring us  
What

## Epigrams.

What is less ours, then this our borrow'd breath ?  
VVe stumble into life, we goe to death.

### 518. On bad Debtors.

Bad debtors are good lyers ; for they say,  
I'll pay you without faile, on such a day ;  
Come is the day, to come the debt is still,  
So still they lye, though stand in debt they will.  
But *Fulcus* hath so oft ly'd in this wise,  
That now he lyes in *Ludgate* for his lyes.

### 519. On a Justasse.

A *Justice* walking o'r the frozen Thames,  
The Ice about him round, began to crack ;  
He said to's man, here is some danger, *James*,  
I pray thee help me over on thy back.

### 520. Genitoris nesciens.

*Tom* asks no fathers blessing, if you note him,  
And wiser he, unless he knew who got him.

### 521. To a sleeping Talker.

In sleep thou talk'st un-forethought mysteries,  
And utter'st un-foreseen things, with close eyes,  
How wel wouldst thou discourse if thou wert dead  
Since sleep, deaths image, such fine talk hath bred ?

## Epigrams.

522. *Omne simile non est idem.*

Together as we walk'd, a friend of mine  
Mistook a painted Madam for a Signe,  
That in a window stood ; but I acquainted,  
Told him it was no wooden sign was painted,  
But Madam *Meretrix* : yea, true, said he,  
Yet 'tis a little sign of modesty.

523. *Tandem manifestum.*

Katherine that hid those Candles out of sight,  
May well conceive they'l come at length to light.

524. *Qui ebrius laudat temperantium.*

*Severus* likes not these unseason'd lines  
Of rude absurdities, times foul abuse,  
To all posterities, and there assigns,  
That might have been (saith he) to better use.  
What senseless gull, but reason may convince,  
Or jade so dull, but being kick'd will wince ?

525. *Quantum mutatus ab illo.*

Would any deem *Manasses* now the man,  
That whilome was not worth a wooden kan.  
Doubtless the Duncè in something doth surpass,  
Yet his red nose is still the same it was.

526. *On*

## Epigrams.

---

### 526. On wisdom and vertue.

Wise-men are wiser than good-men, what then ?  
Tis better to be wiser than wise men.

### 527. On *Ducus*.

*Ducus* keeps house, and it with reason stands,  
That he keep house, hath sold away his lands.

### 528. *Mysus* and *Mopsa*.

*Mysus* and *Mopsa* hardly can agree,  
Striving about superiority :  
The Text which saith that man and wife are one,  
Was the chief Argument they stood upon.  
She held, they both one woman should become :  
He held, they should be man, and both but one.  
So they contended daily, but the strife  
Could not be ended, till both were one wife.

### 529. On *Photinus*.

I met *Photinus* at the B——Court,  
Cited (as he said) by a Knave relator :  
I ask'd him, wherefore ? he in laughing sort,  
Told me it was but for a Childish matter.  
How e're he laugh'd it out, he lied not ;  
Indeed 'twas childish, for the child he got.

530. On



## Epigrams.

### 530. *On Castriots.*

See, see, what love is now betwixt each fist,  
Since *Castriots* had a scabby wrist :  
How kindly they, by clawing one another,  
As if the left hand were the right hands brother !

### 531. *New Rhetorique.*

Good Arguments without coyn, will not stick ;  
To pay, and not to say, 's best Rhetorick.

### 532. *To some kind Readers.*

This Book of mine I liken to a glass,  
Wherein the fool may look and laugh his fill :  
Having done with't Readers, as ye pass,  
Here take and use it, as long as you will.

### 533. *Est mihi Divi parens.*

*Owinus* wondreth, since he came from *Wales*,  
VVhat the description of this Isle might be ;  
That ne'r had seen but mountains, hills, and dales,  
Yet would he stand and boast on's pedegree.  
From *Rice* ap *Richard*, sprung from *Dick* a Cow,  
Be cot, was right good gentleman, law ye now ?

### 534. *Principia sordida.*

*Bassus* hath Lands good store, and Leases, Farms,  
Whose Mother, Milk-pails bore, e'r he bore arms.

535. O

## Epigrams.

### 535. *On Thirfites.*

Although *Thirfites* have a filthy face,  
And staring eyes, and little outward grace:  
Yet this he hath, to make a mends for all,  
Nature her self, is not more natural.

### 536. *On Zolius.*

If Souldiers may obtain four Terms of war,  
Muskets should be the pleaders, Pikes the bar,  
For black bags, Bandeliers, Jackets for gowns,  
Angels for fees, we'll take no more crackt crowns.

### 537. *On a long beard.*

Thy beard is long, better it would thee fit,  
To have a shorter beard, and longer wit.

### 538. *On my self.*

VWho seeks to please all men each way,  
And not himself offend;  
He may begin to work to day,  
But God knows when he'll end.

### 539. *Nimium ne crede colori.*

*Battas* believed for simple truth,  
That yonder gilt-spur spruce and Velvet youth,  
Was some great personage, or worthy weight,  
Untill one told him he was but a Knight.

## Epigrams.

A Knaight (quoth *Battas*) vaith I chud a zworm,  
A hod not bin lafsten zome Gen-man born.

### 540. *Silens simplex.*

*Will* would seem wise, and many words let pass,  
Speaking but little 'cause he's such an—

### 541. *To the mis-interpreter,*

Cease gaul'd back guilt, these inscious lines to  
The world will know y'are rub'd if once ye wince;  
They hem within their seeming Critique wall,  
Particularly none; generally all:  
'Mongst which if you have chanc'd catch a prick  
Cry we-hy if you will, but do not kick.

### 543. *To Mary Meare.*

*Meare*, since unmixt, unmarri'd, and a *Maid*;  
Then you to be a *Mearmaid* may be said:  
A Mearmaid's flesh above, and fish below,  
And so may you be too, for ought I know.

### 548. *Ad Rinaldum amic.*

See, see, *Rinaldus*! Prethee who is that,  
That wears yon great green feather in his hat,  
Like to some Tilter? sure it is some Knight,  
Whose wits being green, his head must needs be  
(light.

543. On

## Epigrams.

---

### 544. *On himself.*

Mirth pleaseth some, to others 'tis offence, (sence ;  
Some commend plain conceit, some profound  
Some wish a witty jest, some dislike that, (what.  
And some would have themselves, they know not  
Then he that would please all, and himself too, ,  
Takes more in hand then he is like to doe.

### 545. *Fingers end.*

*Philomathes* once studying to indite,  
Nibbled his fingers, and his nailes did bite ;  
By this I know not what he did intend,  
Unless his wit lay at his fingers end.

### 546. *Sapia qui vendit oportet.*

*Janus* doth jesting, use Equivocation,  
Which he alludes as doubtful words of Art,  
To hide the colour of his Occupation,  
But to the Devil he bears an honest heart.

### 547. *Clamans Asinus.*

Who saies *Tom Tipstaffe* is no man of calling ?  
Can any Cryer at Sessions be more bawling ?

### 543. *Upon Dunmo.*

*A Dunmo* ask'd as we at Supper sate,  
How long he had liv'd in the married state,

Sir,

## Epigrams.

Sir, just (quoth *Dunmo*) with my wife I met  
In the great Plague time, I remember yet,  
And sighing, as he would have burst in twain,  
Said, now almost the thirtieth of her reign.

549. *Upon Tom Tolthams Nose.*

The radiant colour of *Tom Toltham's* nose,  
Puts down the Lilly, and obscures the Rose ;  
Had I a Jewel of such precious hew,  
I would present it to some Monarch's view ;  
No subject should possess such Jems as those,  
*Ergo*, the King must have *Tom Toltham's* nose.

550. *Domina predominans.*

Ill may *Rodolphos* boast of rule or riches,  
That lets his wife rule him, and wear the breeches.

551. *Titus the Gallant.*

Brave *Titus*, three years in the Town hath been,  
Yet not the Lyons, nor the Tombs hath seen ;  
I cannot tell the cause without a smile,  
He hath bin in the Counter all this while.

551. *In Lalum.*

*Lalum* which loves to hear himself discourse,  
Talks to himself as if he frantick were,  
And though himself might no where hear a worse,  
Yet he no other but himself will hear ;

Stop

## Epigrams

Stop not his mouth if he be troublesome,  
But stop his ears, and then the man is dumb.

### 553. To Criticus.

*Criticus* about to kiss a Maiden throng,  
He hapned first on one whose nose was long;  
He flouting, said, I fain would kiss you sweet,  
But that I fear our lips will never meet,  
Your nose stands out so far; the Maiden dy'd  
Her cheeks with Crimson, but soon thus reply'd,  
Pray sir, then kiss me in that place where I  
To hinder you, have neither nose nor eye.

### 554. Profundo Scientia.

al can by silence, deep profundity,  
force you cry, fough! *Jeronimo* go by.

### 555. On two by Sea.

Two Youngsters going by Sea, th'one  
That ne'r before had been the Sea upon,  
Casts up; and as he heaves, he *Bo* doth cry;  
D said the other, Sir, y'are sick, y'll dye.  
No (says the Sea-sick) though my stomach's loose,  
You see, I can cry *Bo* unto a Goose.

### 556. Ut pluma parsona.

Why wears *Laurentius* such a lofty feather?  
Because he's proud, and foolish both together.

### 557. An-

## Epigrams.

---

### 557. *Aurum volat ocius Euro.*

Monfieur *Flemingo* fraught with Angels store,  
Would fee fair *London*, never feen before :  
Where lodging with his Miftrefs but one night,  
Had (e're he parted) put them all to flight,

### 558. *To Pontilianus.*

Dogs on their Mafters fawn and leap,  
And wag their tails apace ;  
So, though the Flatt'rer want a taile,  
His tongue fupplies the place.

### 559. *Instabilis stans.*

*Mat* being drunken, much his anger wreaks  
On's wife ; but ftands to nothing that he fpeaks.

### 560. *On fome Lawyers.*

Law ferves to keep difordered men in aw,  
But *Aw* preferves orders, and keeps the Law,  
Were *Aw* away *L[aw]yers* would lyers be  
For *Lucre* ; which they have and hold in fee.

### 561. *Health.*

Even from my heart, much *Health* I wifh,  
No *Health* I'll wafh with drink,  
Health wifh'd, not wafh'd, in words, not wine,  
To be the beft I think.

### 562. *Caſe*



## Epigrams.

562. *Case is altered.*

*Tom Case* (some do report) was lately haltered :  
If this be true, why then the case is altered.

563. *Quæ placuit Domino nupta est  
Ancilla sodali.*

*Madam Rugosa* knows not where to find  
One Chamber-maid of ten to please her mind.  
But yet my Lord so likes their comely carriage;  
As he prefers them to his men in marriage.

564. *Plagis mitior.*

*Katharine* that grew so curst, and fit for no man,  
With beating soon became a gentle-woman.

565. *Priscus.*

VWhen *Priscus* raisd from low to high estate,  
Rode through the street in pompous jollity;  
*Cajus* his poor familiar friend of late,  
Bespake him thus, Sir now you know not me;  
'Tis like friend (quoth *Priscus*) to be so,  
For at this time my self I do not know.

566. *Anger soon appeased.*

When *John Cornutus* doth his wife reprove,  
For being false and faithless in her love,

## Epigrams.

His wife to smoothe those wrinkles in his brow,  
Doth stop his mouth with, *John come kiss me now.*

### 567. *A fool for Company.*

*Fatuns* will drink with no such *As*s,  
That lets his jests (unapprehended) pass :  
Or if he jest with such of shallow brain,  
He laughs himself to make his jests more plain.  
Thus *Fatuns* doth jest and play the sany,  
To laugh at's self, he's fool if there be any.

### 568. *In Cineas.*

When *Cineas* comes amongst his friends in mour-  
He slyly notes, who first his cap did move ; (ning,  
Him he salutes, the rest so grimly scorning,  
As if for ever he had lost his love ;  
I knowing how the *humour* it did fit  
Of the fond Gull to be saluted first,  
Catch at my Cap, but move it not a whit,  
Which he perceiving, seems with spight to burst.  
But *Cineas*, why expect you more of me  
Then I of you ? I am as good a man,  
And better too by many a quality :  
For vault, and dance, and fence, and rime I can :  
You keep a whore at your own charge, men tell  
Indeed friend *Cineas*, therein you excell me. (me,

## Epigrams.

### 569. *On Captain Shark.*

One ask'd a friend where Captain *Shark* did lye,  
Why sir (quoth he) at *Algate*, at the *Pye* ;  
Away, queth th'other, he lies not there I know't;  
No, says the other, then he lies in's throat.

### 570. *A witty answer.*

A lean, yet fat Recusant being confin'd  
Unto a Justice house, whose wife was great,  
(Not great with child, but hugely great w<sup>th</sup> meat)  
At supper thus began to grope his mind;  
To *hoc est corpus*, what say you? she sed;  
Marry (quoth he) I say it is well fed.

### 571. *Gossips discourse.*

When *Gillian* and her Gossips all are met,  
And in the match of Gossiping down set,  
And plain *Mafs-Parson* cutting bread for th' table,  
To tell how fast they talk, my tongue's not able,  
One tels strange news, th'other Godsworbet cries,  
The third shakes her head, alack replies,  
She on her Hens, this on her Ducks do talk,  
On thousand things at once their tongues do walk  
So long as Cocks can tread, and Hens will lay,  
Gill, and Gills Gossips will have words to say:

## Epigrams.

---

### 572. *Capax incapabilis.*

*Prodiis* in's Office seems a simple Scribe,  
Yet hath he cunning learnt to take a Bribe.

### 573. *A Parson and a Thief.*

A lusty Parson riding on the way,  
Was by a Thief commanded for to stay ;  
The Parson drew his sword, for well he durst,  
And quickly put his foe unto the worst.  
Sir (quoth the Thief) I by your habit see  
You are a Church-man, and debate should flee;  
You know 'tis written in the sacred word,  
*Jesus* to *Peter* said, *Put up thy Sword* :  
True (quoth the Parson) but withall then hear,  
Saint *Peter* first had cut off *Malchus* ear.

### 574. *Similes habent labra lactucas.*

Dick swash (or swaggering Dick) through Fleetstreet  
With *Su* and *Brettice* waiting at his heel's : (reeles,  
To one that would have ta'en the wall, he swore,  
Zounds, dost not see my Punck and Paramour ?

### 575. *A Souldiers jest.*

One told a Souldier sitting at the board,  
(And silent) that he had an edgeless sword ;  
Who strait reply'd, Sir I will do my best,  
To break your pate, though I ne'r break a jest.

576. *Good*

## Epigrams:

---

### 576. *Good Advice.*

One to a Serving-man this Counsell sent,  
To get a Master that's intelligent ;  
Then if of him no wages he could get,  
Yet he would understand he's in his debt.

### 577. *Thieves.*

Two Thieves by night began a lock to pick,  
One in the house awake, thus answer'd quick,  
VVhy, how now ? what a stir you there do keep ?  
Goe, come again; we are not yet asleep.

### 578. *Ass.*

He that loves glass without a G.  
Leave out L. and what is he ?

### 579. *Enecat amplex nimio, sic simia foetum.*

Call Davus knave, he straight way draws his sword  
And makes you prove as much, or eat your word.  
But if you call him honest Rogue, or Jew,  
He hugs you then for giving him his due.

### 580. *To Festus.*

Festus th'art old, and yet wouldst marry'd be :  
Ere thou do so, this counsel take of me ;  
Look into *Lillies Grammar*, there thou'lt find,  
Cornu a Horn, a word still Undeclin'd.

## Epigrams.

### 581. *A Gentleman and his Physician.*

A Gentleman not richest in discretion,  
Was alwayes sending for his own Physitian.  
And on a time, he needs would of him know,  
What was the cause his pulse did go so slow?  
Why (quoth the Doctor) thus it comesto pass,  
T<sup>e</sup> must needs go slow, which goes upon an Ass.

### 582. *On Saint George.*

To save a maid Saint George a Dragon slue,  
Vvhich was a noble Act, if all be true;  
Some say there ar<sup>e</sup> no Dragons; and 'tis said  
There's no St. George; pray ~~save~~ there be a maid.

### 583. *Similis cum simili.*

Tom went to the Market, where Tom met with Tom,  
Tom asked Tom, what Tom? how far'st thou Tom?  
Who Tom, I Tom? Is Tom, (quoth Tom) you Tom;  
Well God-a-mercy Tom; how do you Tom?  
Faith ne'r so well (quoth Tom) since Tom was Tom:  
And thus was the greeting past' twixt Tom and Tom.

### 584. *Ebrius oblitus.*

Fucus was fox'd last night, but 'tis conceal'd,  
And would not for his Office'twere reveal'd.

585. *Dul.*

## Epigrams.

### 585. *Dulce quod urit.*

An honest Vicar riding by the way,  
Not knowing better how to spend the day,  
Did sing unto himself some certain Psalms ;  
A blind man hearing him, strait begg'd his alms ;  
To whom (quoth he) with coyn I cannot part,  
But God thee blefs, good man with all my heart.  
O, said the blind man, greater is my loss,  
When such as you do blefs without a cross.

### 586. *In Dacum.*

*Dacus* with some good colour and pretence,  
Tearms his wifes beauty silent eloquence ;  
For she doth lay more colours on her face,  
Then ever *Tully* us'd his speech to grace.

### 587. *In Sillam.*

Though I were blind, or though I never saw him,  
Yet if I should *Silla* but talking hear ;  
For a right roaring Gallant I should know him,  
For of a whore he talks, and still doth swear.

### 588. *Varietas iniquitas.*

*Mat* will not marry : true, 'cause ty'd to none,  
He may have wenches new, when th'old are gone.

### 589. *Good sauce.*

I went to sup with *Cinna* th'other night,  
And to say true ( for give the *Devil* his right)



## Epigrams.

Though scant of meat we could a morsell get,  
Yet there with store of passing sawce me met.  
You ask what sawce, where pittance was so  
This, is not hunger the best sawce of all? (small?)

### 590. *Plagis mitior.*

*Katharine* that grew so curst, and fit for no man,  
VVish beating soon became a Gentle-woman.

### 591. *To a Lawyer.*

To go to Law, I have no maw,  
Although my suite be sure,  
For I shall lack suits to my back,  
Ere I my suit procure.

### 592. *Semel insanivimus.*

*Bedlam* fate blees thee, thou wantst nought but wit,  
And having gotten that, we'r freed from it;  
*Bride-well*, I cannot any way dispraise thee,  
For thou dost feed the poor, and jerk the lazie.  
*Newgate*, of thee I cannot much complain;  
For once a moneth, thou freest men out of pain;  
But from the *Counters*, goodnes it self defend us?  
To *Bedlam*, *Bridewell*, or to *Newgate* send us,  
For there in time, wit, work, or law sets free;  
But here wit, work, nor law gets liberty.

## Epigrams.

---

### 593. *Of himself.*

Some men there be, which say of me,  
That I am not a Poet ;  
They say well ; why ? I do not lye,  
I write the truth ; I know it.

### 594. *Upon Annes marriage with a Lawyer.*

Anne is an Angel, what if so she be ?  
What is an Angel but a Lawyers fee ?

### 595. *Enigma*

The Devil, men say, in Devonshire dy'd of late,  
But Devonshire lately liv'd in rich estate,  
Till Rich his toys did Devonshire so bewitch,  
As Devonshire dy'd, and left the Devil Rich.

### 596. *On Cupid.*

Why feign they Cupid robbed of his sight ?  
Can he whose seat is in the eye, want light ?

### 597. *An Answer.*

Experience shews, and reason doth decree  
That he who sits in's own light cannot see.

### 598. *Lucus journey.*

Lucus hath travel'd with an hundred pound,  
Was rob'd and left well beaten, and fast bound :  
But

## Epigrams.

But when to share their prize, they had begun,  
No miracle was wrought, yet he undon.

### 599. *Of Nature.*

Nature did well in giving poor men wit,  
That fools well moniff'd may pay for it.

### 600. *Vilescit dives avarus.*

Rufus is wondrous rich, but what of that ?  
He lives obscurely, like a Water-Rat.

### 601. *Visum ignotum.*

That Crambo's wife's with child, her belly shews it:  
But who was't got it ? pray ask those that know it.

### 602. *Upon marriage.*

Marriage old as men note, hath lik'ned bin  
Unto a publike fast, or common rout,  
Where those that are without would fain get in,  
And those that are within would fain get out.

### 603. *On Annas a News-monger.*

Annas hath long ears for all news to pass:  
His ears must needs be long, for he's an Ass.

### 604. *Sir John.*

Now good Sir John (the beggar cryes) I pray  
Bestow your worship's alms on me to day,

Relieve

## Epigrams.

Relieve my wants (quoth he) I am your brother,  
We born are, one to help and aid another ;  
My brother (qd. Sir *John*) poor wretched wight,  
Why, thou mistakest me, I am a Knight ;  
I know't, quoth he, but hark you kind Sir *John*,  
There's many a Knight kin to the begger men.

### 605. *Conjectus.*

*Conjectus* says hee'l plainly prove,  
Anothers Child he ought to love,  
More then his Parents ; which is strange,  
And yet 'tis true ; for I protest,  
He ought to love his wife the best.

### 606. *Anlus.*

Some ( speaking in their own renown )  
Say that this Book was not exactly done ;  
I care not much, like banquets let my Books,  
Rather be pleasing to the Guests than Cooks.

### 607. *On envy.*

Why say some, wealth brings envy, since 'tis known  
Poor men have backbiters fifteen for one ?

### 608. *Errantes errare licet.*

*Pandorus* spends the day by telling news,  
Of such his travels as will make you muse :

Nay

## Epigrams.

Nay sir believe it, he'l discourse at large,  
How should he else be fed at others charge ?

609. To a drunkard.

Much pratling causeth greatest thirstiness : (less.  
Thy wife talks more then thou, why drinks she

610. On Pru.

*Pru* give me leave to laugh, why shouldst thou buy  
*Ceruse*, and *Stibium*, and *Mercury*,  
And slicking Oyles, the best that may be got,  
VVhen thy whole face *Pru*, is not worth a groat ?

611. To Momus.

Leave for shame, *Momus*, leave to bark and cry,  
My actions give thy flandrous tongue the lye.

612. To Roba.

Th'art fair, 'tistrue ; and pretty too, I know it ;  
And well bread (*Roba*) for thy manners show it ;  
But whilst thou mak'st self-praise thy onely care,  
Th'art neither pretty, nor well bred, nor fair.

613. On Gallo.

*Gallo's* a pretty man, hath pretty hair,  
A pretty hat, and cloke as one need wear ;  
*Gallo's* a Gallant, and as Gallants use,  
Can court his Mistriss, with a sprightly Muse :

*Gallo's*

## Epigrams.

allo's a dunce, for I supply his wit,  
Which he makes nonsense by his reading it,  
and 'tis no wonder, as all wise-men know  
or pretty Gallants to be dunces now.

614. *Pudor est sua damna referre.*

eter hath lost his purse, but will conceale it,  
least she that stole it, to his shame reveale it.

615. *Wheele-greace.*

men th' Axletree do Greaz'd, that they not squeak,  
but Lawyers must be Greaze to make them speak.

616. *Who the best friend.*

A Louse I say, for when a man's distressed,  
and others fall off, she sticks the surest.

617. *Of times and manners.*

Why thus do men, *manners* and *times* accuse,  
When men themselves, *Manners* and *times* abuse?  
V'are bad in them, they worse by us do grow,  
yet we complain that help to make them so.

618. *Carpe.*

Of all our Modern Writers, *Carpe* likes none,  
he loves the old Poets, that are dead and gone:  
ardon me honest *Carpe*, I would not be  
said in my grave a while yet, to please thee.

619. *Nm*

## Epigrams.

---

619. *Non nunquam jactat egenus.*

Jack is a Gentleman I must confess,  
For there's no womans Taylor can be less.

620. *On Terpin.*

*Terpin* sips wine, and gluts down meat ; I think,  
My *Terpin* drinks his meat, and eats his drink.

621. *Phaulo.*

As oft (*Phaulo*) as thou dost amiss,  
Thou hast no more excuse for it, but this,  
It was against thy will ; why, be it so,  
Against thy will thou shalt be punisht too.

622. *Little, nothing, too much, enough.*

The Poor have *little*, Beggars *none*,  
The Rich *too much, enough* not one.

623. *On Spurco of Oxford.*

*Spurco* from Chandler, started Alderman,  
And trust me now, most Elder-like he can  
Behave himself : he ne'r appears in Town,  
But in his beaver, and his great fur'd Gown :  
His Ruff is set, his head is set in his Ruff ;  
His reverend Trunks become him well enough ;

He



## Epigrams.

He wears a hoop ring on his Thumb ; he has  
Of Gravidud a dose full in his face :  
And trick'd and trim'd, thus bravely he supposes  
Himself another man ; but men have noses ;  
And they that have so, maugre *Spurco's* skill,  
Through all his robes may smell the Chandler stit

### 624. On the same.

*Spurco* made Candles once, 'tis true enough,  
Yet when I told him so, he tookt in snuff.

### 625. To Damon.

What cause, what confidence draws thee to town ?  
*Oxford* can yield thee nothing, get thee down ;  
Thou canst not turn rogue for thy private ends,  
Thou canst not play the baud to please thy friends.  
Thou hat'st to sell thy breath at any price,  
Or flatter great ones to their prejudice.  
Whence wilt thou live ? (unhappy wretch !) I am  
A trusty friend, thou say'st, an honest man.  
That's nothing, *Damon*, set thy wits to school,  
Not to be a knave here, is to be a fool.

### 626. Compotatio.

*Tasso*, *Torquato*, *Trew-wit*, *Manlius*,  
Brave merry Greeks all, and ingenious

Let

## Epigrams.

Let us be mad a while : come here thou Squire  
Of Pints and Pottles, pile us up a fire :  
Then bring some Sack up, quick you Cannibal,  
Some cleanly Sack to wash our brains withall :  
There is I am sure, no other Thespian spring,  
No other Helicon to bathe us in.  
Trowl then your Sack about boyes, never faile,  
Commending dull men to their stands Ale.  
Tinkers wind off whole pottles in a breath,  
I hate such puddle Coxcombs worse than death ;  
But we true brats of *Bacchus* ; as our use is,  
With lusty Wines will sacrifice to th' Muses.

### 627. *Conscientia testis.*

What makes *Antonia* deem himself undone,  
Being question'd since his Office first begun :  
But that a Conscience tells him *quæ sumuntur*  
*Tam male parata, male dilabuntur ?*

### 628. *On Terpin.*

Listen who list, my *Terpins* nose I sing,  
And much I labour to express the thing :  
For when he snorts, it is the trumpet shrill ;  
It is his conduit, for 'tis running still ;  
It is his drag, his Eele-spear in the brook ;  
His spade, his mattock, and his pruning hook ;  
Tis

## Epigrams.

'Tis a convenient staple for a wall,  
A handsome wedge to cleave his wood withall :  
'Twill make a good Ship-anchor when he lacks,  
It is his gimlet, and his twibill axe.  
Regard not then, what man thy nose abuses;  
Thy nose is proper *Terpin* for most uses.

### 629. On Ned.

Have not I friends (quoth *Ned*) I dare to say,  
I have not supt at home this twelve moneths day :  
And very true it is, for shirking *Ned*,  
At home (poor man) goes supperless to bed.

### 630. *Pecunia pravalens.*

Stand off, sir sauce-box ! think you *Mistriss Phips*  
Allows such lobs as you to touch her lips ?  
But then 'tis question'd further ; if you bring her  
Some *legends pone* hat's another thing Sir.

### 631. On Love.

Where love begins, there dead they first desire :  
A spark neglected, makes a mighty fire.

### 632. *A Herculean taske.*

To curb the courage, and *Wives tongues* keep under ;  
May well be call'd *Hercules* thirteenth wonder.

## Epigrams.

### 633. On *Coritia*.

*Coritia*, when all her Table's set  
With Manchet, Sauches, & good wholesome meat,  
She still gives brown bread to her Son and heir,  
And tells the little boy 'twill make him fair.  
If so (my Love) if it be true you say,  
You never ate brown bread *Coritia*.

### 634. On *Drammato*.

*Drammato* makes new plays great store; and yet  
'Tis plain, *Drammato* has not too much wit:  
He strives too, to be pleasant, and brings in  
Mimicks, and fools, to make the people grin,  
I know not what the rest think, but I say,  
*Drammato's* the best fool in every play.

### 635. *Taming of a Shrew*.

Wouldst tame thy wife: first tame her tongue,  
Who thus his wife comes o'r, shall overcome.

### 636. *Liberty*.

If he be well which saith what he can wish,  
Why then do men see stinging Serpents fish?  
True liberty, mongst vertues bears the bell;  
He may live as he will, which may live well.

647. *Dram.*

## Epigrams.

---

### 637. *Dramma.*

Of all *Drammato's* playes that ere I see,  
Nothing could ever make me laugh but he.

### 638. *On Galba.*

*Galba* she sayes, she never tasted man ;  
*Galba* will lye, believe it, now and than.

### 639. *To the Reader.*

Such tenour I have kept here all a long,  
As none (I hope) can challenge me with wrong.  
I injure not the least, I give no blow  
To any person ; he that knows not how  
To scourge mans vice, unless he tax his name,  
Makes a base Libel of an Epigram.

### 640. *On Formidando.*

Stout *Formidando*, walks imperiously,  
With tragick *Bilbo* girt upon his thigh ;  
His roping locks, his buff becomes him well,  
And to say sooth, he looks right terrible ;  
He swayes the Town before him, and will slay  
Whatever man he be that dares gain-say :  
But *Formidando* pawn'd his coat last night,  
And *Formidando's* out of money quite ;

## Epigrams.

Nor oaths will pass, nor credit from henceforth,  
For one poor penny, or a penny-worth ;  
Starv'd Creditors begin to gape ; and how  
To quit himself he scarcely knows ; that now  
Stout *Formidando* who was wont to daunt  
Whole thousands, trembles at a Pursivant.

### 641. *The German-Dutch.*

Death's not to be : so *Sensca* doth think :  
But Dutchmen say 'tis death to cease to drink.

### 642. *Death.*

What death is, dost thou ask of me ?  
Till dead I do not know ;  
Come to me when thou hear'st I'm dead,  
Then what 'tis I shall show.

### 643. *On Carp and Manilla.*

*Manilla* would with *Carp* be married,  
*Manilla's* wife I trow :  
But *Carp* by no means will *Manilla* wed ;  
*Carp's* the wiser of the two.

### 644. *On Carp.*

These are my verses which *Carp* reads ; 'tis known ;  
But when *Carp* makes them non-sense, th'are his  
(own.

645. *To*

## Epigrams:

---

### 645. To Phaulos.

Thou art offended (*Phaulos*) as I hear,  
Because I sometimes call thee whoremaster;  
My nature's blunt, and so will ever be;  
I call a spade a spade, pray pardon me.

### 646. To Coracine.

What *Crispulus* is that in a new gown,  
All trim'd with loops and buttons up and down,  
That leans there on his arm in private chat  
With thy young wife, what *Crispulus* is that?  
He's Proctor of a Court, thou say'st, and does  
Some business of my wives: thou brainless goose!  
He does no business of thy wives, not he,  
He does thy business (*Coracine*) for thee.

### 647. On Pru.

Pru praises her complexion, nay swears  
She dares compare with any of her years;  
And very true it is, that *Prudence* says,  
I saw not better sold these many dayes.

### 648. The Parret.

If lawful't be, of things t'invent the name;  
With prattling *Parret*, *prater* is the same.



## Epigrams.

### 649. To Maronilla.

My *Maronilla*, I could easily spare                   (haire,  
Thy hands and arms, thy shoulders and fraught  
I could well spare thy feet, thy legs and thighs,  
Thy tongue and teeth, thy lips, cheeks, forehead,  
And not to reckon each part severall,                   (eyes:  
My *Maronilla* I could spare thee all.

### 850. Study.

Some men grow mad by studying much to know;  
But who grows mad by studying good to grow?

### 651. To Lionell.

*Lionell* shows his honourable scars,  
And labours to invite me to the wars:  
But I will not by no means *Lionell*;  
I do not love to live ill, and drink well.

### 652. On Pumilio a Dwarfse.

*Pumilio* lying in dispaire  
Of further life, said, take no care  
To make a Tomb for me, good folks,  
I will be buried in a Box.

### 653. Sharpe

## Epigrams.

---

### 653. *Sharp sauce.*

Kisses and favours are sweet things,  
But those have thornes, and these have stings.

### 654. *Oh Drad-nought.*

*Drad-nought* was for his many riots laid  
I th' Counter lately, now he's wondrous staid.

### 655. *On Phaulos and Gellia.*

*Phaulos* he visits, *Gellia* she's sick ;  
I am no VVizard, yet I know their trick.

### 656. *To his Friend.*

I will not be a Foe to any,  
Nor be familiar with too many ;  
And twice I will not love my Friend,  
But whom I love, I'll love to th' end.

### 657. *Marryed Folke.*

Man love thy wife ; thy Husband, wife obey :  
VVives are our Heart, we should be Head alway.

## Epigrams.

---

### 658. On *Prn* and *Galla*.

Why are *Prn*'s teeth so white, and *Galla*'s black ?  
The reason is soon known :  
*Prn* buyes new teeth as often as she lacks,  
But *Galla* wears her own.

### 659. On *Bombo*.

When *Bombo* preaches (and that's thrice a year)  
Nothing but wit sounds wisely in his ear.  
His fustian phrases make a noise ; each strain  
And swelling rapture fills his mouth again ;  
He's parcell-States-men, parcell-Priest, and so  
If you observe, he's parcel-Poet too.  
*Bombo* thy fetches, and thy fangles may  
Become a stage perhaps, but us'd this way  
Th'are base, and impious : let me prevail,  
Talk till thy strong lines choak thee ; if they fail,  
Commence at Tyburn in a cart, sweet Poet,  
And there a strong line will for certain do it.

### 660. On *Lulls*.

*Lulls* swears he is all heart, but you'l suppose  
By his Proboscis, that he is all nose.

### 661. On

## Epigrams.

---

### 661. On *Pato*.

Implore the Muses, and their two top'd hill,  
Still to supply fresh matter to thy quill :  
Crave *Phœbus* aid, call *Homer* with the throng  
Of all the Bardes, Learn'd *Manes*, to thy song.  
I dare not (*Pato*) be so bold, as do it,  
Nor seem so like what I am not ; a Poët.  
My page invokes no deities : here love,  
And indignation the best Muses prove.

### 662. On the same.

My *Pato* thinks he sings melodious,  
And like a Swan : alas he's but a Goose.

### 663. On *Plutus*.

*Plutus*, rich *Plutus* would have me bestow  
Some New-years gift, as other neighbours do.  
Why I wil send thee what thou want'st my friend ;  
Nothing thou want'st, and nothing I will send.

### 664. To *Phocion*.

Thou buy'st up all that thou canst light upon,  
This is the way to sell all *Phocion*.

### 665. To *Lividus*.

Do not raile basely, do not swell with spight,  
Do not scoff (*Lividus*) at what I write :

For

## Epigrams.

For ridden, trust me, I can hardly pace,  
Nor bear thee gently like a patient Ass;  
But trot amain, and if thou chance to kick,  
I shall wince too, and gall thee to the quick.  
Flinging full fast till I have thrown thee off,  
Till I have shook the snaffle from thy mouth;  
And then in triumph (*Louider*) look to't,  
I spurn thy pride, and follies undir foot.

### 666. On his verses.

He's blind with love that likes them ev'ry one,  
And he is blind with envy, that likes none.

### 667. Truth.

Truth is best found out by the time and eyes;  
Falshood wins credit by uncertainties.

### 668. Time.

Time all consumes, both us and every thing,  
We time consume; thus, both one song do sing.

### 669. To Bombo.

Most men condemn thee *Bombo*, when they hear  
Thy high and mighty Sermons; but I swear  
Thou preacheest movingly; and well I may;  
Thou preacheest all thy Auditors away.

## Epigrams.

### 670. On *Plutus*.

Rich *Plutus* needs would buy a fool, and paid  
Fifty good pounds: but after trial made,  
Perceiving him an understanding man,  
*Plutus* would have his money back again.

### 671. To *Linus*.

Thou wast my debtor when I lent the coyn,  
Pay me mine own, and then I will be thine.

### 672. *Leven*.

Love is a *Leven*, and a loving kiss  
The *Leven* of a loving sweet-heart is.

190.

### 673. To *Phaulos*.

Thou ask'st me whom I think best man to be;  
He's the best (*Phaulos*) that is least like thee.

### 674. To *Claudius* and *Linus*.

Ungodly *Claudius*, to be good,  
Wants nothing but a will:  
Lewd *Linus*, also, wanteth nought  
But power to be ill.

### 675. *Hot-waters*.

Our trickling Tears express our private Love,  
Love causeth tears; strange! fire should water prove

676. On

## Epigrams.

---

### 676. On Grotto.

Talk but of death, *Grotto* begins to rage,  
And sweat, and swear, and yet he's blind with age.  
Fie on thee *Grotto*, what a coil you keep?  
Thy windows they are shut, 'tis time to sleep.

### 677. On Boreman.

*Boreman* takes tole, cheats, flatters, lyes, yet *Boreman*  
For all the Devil helps, will be a poor man.

### 678. On Crab.

*Crab* being caught, and in the Serjeants power,  
For shame and anger look'd both red and sower.

### 679. On Fargo.

*Fargo* by his wit and pleasing tongue,  
Hath won a wench that's wondrous fair & young;  
The match (he saith) is half concluded, he  
Indeed is wondrous willing; but not she.

### 680. On Richard.

*Dick* be drunk, in bed thought on his sin,  
And that lewd course of life he lived in,  
Yet long hereof for thirst, *Dick* could not think,  
But, Drawer, cries, now for thy smallest drink.



## Epigrams.

---

### 681. To Spruce.

*Spruce* wears a Comb about him, alwayes he  
To prune and smooth his polliht haire :  
The Cock's ne'r too without his Comb you see,  
*Spruce* 'tis a *Coxcomb* then you weare.

### 682. On this wise age.

(know  
The Wise men were but seven : now we scarce  
So many fools, the world so wise doth grow.

### 683. On Profuso.

Unstayd *Profuso* hath run thorough all,  
Almost the story of the *Prodigal*,  
Yet swears, he never with the Hogs did dine,  
That's true, for none durst trust him with their  
(swine.

### 684. On a fire in Town.

One night through all the streets the men did cry,  
Fire, fire ! at which I wak't and wondred by ;  
Not that dry wood should burn, but because all  
Did cry *fire*, when for water they should call.

### 685. To either University.

Indulgent *Mother*, and kind *Aunt*, no where  
Throughout all *Europe* find I such a paire ;  
From

## Epigrams.

From whose fair breasts those milky rivers run,  
That thousands feed, else thousands were undone.  
O were it not that some were wean'd too young,  
And some do suck (like *Essex Calves*) too long.

### 686. On Mounfier Congee.

A proper handsome courtly man indeed,  
And well set out with cloaths, can for a need  
Discourse with legs, and quarter congees, and  
Talk half an hour with help of foot and hand ;  
But when I view'd this *Mounfier* clean throughout,  
I found that he was onely Man without.

### 687. To my Reader.

My person is another as I list,  
I now but act the Epigrammatist.

### 688. On Physitians.

Physitians are most miserable men,  
that cannot be deny'd :  
For they are never truly well, but when  
most men are ill beside.

### 689. On Puff.

*Puff* quarrels in his cups, and then will fight,  
Is beaten sober ; troth he is served right.

## Epigrams.

### 690. To *Flash*.

*Flash*, when thou'rt drunk, then in thy own conceit  
Thou art valiant, wise, great, honest, rich, discreet.  
Trot *Flash* be always drunk! for well I know  
When you are sober, you are nothing so.

### 691. Wittily wicked.

Good wine (they say) makes Vinegar most tart,  
Thou, the more witty, the more wicked art.

### 692. A Doctor and his Patient.

Doctor told his patient *Omphida*;  
The grief she felt was a *Sciatica*:  
Which she not perfect how to nominate,  
Mistaking cries, O my Certificate!

### 693. On *Mounsier Powder-wing*.

Oh do but mark yon crisped Sir you meet!  
How like a Pageant he doth stalk the street?  
See how his perfum'd head is powdered o're:  
'twu'd stink else, for it wanted salt before.

### 694. To *Rash*.

*Rash* I swear not! think not 'cause you swear that I  
Believe you, no: he that will swear will lye.

695. Drunk.

## Epigrams.

---

### 695. Drunk-bounty.

I'll tell you why the drunk so lavish are,  
They have too much, nay more then they can bear

### 696. To Gut.

Gut eats and drinks, doth nothing else but swill,  
His teeth do grind, his mouth's the water-mill.

### 697. To Simple.

Simple, you know I gave you good advice;  
Little to say, that men might think you wise;  
If you'll proclaim your selfe a fool you may;  
I onely tell you now what others say.

### 698. On Quaff.

To quench his sorrows, Quaff drinks very free,  
Sorrow is dry, he sayes, and so is he.

### 699. To Tom Coriat.

Of all the Toms that ever yet were nam'd,  
Was never Tom like as Tom Coriat fam'd.  
Tom Thumb is dumb, until the pudding creep,  
In which he was intomb'd, then out doth peep.  
Tom Fool may go to School, but ne'r be taught  
Speak Greek, with which our Tom his tongue is  
fraught.  
Tom

## Epigrams.

*Tom Ass* may pass, but for all his long ears,  
No such rich Jewels as our *Tom* he wears.  
*Tom Tell-truth* is but forth, but truth to tell,  
Of all *Toms*, this *Tom* bears away the bell.

### 700 To a fat Usurer.

Fat folks we say by nature are most free :  
You and your purse are fat, and yet I see  
Your hand and that still shut, the reasons this ;  
In costive flesh thy *lean* soul buried is.

### 701. On Brisk.

*Brisk* brag'd of's ready wit ; I tempting him  
But for one Distick, did propound this theme,  
*Nothing* : It cannot be, he wondring said  
That out of nothing ought should ere be made :  
Dull *Brisk* thou ne'r couldst tune *Apollo's* Lyre ;  
A pure steeld-wit, will strik *Mercurial* fire  
Out of the flintiest subject : but thy head  
Is all compos'd of softer mettle, lead.

### 702. *Semel insanivimus omnes.*

Thus have I waded through a worthless task ;  
Whereto I trust, there's no exception ta'n,  
For meant to none ; I answer such as ask,

## Epigrams.

'Tis like apparell made in *Birchen-lane* ;  
If any please to suit themselves and wear it,  
The blame's not mine, but theirs that needs will  
(bear it.

### 703. On *Sullen*.

*Sullen* will eat no meat, but peevishly  
Replies, I care not, nor I will not, I :  
Troth I commend his abstinence, 'tis great,  
When having such a stomach hee'l not eat.

### 704. To *Banks*.

VWhen *Spendall* asks to borrow, you reply.  
You know not when hee'l pay you ; troth nor I.

### 705. To *Boldface*.

*Boldface*, I wonder at thy impudence,  
That dar'st affirm things so against all sence :  
For shame ben't impudent and foolish too !  
And think all men are fools 'cause you are so.

### 706. Of his *Book*.

Part of thy work remains ; one part is past :  
And here my Ship rides, having Anchor cast.

### 707. On

## Epigrams.

### 707. On Bearill.

Bearill because his wife is somewhat ill,  
Uncertain in her health, indifferent still;  
He turns her out of doors without reply:  
Wondring at which, I ask the reason why?  
In sickness and in health, says he, I'm bound  
Onely to keep her, either weak or sound;  
But now she's neither, he replies; you'll see,  
She'll quickly now or mend or end, says he.

### 708. On Bib.

Wisdom doth teach us silence, now Bib is  
With drink made speechless; is he not then wise?

### 709. On Silly.

Silly by chance did loose his Diary  
Of wit, which he had got in company;  
No marvel he now so mute and pensive sits;  
How can he choose, since he hath lost his wits?

### 710. Ad sesquipedales poetastros.

Hence Brauron's God to Tauriminion,  
And you Levaltoring Corybants begon;



## Epigrams.

Fly thundering Bronsterops to *Hypocrene*,  
And *Mauros* to Nymph-nursing *Mytelene* ;  
Grisly *Megara's* necromantique spell  
Depart to black nights *Echerontick* cell :  
Avaunt transformed *Epidaurian*,  
Unto th' Antipod Isles of *Trabroban*,  
Away *Cyllenius* plummy-pinnion'd God,  
With thy peace-making wand, snakecharming rod  
And all the rest, not daring look upon  
*Uranus* blood-born brood, and fell *Typhon* ;  
*Chimera's* victor great *Bellerophon*,  
Thou vanquisher of Spanish *Geryon*.  
Stout *Asdruball* Sicilian Lord of yore,  
Thou that destroy'dst the *Caledonian* bore,  
Couragious conqueror of Cretes *Minotaure*,  
Thou pride of *Mermen's* cloudy *Semitaure*.  
*Perseus* whose marble stone transforming shield,  
Enforc'd the Whale, *Andromeda* to yield,  
You *Argonautes* that scour'd *Syndromades*,  
And pass'd the quick-sands of *Symplegades*,  
Help *Demogorgon*, King of heaven and earth,  
*Chaos*, *Lucina*, at *Litigium's* birth,  
The world with Child looks for delivery  
Of *Canibals*, or *Poetophagy*.  
A devillish brood from *Eriethonius*,  
From *Iphidemia*, *Nox*, and *Erebus*,  
Chide *Pegasus* for op'ning *Helicon*,  
And Poets damn *Pry-Phlegeton* ;

## Epigrams:

---

Or make this monstrous birth abortive be,  
Or else I will shake hands with Poetry.

— *Nihil hic nisi Carmina desunt.*





*Marmora Meonii vincunt monumenta libelli ;  
Vivitur ingenio, cætera mortis erunt.*

The Muses works, stone Monuments outlast.  
Tis wit keeps life, all else Death will down cast.



---

# EPITAPHS.

---

## 1. *On a Lyer.*

**G**ood passenger ! here lyes one here,  
That living did lye every where.

## 2. *On a Dyer.*

He lives with God, none can deny,  
That while he liv'd to th' world did dy.

## 3. *On a Jugler.*

Death came to see thy tricks, and cut in twain  
Thy threed, why didst not make it whole again ?

## Epitaphs.

Worm s bait for *Fish*, but here is a great change,  
*Fish* bait for worms, is not that very strange?

### 5. On a Child.

A child and dead? alas! how could it come?  
Surely thy thread of life was but a thrum.

### 6. On Mr. Do.

Do is my name, and here I lye,  
My Grammar tels me, *Do* fit *Di*.

### 7. On Taylor a Serjeant, kill'd by a Horse.

A Taylor is a Thief, a Serjeant is worse,  
Who here lies dead, god-a-massy Horse.

### 8. On Mr. Thomas Best.

With happy stars he sure is blest,  
Wheres'ere he goes, that still is best.

### 9. On Robin.

Round *Robin's* gone, and this grave doth inclose  
The pudding of his doublet and his hose.

### 10. On

## Epitaphs.

---

### 10. On Bell the Tinker.

Bell, though thou dy'dst decrepit, lame, forlorn,  
Thou wast a man of Mettle, I'le be sworn.

### 11. On proud Tygeras.

Proud and foolish, so it comes to pass,  
He liv'd a Tyger, and he dy'd an Ass.

### 12. On John Cofferer.

Here lies John Cofferer, and takes his rest,  
Now he hath chang'd a Coffer for a Chest.

### 13. On blind and deaf Dick Freeman.

Here lies Dick Freeman,  
That could not hear nor see man.

### 14. On a Miller.

Death without warning was as bold as brief,  
When he kil'd two in one, Miller and Thief.

### 15. On a Lady.

Here lies one dead under this marble stone,  
Who when she liv'd, lay under more than one.

### 16. On a Wrestler.

Death to the Wrestler gave a pretty fall,  
Tript up his heels, and took no hold at all.

### 17. On

## Epitaphs.

---

### 17. *On John Death.*

Here's *Death* interred, that liv'd by bread,  
Then all should live, now *Death* is dead.

### 18. *On an Infant.*

The reeling world turn'd Poet, made a Play ;  
I came to see't, dislik'd it, went my way.

### 19. *On a little, but very ingenious youth.*

Grim *Death* perceiving, he had far outran  
The elder youths, mistook him for a man.

### 20. *On a Lady dying quickly after her Husband.*

He first disceas'd, she a little try'd  
To live without him, lik'd it not, and dy'd.

### 21. *On Mr. Stone.*

Jerusalem's curse is not fulfill'd in me,  
For here a stone upon a stone you see.

### 22. *On Mr. Strange.*

Here lies one *Strange*, no Pagan, Turk, nor Jew,  
It's strange, but not so strange as it is true.



## Epitaphs.

---

### 23. *A Farts Epitaph.*

As it was born, so it cry'd,  
Crack'd so, smelt so, and so dy'd.

### 24. *On Mr. Anguish a Scholler.*

Some do for anguish weep, for anger I,  
That ignorance should live, and art should dye.

### 25. *On a lovely young youth.*

From thy quick death, conclude we must,  
The fairest flowers are gather'd first.

### 26. *On Mr. Thomas Allen.*

No Epitaphs need make the just man fam'd,  
The good are prais'd when they are onely nam'd.

### 27. *On a Lady.*

*Finis* and *Bonum* are converted, so,  
That every good thing to an end must go.

### 28. *On a pious Benefactor.*

The Poor, the World, the Heavens, and the Grave,  
His Alms, his Praise, his Soul, and Body have.

29. *On*

## Epitaphs.

---

### 29. *On a Poet in Prison.*

Though I in prison here do lye,  
My Muse shall live although I dye.

### 30. *On a poor Poet.*

Here lies the Poet buried in the night,  
Whose purse, men know it, was exceeding light.

### 31. *A man and his wife.*

*Viator fiste, ecce miraculum!*  
*Vir & uxor hic non ligunt.*

### 32. *On a Pauls-walker.*

*Defessus sum ambulando.*

### 33. *On a Scrivener.*

May all men by these presents testifie,  
A lurching Scrivener here fast bound doth lye.

### 34. *On one that cheated his Father.*

Here lies a man, who in a span  
Of life, beyond his Father ran.

## Epitaphs.

### 35. On a Cut-purse.

Death hath that Cut-purse seiz'd on at Alhallows  
Who by good hap hath so escap'd the Gallows.

### 36. On a young green wit.

Great wits are dangerous, for then,  
It seems, they seldom come to men.

### 37. On an Usurer.

That all those goods and riches scrap'd together,  
Should with himself depart, & knows not whither

### 38. On a Captain.

Who late in wars did dread no foes in field,  
Now free of scars his life in peace doth yield.

### 39. On a Potter.

He that on clay his chiefest trust repos'd,  
Is now in clay, in stead of dust repos'd.

### 40. On a Merchant.

Who from accounts and recknings ne'r could rest,  
At length hath summ'd up his *Quietus est*.

### 41. On

## Epitaphs.

---

41. *On a young man newly married, dyed.*

The world and thou art quickly gone about,  
That but now entering in, art entered out.

42. *On John Friend.*

How ere he fail'd in's life, 'tis like *Jack Friend*  
Was no mans foe but's own, and there's an end.

43. *On Christopher Fowler.*

Let all say what they can, 'tis known *Kit Fowler*  
Was held an honest man, though no good *Bowler*.

44. *On Dorothy Rich.*

Here resteth young *Dall Rich*, that dainty drab,  
Who troubled long with the itch, dy'd of the scab.

45. *On Ralph.*

*Ralph* bids adue to pleasures good or ill,  
But tels you true, 'tis much against his will.

46. *On Walter Moon.*

Here lyes *Wat Moon*, that great *Tobacconist*,  
Who dy'd too soon for lack of had I wist.

47. *On*

## Epitaphs.

---

### 47. On John Cooling a Player-fool.

Death hath too soon remov'd from us *Jo. Cooling*,  
That was so well belov'd, and liv'd by fooling.

### 48. On a Welchman.

Who lived least, espy'd his life should leese,  
By meer Metheglin dy'd, and tasted Cheese.

### 49. On Jo. Long.

Here sleep *Jo. Long*, who liv'd till New-years-tide,  
Full fourscore strong, but then fell sick and dy'd.

### 50. On Stephen Spooner.

Death hath time borrow'd of our neighbour *Spooner*,  
Whose wife much sorrow'd that he di'd not a <sup>ner,</sup>ner.

### 51. On a Lawyer.

God works wonders now and than,  
Here lyes a Lawyer dy'd an honest man.

### 52. On a Waterman.

Here sleeps *Will. Slatar*, who by deaths command,  
Hath left the water to possesse the land.

### 53. On

## Epitaphs.

---

### 53. *On Sir Francis Drake.*

England his heart, his Corps the waters have,  
And that which rais'd his fame, became his grave.

### 54. *On a Gallant.*

Who cloth of Tissue wore, here flat doth lye,  
Having no issue, more than that in's thigh.

### 55. *On John Garret.*

Gon is *John Garret*, who to all mens thinking,  
For love to Claret, kill'd himself with drinking.

### 56. *On notable Ned.*

Cause of the good, nought must be said but good,  
'Tis well for *Ned* that nought be understood.

### 57. *On a Taylor who dyed of the stitch.*

Here lies a Taylour in this ditch,  
Who liv'd and dyed by the stitch.

### 58. *On a travelling Beggar.*

Here lies a Vagrant person whom our laws  
(Of late grown strict) denyed passage, 'cause  
He wandring thus, therefore return he must,  
From whence at first he hither came; to dust.

## Epitaphs.

---

### 59. *On a Mason.*

So long the Mason wrought on others walls,  
That his own house of clay to ruine falls :  
No wonder, spiteful death wrought his annoy,  
He us'd to build, and death seeks to destroy.

### 60. *On a Schoolmaster.*

The Grammar School, a long time taught I have,  
Yet all my skill could not Decline the grave,  
But yet I hope it one day will be shown  
In no Case save the Ablative alone.

### 61. *On Prince Henry.*

I have no vein in Verse, but if I could  
Distil on every word a Pearl, I would.  
Our sorrows Pearls drop, not from pens, but eyes;  
Whilst other Muses write, mine only cries.

### 62. *On the death of Mr. Newcomin of Clare-hall in Cambridge.*

Weep ye Clareses, weep all about,  
For *New-com-in* is new gone out ;  
Weep not Clareses, weep not at all,  
He's gone but from Clare to Trinity-Hall.

M

63. *On*



## Epitaphs.

---

### 63. On *Hobson* the Carrier.

*Hobson* (what's out of sight, is out of mind)  
Is gone and left his Letters here behind,  
He that with so much paper us'd to meet,  
Is now, alas! content to take one sheet.

### 64. Another.

He that such carriage store, was wont to have,  
Is carried now himself unto his grave:  
O strange! he that in life ne're made but one,  
Six Carriers makes, now he is dead and gone.

### 65. Another.

Here *Hobson* lies, prest with a heavy load,  
Who now is gone the old and common road;  
The waggon he so lov'd, so lov'd to ride,  
That he was drawing on whilst that he dy'd.

### 66. Another.

*Hobson's* not dead, but *Charles* the Northern Swain.  
Hath sent for him to draw his lightsome wain.

### 67. On a Footman.

This nimble Footman ran away from death,  
And here he rested being out of breath;

Here

## Epitaphs.

---

Here death him over-took, made him his slave,  
And sent him on an arrand to the grave.

### 68. *Justus Lipsius.*

Some have high mountains of Parian stone,  
And some in brass, grave their inscription,  
Some have their Tombs of costly marbles rear'd;  
But in our tears onely are they interr'd.

### 69. *On a Child.*

Like Birds of prey,  
Death snatcht away,  
This harmelefs Dove,  
Vvhose soul so pure  
Is now secure  
In heaven above.

### 70. *On a rich Gentleman.*

Of woods and plains, and hills and vales,  
Of fields, of meads, of parks, and pales;  
Of all I had, this I possess;  
I need no more, I have no less.

### 71. *On a Child.*

That flesh is grass,  
Its grace a flower,

## Epitaphs.

---

Read ere you pass  
Whom worms devour.

### 72. *On a Lock-smith.*

A zealous Lock-smith dy'd of late,  
Who by this time's at heaven gate.  
The reason why he will not knock,  
Is 'cause he means to pick the lock.

### 73. *On a Collier.*

Here lies the Collier *Jenkin Dashes*,  
By whom death nothing gain'd he swore,  
For living he was dust and ashes,  
And being dead he is no more.

### 74. *On Dick Pinner.*

Here lies *Dick Pinner*: O ungentle death!  
Why didst thou rob *Dick Pinner* of his breath?  
For living, he by scraping of a pin,  
Made better dust than thou hast made of him.

### 75. *On a Sack-sucker.*

Good Reader bless thee, be assur'd,  
The spirit of Sack lies here immur'd:

Who

## Epitaphs.

---

VWho havock't all he could come by  
For Sack, and here quite sack'd doth ly.

### 76. *On a Child.*

Into this world as stranger to an Inne,  
This child came Guest-wise, where when it had bin  
A while, and found nought worthy of his stay,  
He onely broke his fast, and went away.

### 77. *On a Candle.*

Here lyes the Chandlers chiefest joy,  
Here lyes the Schollers pale-fac'd boy ;  
Having t'nough else but skin and bone  
Dy'd of a deep Consumption.

### 78. *On T. H. the Pannier man of the Temple.*

Here lyes *Tom Hacket* this Marble under,  
VWho often made the Cloyster thunder ;  
He had a horn, and when he blew it,  
Call'd many a Cuckold that never knew it.

### 79. *On a young Infant.*

The life of Man  
Is but a span,

## Epitaphs.

---

The common saying is;  
But death did pinch  
His to an inch,  
Ere he could say, what's this?  
Yet he hath gain'd, not lost, thereby  
Changing time for eternity.

### 80. On Mr. Calves death.

Heaven of his soul take charge, for he,  
Of all his dayes liv'd but the half;  
Who might have grown to be an Ox,  
But dyed (as you see) a Calf.

### 81. On Bolus.

If gentleness could tame the Fates, or wit  
Delude them, *Bolus* had not dyed yet;  
But one that death o'r-rules in judgement sits,  
And sayes our sins are stronger then our wits.

### 82. On a Clown.

Softly tread this earth upon,  
For here lyes our *Corydon*;  
Who through care to keep his sheep  
Watch'd too much, Oh let him sleep!

## *Epitaphs:*

---

### *83. On a Child.*

As careful Nurses on their beds do lay,      (play  
Their babes which would too long the wantons  
So to prevent my youths ensuing crimes,  
Nature my Nurse laid me to bed betimes.


### *85. On a Musician.*

Be not offended at our sad complaint,  
You Quire of Angels, that have gain'd a Saint ;  
Where all perfection met in skill and voice,  
We mourn our loss, but yet commend your choice

### *85. On a Gardener.*

Could he forget his death that every honre  
Was emblem'd to it, by the fading flower ?  
Should he not mind his end ? yes, sure he must,  
That still was conversant 'mongst beds of dust.

### *86. On a Drunkard.*

*Bibax* the Drunkard, while he liv'd would say,  
The more I drink, the more methinks I may ;  
But see how death hath prov'd his saying just,   
For he hath drunk himself as dry as dust.

## *Epitaphs.*

---

### *87. On a Child.*

Tread softly passenger, for here doth lie,  
A dainty Jewel of sweet Infancy :  
A harmless babe, that only came and cry'd  
In baptism to be wash'd from sin, and dy'd.

### *88. Another.*

In this marble casket lies  
A matchless Jewel of rich prize,  
Whom nature in the worlds disdain  
But shew'd, and put it up again.

### *89. On Mr. Sands.*

Who would live in others breath ?  
Fame deceives the dead mans trust,  
When our names do change by death,  
*Sands* I was, and now am dust.

### *90. On Mr. Goad.*

Go add this Verse, to *Goad's* herse,  
For *Goad* is gone, but whither ?  
*Goad* himself is gone to God,  
I was deaths *Goad* drove him thither.



## Epitaphs.

---

### 91. On Monday.

Hallowed be the Sabbath  
And farewel all worldly pelf;  
The week begins on Tuesday,  
For *Munday* hath hang'd himself.

### 92. On a Child.

Here a pretty Baby lies  
Sung asleep with Lullabies:  
Pray be silent, and not stir.  
Th' easie earth that covers her.

### 93. On a Matron.

Here lies a wife that was chaste, a mother blest;  
A modest Matron, all these in one chest:  
*Sarah* unto her Mate, *Mary* to God,  
*Martha* to men, whilst here she had abroad.

1470 v c

### 94. In Latine thus.

*Uxor casta, Parens felix, Matrona pudica,  
Sara viro, mundo Martha, Maria Deo.*

### 95. On a Souldier.

When I was young, in Wars I shed my bloud,  
Both for my King, and for my Countries good.

## Epitaphs.

In elder years, my care was chief to be  
Souldier to him that shed his blood for me.

96. On Mr. Dumbelow, that died of the  
wind Collick.

Dead is Dick Dumbelow  
Would you the reason know?  
Could his *tail* have but spoken,  
His stout heart had not broken.

67. On Mr. Kitchins death.

*Kitchin* lies here (for so his name I found)  
I see death keeps his *Kitchin* under ground.  
And the poor worms (that flesh of late did eat)  
Devour their *Kitchin* now for want of meat.

86. On Infabella a Curtezan.

He who would write an Epitaph,  
Whereby to make fair *Is'bel* laugh,  
Must get upon her, and write well,  
Here underneath lies *Isabel*.

99. On a vertuous wife.

In brief, to speak thy praise, let this suffice,  
Thou wert a wife most loving, modest, wise,

## Epitaphs.

---

Of children careful, to thy neighbours kind,  
A worthy Mistress, and of liberal mind.

100. *On Mr. Christopher Lawson.*

Death did not kill unjustly this good man,  
But death, in death, by death did shew his power;  
His pious deeds and thoughts to heaven fore-ran,  
There to prepare his soul a blessed bower.

101. *On a Welchman.*

Here lies puryed under these stones,  
*Shon ap Williams, ap Shinkin, ap Shones,*  
Her was porn in *Whales*, her was kill'd in *France*,  
Her went to *Cot* by a very mis-shance.  
La ye now.

102. *On Mr. Carter burnt by the powder-  
mischance in Finsbury.*

Here lies an honest *Carter* (yet no clown)  
Unladen of his cares, his end the Crown,  
Vanish'd from hence, even in a cloud of smoke,  
A blown up Citizen, and yet not broke.

103. *On a Lady dying in Child-bed.*

Born at the first to bring another forth,  
She leavs the world, to leave the world her worth:  
Thus

## *Epitaphs.*

Thus Phoenix-like, as she was born to bleed,  
Dying her self, renews it in her seed.

### *104. On a Faulconer.*

Death with her talons having seiz'd this prey,  
After a tedious flight, truss'd him away :  
VVe mark'd him, here he fell, whence he shall rise  
At call, till then unretriv'd here he lyes.

### *On Joan Truman who had an issue in her legge.*

Here lyes crafty *Joan*, deny it who can,  
VVno liv'd a false maid, and dy'd a *Truman*,  
And this trick she had, to make up her cunning,  
VVhilst one leg stood still, the other was running.

### *16. On a youth.*

Now thou hast heaven for merit, but 'tis strange,  
Morality should envy at thy change :  
God thought us unfit for such as thee,  
And made thee consort of eternity.  
We grieve not then, that thou to heaven art taken,  
But that thou hast thy friends so soon forsaken.

### *107. On Prince Henry.*

Did he dye young ? O no, it could not be,  
For I know few that liv'd so long as he,

Till

## *Epitaphs.*

Till God and all men lov'd him ; then behold,  
The man that lives so long, m<sup>u</sup>st needs be old.

108. *On one born before his time.*

Griev'd at the world and times, this early Bloom  
Look'd round, and sigh'd, and stole into his Tomb,  
His fall was like his Birth, too quick ; this Rose  
Made hast to spread, and the same hast to close :  
Here lies dust, but his best Tomb's fled hence,  
For Marble cannot last like Innocence.

109. *On a very fat man.*

Under this pebble stone,  
Here fast sleeperh one,  
And that is not two ;  
Yet was without doubt  
Far bigger about,  
Then both I, and you ;  
His kidneys encreast  
So much, that his waist  
Was hooped all round :  
But his girdle death cuts,  
And downe fell his guts,  
'Bouts his heels to the ground.

110. *On John Newter.*

Reader, *John Newter* who erst plaid  
The Jack on both sides, here is laid

Who

## Epitaphs.

VWho like the herb *John* indifferent  
VWas not for King, or Parliament,  
Yet fast and loose he could not play  
With death, he took him at the Bay ;  
VWhat side his soul hath taken now  
God or Devil ? we hardly know :  
But this is certain, since he dy'd  
He hath been mist of neither side.

### 111. On *Hocas Pocas*.

Here *Hocas* lyes with his tricks and his knocks,  
VWhom death hath made sure as a Juglers box :  
VWho many hath cozen'd by his leiger-demain,  
Is presto convey'd and here underlain :  
Thus *Hocas* he's here, and here he is not,  
VWhile death plaid the *Hocas*, and brought him to  
(th' pot.

### 112. On a Child of two years old, being born and dying in July.

Here is laid a *July* flowre  
VWith surviving tears bedew'd,  
Not despairing of that hour  
VWhen her spring shall be renew'd ;  
Ere she had her summer seen,  
She was gather'd fresh and green.

## Epitaphs.

### 113. *On a Cobler.*

Death at a Coblers door oft made a stand,  
And always found him on the mending hand ;  
At last came death in very foul weather,  
And ript the sole from the upper leather :  
Death put a trick upon him, and what was't?  
The Cobler call'd for's Awle, death brought his  
(last.

### 114. *On a young Gentlewoman.*

Nature in this small volume was about  
To perfect what in woman was left out :  
Yet careful least a piece so well begun,  
Should want preservatives when she had done :  
Ere she could finish what she undertook,  
Threw dust upon it, and shut up the Book.

### 115. *On a Scholler.*

Forbear Friend t' unclasp this book,  
Only in the forefront look,  
For in it have errours bin,  
Which made the Author call it in :  
Yet know this, 't shall have more worth,  
At the second coming forth.

### 116. *On*



## Epitaphs.

---

### 116. On a young woman.

The body which within this earth is laid,  
Twice six weeks knew a wife, a Saint, a maid ;  
Fair maid, chaste wife, pure Saint, yet 'tis not strange  
She was a woman, therefore pleas'd to change:  
And now she's dead, some woman doth remain,  
For still she hopes once to be chang'd again.

### 117. On Brawu.

Here *Brawne* the *quondam* begger lies,  
Who counted by histale,  
Full sixscore winters in his life ;  
Such vertue is in Ale.  
Ale was his meat, Ale was his drink,  
Ale did him long reprieve,  
And could he still have drunk his Ale,  
He had been still alive.

### 118. On a Candle.

Here lies (I wot) a little star  
That did belong to *Jupiter*,  
Which from him *Prometheus* stole,  
And with it a fire-coale.  
Or this is that I mean to handle,  
Here doth lie a farthing Candle,

That

## Epitaphs.

---

That was lov'd well, having its light,  
But loosing that, now, now bids good night.

### 119. On M. R.

Who soonest dies, lives long enough;  
Our life is but a blast or puffe.  
I did resist and strive with death,  
But soon he put me out of breath;  
He of my life thought to breath me,  
But I did yield only to bereave me.  
O're him I shall in triumph sing,  
Thy conquest Grave, *where is thy sting?*

### 120. On a Child.

Here she lies, a pretty bud,  
Lately made of flesh and blood:  
Who, as soon, fell fast asleep,  
As her little eyes did peep;  
Give her strewings; but not stir  
The earth that lightly covers her.

### 121. On an Inn-keeper.

It is not I that dye, I do but leave an Inn, (sin;  
Where harbour'd was with me, all filthy kind of  
It is not I that dye, I do but now begin  
Into eternal joy by faith to enter in,

N

Why

## Epitaphs.

---

(my kin ?

VVhy weep you then my friends, my parents, and  
Lament ye when I loose, but weep not when I win.

### 122. On a *Cobler*.

Come hither, read my gentle friend,  
And here behold a Coblers end.  
Longer in length his life had gone,  
But that he had no Last so long :  
O mighty Death, whose dart can kill  
The man that made him souls at will.

### 123. On *M. Aire*.

Under this stone of Marble fair,  
Lies th' body 'ntomb'd of *Gervase Aire*.  
He dy'd not of an ague-fit,  
Nor surfeited of too much wit,  
Me thinks this was a wondrous death,  
That *Aire* should dye for want of *breath*.

### 124. On *Mr. Rice. M.*

VVho can doubt (*Rice*) to what eternal place  
Thy soul is fled, that did but know thy face ?  
VVhose body was so light, it might have gone  
To heaven without a resurrection ;  
Indeed thou wert all type, thy limbs were signs,  
Thy Arteries but Mathematick lines ;

As

## Epitaphs.

As if two souls had made the compound good;  
Which both should live by faith, & none by blood:

### 125. On Thomas Jones.

Here for the nonce  
Came Thomas Jones  
In St. Giles Church to lye:  
None welch before,  
None Welshman more  
Till *Shon Clerk* dyc.  
He tolde the bell,  
He ring his knell;  
He dyed well,  
He's sav'd from Hell;  
And so farewell  
*Tom Jones*.

### 126. On a young man.

Surpriz'd by grief and sickness here I lye,  
Stopt in thy middle age, and soon made dead;  
Yet do not gudge at God, if soon thou dyc,  
But know he trebles favours on thy head.  
Who for thy morning work equals thy pay,  
With those that have endur'd the heat o' th' day.

## Epitaphs.

---

### 127. *On the two Littletons that were drowned at Oxford, 1636.*

Here lye we (Reader, canst thou not admire? )  
Who both at once by water dy'd and fire;  
For whilst our bodies perish'd in the deep,  
Our souls in love burnt, so we fell asleep:  
Let this be then our Epitaph : Here lyes  
Two, yet but one, one for the other dyes.

### 128. *On a Butler.*

That death should thus from hence our Butler  
Into my mind it cannot quickly sink ; (catch,  
Sure death came thirsty to the buttry-hatch,  
When he (that busi'd was) deny'd him drink.  
Tut! 'twas not so, 'tis like he gave him liquor,  
And ~~death~~ made drunk, him made away the quick-  
Yet let not others grieve too much in mind, (er;  
(The Butler's gone) the keys are left behind.

### 129. *On M. Cook.*

To God, his Country, and the poor, he had  
A zealous soul, free heart, and lib'ral mind.  
His wife, his children, and his kindred sad,  
Lack of his love, his care and kindness find :  
Yet are their sorrows asswag'd with the thought  
He hath attain'd the happiness he sought.

### 130. *On*

## *Epitaphs.*

---

### *130. On a Porter.*

At length, by works of wondrous fate,  
Here lyes the Porter of *Winchester-gate* :  
If gone to heav'n, as much I fear :  
He can be but a Porter there :  
He fear'd not hell so much for's sin,  
As for th' great rapping, and oft coming in.

### *131. Upon one who dyed in Prison.*

Reader, I liv'd, enquire no more,  
Lest a spy enter in at door,  
Such are the times, a dead man dare  
Not trust nor credit common aire,  
But dye and lye Entombed here,  
By me, I'll whisper in thine ear  
Such things as only dust to dust  
(And without witness) may entrust.

### *132. On Waddam Colledge Butler.*

Mans life is like a new-tunn'd Cask they say,  
The formost draught, is oft times cast away,  
Such are our younger years, the following still  
Are more and more inclining unto ill ;  
Such is our manhood, untill age at length,  
Doth sowre its sweetness & doth stop its strength :  
N 3 Then

## *Epitaphs.*

---

Then death prescribing to each thing its bounds,  
Takes what is left, and turns it all to grounds.

### *133. On a Horse.*

Here lies a horse, who dyed but  
To make his Master go on foot.  
A miracle should it be so :  
The dead to make the lame to go ;  
Yet fate would have it, that the same  
Should make him go, that made him lame.

### *134. On an old man a Residenciary.*

Tread, Sirs, as lightly as you can  
Upon the grave of this old man.  
Twice forty (bating but one year,  
And thrice three weeks) he lived here.  
Whom gentle fate translated hence,  
To a more happy Residence.  
Yet, Reader, let me tell thee this,  
(Which from his Ghost a promise is)  
If here ye will some few tears shed,  
He'l never haunt ye now he's dead.

### *135. On a Maid.*

Here she lyes (in Bed spice)  
Fair as Eve in Paradise.



## Epitaphs.

---

For her beauty it was such  
Poets co'd not praise too much.  
Virgins come, and in a Ring  
Her supreamest *Requiem* sing ;  
Then depart, but see ye tread  
Lightly, lightly ore the dead.

### 136. On Husband and Wife.

To these, whom death again did wed,  
This Grave's the second marriage-bed.  
For though the hand of Fate could force,  
'Twixt soul and body a Divorce ;  
It could not sever man and wife,  
Because they both liv'd but one life ;  
Peace, good Reader, do not weep,  
Peace, the lovers are asleep :  
They (sweet Turtles) folded lye,  
In the last knot that love could tye.  
Let them sleep, let them sleep on,  
Till this stormy night be gone.  
And th' eternal morrow dawn,  
Then the Curtains will be drawn,  
And they waken with that light,  
Whose day shall never sleep in night.

### 137. On Arctyne.

Here biting *Arctyne* lyes buried,  
With gall more bitter, never man was fed.

## Epitaphs.

The living nor the dead to carp he spar'd,  
Nor yet for any King or *Cæsar* car'd :  
Only on God to rail he had forgot,  
His answer was, indeed I know him not.

138. *On William Coale an Ale-house keeper,  
at Coaton near Cambridge.*

Doth *William Coale* lye here ? henceforth be stale,  
Be strong and laugh on us, thou *Coasen Ale* :  
Living indeed, he with his violent hand  
Never left grasping thee, while he could stand.  
But death at last, hath with his fiery flashes  
Burnt up the *Coale*, and turn'd it into ashes.

139. *On one Andrew Leigh, who was  
vext with a shrewd Wife.*

Here lies *Leigh*, who vext with a shrewd wife,  
To gain his quiet, parted with his life ;  
But see the spight ! she that had alwayes crost  
Him living, dyes, and means to hunt his Ghost.  
But she may fail, for *Andrew* out of doubt,  
Will cause his brother *Peter* shut her out.

140. *In quendam.*

Stay mortal, stay, remove not from this Tomb,  
Before thou hast consider'd well thy doom ;

My

## *Epitaphs.*

My bow stands ready bent, and couldst it see,  
Mine arrow's drawn to th' head, and aims at thee:  
Prepare yet wandering Ghost, take home this line;  
The grave that next is open'd may be thine.

### *141. On a vertuous youth.*

Reader, let a stone thee tell  
That in this body there did dwell  
A soul, as heavenly, rich, and good,  
As e're could live in flesh and blood:  
And therefore heav'n that held it dear,  
Did let it stay the lesse while here,  
VWhose Corps here sacred ashes makes;  
Thus heav'n and earth have parted stakes.

### *142. On a Cock-master.*

Farewell stout hot-spur, now the battel's done,  
In which th'art foil'd, and death hath overcome,  
Having o'r-match'd thy strength that made thee  
She quickly forc'd thee on the pit to droop: (stoop  
From whence thou art not able rise or stir;  
For death is now become the vanquisher.

### *143. On a Mathematician.*

Loe, in small closure of this earthly bed,  
Rests he, that heavens vast motions measured,  
VWho

## Epitaphs.

Who having known both of the Land and sky,  
More than fam'd *Archimide*, or *Ptolomy*,  
Would further press, and like a *Palmer* went,  
With *Jacobs* staff, beyond the firmament.

### 144. On a Taylour.

*Jack Snip* the *Taylor's* dead, 'tis now too late  
To brawl or wrangle with the cruel fate,  
Yet sure 'twas hardly done to clip his thread,  
Before he gave them leave, in his own bed.  
He dy'd at forty just; poor shred of base  
Mortality! who pities not his case?  
Of a whole Ell of cloath, he would not take  
Above a nail at most, for Conscience sake:  
But of his span of life, I dare to say,  
Death stole not much less than one half away;  
And Coward-like, just when he was not well,  
With his own bodkin (pittiful to tell)  
He board a hole through him, that all his men  
And Prentices could not stitch up agen.

### 143. On his Mistress Death.

Unjustly we complain of Fate,  
For shortning our unhappy dayes,  
When death doth nothing but translate,  
And print us in a better phrase.

Yet

## Epitaphs.

---

Yet who can chuse but weep? Not I:  
That beauty of such excellence,  
And more vertue than could dye,  
By deaths rude hand is vanish'd hence.  
Sleep blest creature in thine Urn,  
My sighs, my tears, shall not awake thee.  
I but stay untill my turn;  
And then, O then! I'll overtake thee.

### 146. On *Hobson the Carrier*.

If Constellations which in heaven are fixt,  
Give life by influence to bodies mixt,  
And every sign peculiar right doth claim  
Of that to which it propagates a name;  
Then I conjure, *Charles* the great Northern star  
Whistled up *Hobson* for to drive his Car.  
He is not dead, but left his mansion here,  
Has left the Bull, and flitted to the Beare.  
Me thinks I see how *Charons* fingers itches,  
But he's deceiv'd he cannot have his riches.

### 147. Another on *Hobson*.

Whom seek ye firs? Old *Hobson*? sic upon  
Your tardiness, the Carrier is gon,  
Why stare you so? nay, you deserve to fail,  
Alas, here's nought, but his old rotten mail.

He

## Epitaphs.

He went a good-while since, no question store  
Are glad, who vext he would not go before :  
And some are griev'd he's gone so soon away,  
The Lord knows why he did no longer stay.  
How could he please you all ? I'm sure of this,  
He linger'd soundly, howsoe're you misse ;  
But gone he is, nor was he surely well  
At his departure, as mischance befell :  
For he is gone in such unwonted kind,  
As ne'r before, his goods all left behind.

### 148. *Old Hobsons Epitaph.*

Here *Hobson* lies among his many betters,  
A man unlearned, yet a man of Letters ;  
His carriage was well known, oft hath he gone  
In Embassy 'twixt father and the son :  
There's few in *Cambridge*, to his praise be it spoken,  
But may remember him by some good Token.  
From whence he rid to *London* day by day,  
Till death benighting him, he lost his way :  
His Team was of the best, nor would he have  
Been mir'd in any way, but in the grave.  
Nor is't a wonder, that he thus is gon,  
Since all men know, he long was drawing on.  
Thus rest in peace thou everlasting Swain,  
And supream Waggoner, next *Charles* his wain.

## Epitaphs.

---

### 149. Upon John Crop, who dyed by taking a vomit.

Man's life's a game at Tables, and he may  
Mend his bad fortune by his wiser play ;  
Death playes against us, each disease and sore  
Are blots, if hit, the danger is the more  
To lose the game ; but an old stander by,  
Binds up the blots, and cures the malady,  
And so prolongs the game ; *John Crop* was he  
Death in a rage did challenge for to see  
His play, the dice are thrown, when first he drinks,  
Casts, makes a blot, death hits him with a Sinque :  
He casts again ; but all in vain, for death  
By rh' after game did win the prize, his breath.  
What though his skill was good, his luck was bad,  
For never mortal man worse casting had.  
But did not death play false to win from such  
As he ? no doubt, he bare a man too much.

### 150. An honest Epitaph.

Here lies an honest man, Reader, if thou seek more,  
Thou art not so thy self ; for honesty is store  
Of Commendations ; and it is more praise,  
To dye an honest man, then full of dayes.



## Epitaphs.

---

### 151. *On a Cobler.*

Here lyes an honest Cobler, whom curst Fate,  
Perceiving near worn out, would needs translate ;  
'Twas a good thrifty soul, and time hath bin,  
He would well liquor'd wade through thick and  
But now he's gone, 'tis all that can be said, (thin :  
Honest *John* Cobler, is here under-laid.

### 152. *On a proud man.*

Good Reader know, that comest nigh,  
Here lies he low, that look'd so high.  
Both poor and nak'd, that was gay-cloath'd :  
Of all forsak'd, who others loath'd.  
He once thought all envy'd his worth :  
Nor great, nor small, now grudge his turf :  
The heavenly Gope was his ambition :  
Three Cubits scope is his fruition.  
He was above all ; God above him :  
He did not love all ; nor God love him :  
He that him taught first to aspire,  
Now hath him caught, and pays his hire.

### 153. *On an ireful and angry man.*

Here lyes a *Fury*, hight Sir *Ire*,  
That bred, and earn'd immortal fire.  
He 'gan to wrangle from the womb ;  
And was a wrangler to his Tomb.

A

## Epitaphs.

A peevish, and a foolish elfe,  
Foe to his God, his Saints, his self.  
He hated men, men did not love him :  
No evil but his own might move him :  
He was, and was earths load and care :  
He is, and is hells brand, and share.

### 154. On John Dawson Butler.

Dawson the Butler's dead, although I think,  
Poets were nere infus'd with single drink,  
I'll spend a farthing Muse, a watery Verse  
VVill serve the turn to cast upon his Herse.  
If any cannot weep among us here,  
Take off his cup, and so squeeze out a tear.  
VVeepe O ye barrels, let your drippings fall  
In trickling streams, make wast more prodigal,  
Then when our beer was good, that *John* may float  
To *Stix* in beer, and lift up *Charons* boat,  
VVith wholesom waves: and as the Conduits ran  
VVith Claret, at the Coronation,  
So let your channels flow with single Tiff,  
For *John* I hope is crown'd: take off your whiff,  
Ye men of *Rosmary*, and drink up all,  
Remembring 'tis a *Butlers* Funeral :  
Had he been Master of good double beer,  
My life for his, *John Dawson* had been here.

## Epitaphs.

### 155. On Turn-Coat.

*Passenger, Stay, Read, Walk. Here Lyeth,*

ANDREW TURNGOAT, WHO WAS NEITHER  
SLAVE, NOR SOULDIER, NOR PHYSITIAN,

NOR FENGER, NOR GOBLER, NOR  
FILCHER, NOR LAWYER, NOR USU  
RER, BUT ALL; WHO LIVED NEI  
THER IN CITY, NOR IN COUNTRY,  
NOR AT HOME, NOR ABROAD,

NOR AT SEA, NOR  
AT LAND, NOR  
HERE, NOR ELSE-  
WHERE, BUT EVERY  
WHERE; WHO DI-  
ED, NEITHER OF  
HUNGER, NOR POY-  
SON, NOR HATCHET;  
NOR HALTER, NOR  
DOGGE, NOR DIS-  
EASE, BUT OF  
ALL TOGETHER.

I. I. H. BEING NEI-  
THER HIS DEBTOR,

NOR HEIRE, NOR KINSMAN, NOR  
FRIEND, NOR NEIGHBOUR, BUT ALL,  
IN HIS MEMORY HAVE ERECTED,  
THIS NEITHER MONUMENT, NOR

TOMB, NOR SEPULCHER, BUT ALL, WISHING  
NEITHER EVIL, NOR WELL, NEITHER TO THEE,  
NOR TO ME, NOR HIM; BUT ALL UNTO ALL.

## Epitaphs.

### 156. On a Dyer.

Though death the Dyer colour-less hath made;  
Yet he dies pale, and will not leave his trade;  
But being dead, the means yet doth not lack,  
To dye his friends cloth into mourning black.  
Some Iure foresaw his death, for they of late  
Us'd to exclaim upon his dying Fate. (been;  
And weak, and faint, he seem'd oft times t'have  
For to change colours often he was seen;  
Yet there no matter was so foul, but he  
Would set a colour on it handsomely:  
Death him no unexpected stroke could give,  
That learnt to dye, since he began to live.  
He shall yet prove, what he before had try'd,  
And shall once more live after he hath dy'd,

### 157. On a disagreeing Couple.

*Hic jacet ille, qui centies & mille*

Did scold with his wife:

*Cum ille jacet illa, quæ communis in villa*

Did quittance his life:

His name was Nick, the which was sick,

And that very male,

Her name was Nan, who loved well a man;

So Gentlemen, vale.

## Epitaphs.

---

158. *On a Foot-boy that died with over much running.*

Base Tyrant death, thus to assail one tir'd,  
Who scarce his latest breath being left expir'd ;  
And being too too cruel thus to stay  
So swift a course, at length ran quite away.  
But pretty boy, be sure it was not death  
That left behind thy body out of breath :  
Thy soul and body running in a race,  
Thy soul held out, thy body tir'd apace,  
Thy soul gained, and left that lump of clay  
To rest it self until the latter day.

159. *On a Scrivener.*

Here to a period is the Scrivener come,  
This is the last sheet, his full point this Tomb.  
Of all aspersions I excuse him not,  
'Tis known he liv'd not without many a blot ;  
Yet he no ill example shew'd to any,  
But rather gave good Copies unto many.  
He in good Letters hath always been bred,  
And hath writ more then many men have read.  
He rulers had at his command by Law,  
And though he could not hang, yet he could draw  
He far more bond men had, and made, then any ;  
A dash alone of his pen ruin'd many ;

That

## Epitaphs.

That not without good reason, we might call  
His Letters great, or little, Capital.  
Yet is the Scriveners fate as sure as just ;  
When he hath all donethen he falls to dust.

### 160. On Mr. P. Gray.

Reader stay,  
And if I had no more to say,  
But here doth lye till the last day,  
All that is left of *Philip Gray* ;  
It might thy patience richly pay :  
For, if such men as he could dye,  
VVhat surety of life have thou and I ?

### 161. On a Chandler.

How might his dayes end that made weeks ? or he  
That could make light, here laid in darkness be ?  
Yet since his weeks were spent, how could he chuse  
But be depriv'd of light, and his trade lose ?  
Yet dead the Chandler is, and sleeps in peace,  
No wonder, long since melted was his greace :  
It seems that he did evil, for day light  
He hated, and did rather wish the night :  
Yet came his works to light, and were like gold  
Prov'd in the fire, but could not tryal hold ;  
His candle had an end, and deaths black night  
Is an extinguisher of all his light.

## Epitaphs.

---

### 162. *On a Smith.*

Farewell stout Iron-side, not all thine Art  
Could make a shield against death's envious Dart.  
Without a fault, no man his life doth pass.  
For to his Vice the Smith addicted was.  
He oft (as Choler is increas'd by fire)  
Was in a fume, and much inclin'd to ire.  
He had so long been us'd to forge, that he  
Was with a black-coal mark'd for forgery :  
But he for witness needed not to care,  
Who but a Black-smith was, though ne'r so fair ;  
And opportunities he needed not,  
That knew to strike then when the ir'n was hot ;  
As the door-Nailes he made, he's now as dead ;  
He them, and death him, hath knockt on the head.

### 163. *On a man drown'd in the Snow.*

Within a fleece of silent waters drown'd,  
Before my death was known, and grave I found ;  
The which exil'd my life from her sweet home,  
For grief straight froze it self into a tombe.  
One element my angry Fate thought meet  
To be my death, grave, tomb, and winding sheet :  
Phœbus himself, an Epitaph had writ,  
But blotting many ere he thought one fit ;  
He wrote untill my grave, and tomb were gone,  
And 'twas an Epitaph that I had none ;

For



## Epitaphs.

For every one that pass'd by that way,  
Without a sculpture read that there I lay.  
Here now the second time untomb'd I lye,  
And thus much have the best of Distiny :  
Corruption, from which onely one was free,  
Devour'd my grave, but did not feed on me :  
My first grave took me from the race of men,  
My last shall give me back to life agen.

### 164. *On Doctor Hackets wife.*

Drop mournful eyes your pearly trickling tears,  
Flow streams of sadness down the spangled  
Fall like the tumbling Cataracts of Nile, (spheres,  
Make deaf the world with cries ; let not a smile  
Appear, let not an eye be seen to sleep  
Nor slumber, onely let them serve to weep  
Her dear lamented death, who in her life  
Was a Religious, loyal, loving wife,  
Of Children tender, to a husband kind,  
Th'undoubted symtomes of a vertuous mind :  
Which makes her glorious, 'bove the highest pole,  
Where Angels sing sweet *Requiems* to her soul,  
She liv'd a none-such, did a none-such dye,  
Ne'r none-such here her Corps interr'd lye.

### 165. *On a beautiful Virgin.*

In this Marble buri'd lyes,  
Beauty, may enrich the Skyes,

## Epitaphs.

---

And added light to *Phæbus* eyes.

Sweeter then *Aurora's* aire,  
VVhen she paints the Lillies fair,  
And gilds Cowslips with her hair.

Chaster then the Virgin spring,  
Ere her bloflomes he doth bring,  
Or cause *Philomel* to fmg.

If fuch goodnefs live'mongft men,  
Bring me it ; I know then  
She is come from heaven agen.

But if not, ye ftanders by  
Cherifh me, and fay that I  
Am the next design'd to dy.

166. *An ancient Epitaph on Martin  
Mar-Prelate.*

*The Welshman is hanged,  
Who at our Kirk flanged,  
And at her ftate hanged,  
And breaded are his Buket.  
And though he be hanged,  
Yet he is not wranged,  
The Devil has him fanged  
In his kraked klukes.*

## Epitaphs:

---

### 167. Upon Hodge Pue's Father.

Oh cruel death that stopt the view  
Of *Toms* Parishioner good-man *Pue*,  
Who lived always in good order,  
Until that death stopt his Recorder,  
Which was betwixt Easter and Pentecost,  
In the year of the great frost :  
At *New-Market* then was the King,  
When as the Bells did merrily ring ;  
The Minister preached the day before  
Unto his Highness, and no more,  
Returning home, said prayers, and  
Buried the man as I understand.

### 168. On our prime English Poet *Geffery Chaucer* an ancient Epitaph.

*My Master Chaucer, with his fresh Comedies  
Is dead, alas ! chiefe Poet of Britaine,  
That whilome made full piteous Tragedies :  
The faults of Princes also did complaine,  
As he that was of making Soveraigne ;  
Whom all this land should of right preferre,  
Sith of our Language he was the Load-sterre.*

## Epitaphs.

---

169. On *Mr. Edm. Spencer, the famous Poet.*

At *Delphos* shrine, one did a doubt propound,  
Which by the Oracle must be released,  
Whether of Poets were the best renown'd,  
Those that survive, or they that are deceased?  
The Gods made answer by divine suggestion.  
While *Spencer* is alive, it is no question.

170. On *John Owen,*

Well had these words been added to thy herse,  
What e're thou speak'st (like *Ovid*) was a verse.

171. On *Michael Drayton buried in Westminster..*

Doe pious Marble, let thy Readers know,  
What they, and what their children ow  
To *Draytons* sacred name, whose dust  
We recommend unto thy trust.  
Protect his memory, preserve his story,  
And a lasting Monument of his glory,  
And when thy ruins shall disclaim  
To be the Treasury of his name:  
His name which cannot fade, shall be  
An everlasting Monument to thee.

172. On

## Epitaphs.

---

### 172. On Mr. Beaumont.

He that hath such acuteness, and such wit,  
As well may ask six lives to manage it ;  
He that hath writ so well, that no man dare  
Deny it for the best ; let him beware :  
*Beaumont* is dead, by whose sole death appears,  
Wit's a disease consumes men in few years.

### 173. On William Shakespear.

Renowned *Spencer* lye a thought more nigh  
To learned *Chaucer*, and rare *Beaumont* lye  
A little nearer *Spencer*, to make room  
For *Shakespear* in your threefold, fourfold tomb,  
To lodge all four in one bed make a shift  
Until Dooms-day, for hardly will a fifth,  
Betwixt this day and that, by Fates be slain,  
For whom your curtains may be drawn again.  
If your precedency in death do bar  
A fourth place in your sacred Sepulcher ;  
Under this sacred Marble of thine own,  
Sleep rare Tragædian *Shakespear* ! sleep alone.  
Thy unmolested peace in an unshared cave,  
Possess as Lord, not Tenant of thy grave,  
That unto us, and others it may be,  
Honour hereafter to be laid by thee.

### 174. On

## Epitaphs.

---

### 174. On Ben. Johnson.

Here lyes *Johnson* with the rest  
Of the Poets ; but the best.  
Reader, wo'dst thou more have known ?  
Ask his story, not this stone ;  
That will speak what this can't tell  
Of his glory. So farewell.

### 165. Another on Ben. J.

The Muses fairest light, in no dark time ;  
The wonder of a learned Age ; the line  
That none can pass ; the most proportion'd wit  
To Nature : the best Judge of what was fit :  
The deepest, plainest, highest, clearest pen :  
The voice most eccho'd by consenting men :  
The soul which answer'd best to all well said  
By others : and which most requital made :  
Tun'd to the highest key of ancient *Rome*,  
Returning all her musick with her own.  
In whom with nature, study claim'd a part,  
And yet who to himself ow'd all his Art ;  
Here lies *Ben. Johnson*, every age will look  
With sorrow here, with wonder on his Book.

## Epitaphs.

---

### 176. On Mr. Francis Quarles.

To them that understand themselves so well,  
As what, not who lies here, to ask, I'll tell,  
What I conceive, envy dare not deny,  
Far both from falshood, and from flattery.

Here drawn to land by death, doth lye  
A vessel fitter for the skye,  
Then *Jasons Argo*, though to *Greece*,  
They say, it brought the Golden Fleece.

The skilful Pilot steer'd it so,  
Hither and thither, to and fro,  
Through all the Seas of Poverty,  
Whether they far or near do lye  
And fraught it so with all the wealth,  
Of wit and learning, not by stealth,  
Or Piracy, but purchase got,  
That this whole lower world could not  
Richer Commodities, or more  
Afford to adde unto his store.

To heaven then with an intent  
Of new discoveries, he went,  
And left his Vessel here to rest  
Till his return shall make it blest.

The bill of Lading he that looks  
To know, may find it in his Books.



## Epitaphs.

---

### 177. On Doctor Donnes death.

He that would write an Epitaph for thee,  
And do it well, must first begin to be  
Such as thou wert ; for none can truly know  
Thy worth, thy life, but he that liv'd so.  
He must have wit to spare, and to hurle down ;  
Enough to keep the Gallants of the Town.  
He must have learning plenty ; both the Laws,  
Civil, and Common, to judge any Cause ;  
Divinity great store, above the rest ;  
None of the worst edition, but the best ;  
He must have language, travail, all the Arts ;  
Judgement to use ; or else he wants thy parts.  
He must have friends the highest, able to do ;  
Such as *Mecenas* and *Augustus* too ;  
He must have such a sickness, such a death,  
Or else his vain descriptions come beneath.  
Who then shall write an Epitaph for thee,  
He must be dead first ; let alone for me.

### 178. On Doctor Whaly.

What ? is the young *Apollo* grown of late  
Conscious his tender years are nothing fit  
To rule the now large *Heliconian* State,  
Without a sage Competitor in it ?

And

## Epitaphs.

And therefore sent death, who might *whaly* bring  
To be a Guardian to this stripling King?  
Sure so it is; but if we thought it might  
Be worse then this: namely, that th' Gods for spight  
To earth, had ta'n him hence; wee'd weep amain,  
VVee'd weep a *Phlegethon*, an Ocean;  
Which might without the help of *Charons* Oares,  
Ferry his soul to the *Elysian* shoares.

### 179. On Doctor Bambrigg.

Were but this Marble vocal, there  
Such an *Elogium* would appear  
As might, though truth did dictate, move  
Distrust in either faith or love;  
As ample knowledg as could rest  
Inshrined in a Mortals breast,  
VVhich ne' rethelss did open lye,  
Uncovered by humility.

A heart which piety had chose,  
To be her Altar, whence arose  
Such smoaking Sacrifice, that  
VVhere can onely wonder at;  
A honey tongue that could dispence,  
Torrents of sacred Eloquence;  
That 'tis no wonder if this stone  
Because it cannot speak, doth groan;  
For could Mortality assent,  
These ashes would prove elequent.

## Epitaphs.

---

### 181. *On Sir Walter Rawleigh at his Execution.*

Great heart, who taught thee so to dye ?  
Death yielding thee the victory ?  
Where took'st thou leave of life ? if there,  
How couldst thou be so freed from fear ?  
But sure thou dyest, and quit'st the state  
Of flesh and blood before the Fate.  
Else what a miracle were wrought,  
To triumph both in flesh and thought ?  
I saw in every stander by,  
Pale death, life onely in thine eye :  
Th'example that thou left'st was then,  
We look for when thou dy'st agen.  
Farewell, truth shall thy story say,  
We dy'd thou only liv'dst that day.

### 181. *On Sir Horatio Palavoxeene.*

Here lies Sir *Horatio Palavoxeene*,  
Who rob'd the Pope to pay the Queen,  
And was a thief. A Thief ? thou ly'st ;  
For why ? he rob'd but Antichrist.  
Him death with his beesome swept from *Babram*,  
Into the bosome of old *Abraham* ;  
But then came *Hergules* with his Club,  
And struck him down to *Belzebub*.

## Epitaphs.

---

### 182. *On Sir Francis Drake drowned.*

Where *Drake* first found, there last he lost his fame:  
And for Tomb left nothing but his name.  
His body's bury'd under some great wave,  
The Sea that was his glory, is his grave:  
Of him no man true Epitaph can make,  
For who can say, *Here lies Sir Francis Drake.*

### 183. *Sir Ph. Sidney on himself.*

It is not I that dye, I do but leave an Inn,  
Where harbour'd was with me, all filthy sin;  
It is not I that dye, I do but now begin  
Into eternal joy by faith to enter in. (Kin?)  
VVhy mourn you then my Parents, Friends, and  
Lament you when I lose, not when I win.

### 184. *On Sir Walter Rawleigh.*

If spight be pleas'd, when as her object's dead,  
Or malice pleas'd, when it hath bruis'd the head,  
Or envy pleas'd, when it hath what it would,  
Then all are pleas'd, for *Rawleighs* bloud is cold,  
VVhich were it warm and active, would o'recome,  
And strike the two first blind, the other dumb.

### 185. *On*

## Epitaphs.

---

### 185. *On Sir Philip Sidney.*

Reader: within this ground Sir *Philip Sidney* lies,  
Nor is it fit, that more  
I should acquaint;  
Lest superstition rise,  
And men adore  
A Lover, Scholar, Souldier, and a Saint.

### 186. *On a Learned Nobleman.*

He that can read a sigh, and spell a tear,  
Pronounce amazement, or accent well fear;  
Or get all grief by heart, he, only he,  
Is fit to write, or read thy Elegie.  
Unvalued Lord! that wert so hard a text,  
Read in one age, and understood i'th' next.

### 187. *On the Tombs in Westminster.*

Mortality, behold, and fear,  
What a change of flesh is here!  
Think how many Royal bones,  
Sleep within these heaps of stones;  
Here they lie, had Realms, and Lands;  
Who now want strength to stir their hands;  
Where

## *Epitaphs.*

Where from their Pulpits seal'd with dust,  
They preach, in greatness is no trust.  
Here's an Acre sown indeed,  
With the Richest, Royalst Seed,  
That the Earth did e're suck in,  
Since the first Man dy'd for sin:  
Here the bones of birth have cry'd,  
Though Gods they were, as men they dy'd:  
Here are Sands, ignoble things,  
Dropt from the ruin'd sides of Kings;  
Here's a world of Pomp and State  
Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

### *188. On Queen Elizabeth.*

Kings, Queens, Mens, Virgins eyes  
See where the mirrour lyes;  
In whom her friends have seen,  
A Kings State in a Queen:  
In whom her Foes surway'd,  
A Mans heart in a Maid.  
Whom left Men for her Piety,  
Should grow to think some Deity,  
Heaven hence by death did summon  
Her, to shew that she was Woman.

Epistrophe

189. On March 1st, 1890, John A. Smith was kept at the Asylum for the Insane at St. Louis, Mo.

March with his winds, had struck a Cedar tall,  
And weeping April mourns, the Cedars fall :  
And May hides her month no flowers shall bring,  
Since she must lose the flow'r of all the Spring:  
Thy March his winds, have caused April flow'rs,  
And yet sad May must lose his flow'r of flow'rs:

190. *On Prince Henry.*

Reader ; wonder think it none,  
Though I speak, and am a stone,  
Here is shrin'd Cœlestial dust,  
And I keep it but in trust,  
Should I not my Treasure tell,  
Wonder then you might as well,  
How this Stone could chuse to break,  
If it had not learn'd to speak,  
Hence amaz'd, and ask not me  
Whose these Sacred ashes be,  
Purposely it is conceal'd,  
For alas ! were they reveal'd,  
All that read, would by and by,  
Melt themselves to tears and dye.

191. On



## Epitaphs.

### 191. On King James's Death.

VVe justly, when a meaner Subject dyes,  
Begin his Epitaph, with, Here he lyes;  
But when a King, whose memory remains  
Triumphant over Death, with, Here he Reignes:  
Now he is dead, to whom the world imputes  
Deservedly, Eternal Attributes.  
For shall we think, his Glory can decrease,  
That's Honour'd with the stile, *The King of Peace*;  
VVhose happy Union of *Great Britanny*,  
Calls him the Blessed King of Unity:  
And in whose Royal Title it ensueth,  
Defender of the Faith, and King of Truth:  
These give thy brows with an Immortal Crown,  
(Great James) & turn thy Tomb into a Throne.

### 192. On the King of Sweden.

The world expects *Sweden's* Monumental Stone  
Should equal the Philosophers; each groan  
Should breath a Golden Vein, and every Verse  
Should draw *Elixar* from his fatal Herse.  
No fitter Subject, where strong lines should meet,  
Than such a Noble Center; could the feet  
Of able Verse but trace his Victories,

## Epitaphs.

Where all's transcendent, who out-parallel'd  
*Plutarch's* selected *Heroes*, and is held  
The tenth of Worthies : who hath over-acted  
Great *Cæsar's German-Comment*, and contracted  
His expeditions by preventing aw,  
He often overcame before he saw :  
And (what of his great Son, *Jove* us'd to say)  
He alwayes either found or made his way.  
Such was his personal and single fight,  
As if that death it self had ta'n her flight  
Into brave *Swedens* Scabbard; when he drew,  
Death with that steel inevitably flew.  
His Camp a Church, wherein the Gen'ral's life  
Was the best Sermon, and the only strife  
Amongst his, was to repeat it ; bended knee  
Was his prime posture, and his enemy  
Found this most prevalent ; his discipline  
Impartial and exact, it did out-shine  
Those Antique Martial Grecian, Roman lamps,  
From which most of the worlds succeeding Camps  
Have had their borrow'd light ; this, this was he,  
All this and more ; yet even all this can dye.  
Death surely ventur'd on the *Swede* to try,  
If Heav'n were subject to mortality ;  
And shot his soul to Heav'n, as if that she  
Could (if not kill) unthrone a Deity.  
But Death's deceiv'd, 'tis in another sense,  
That Heaven is said to suffer violence.

## Epitaphs.

No ir'n Chain-shot, but 'tis the golden chain  
Of Vertue, and the Graces are the main,  
That do unhinge the everlasting Gates,  
All which, like yoked undivided mates,  
Were link'd in *Sweden*; where then were enchain'd  
Like Orthodoxal, Volumes nothing feign'd:  
Though fairly bound, his story is not dipt  
In Oyle, but in his own true Manuscript.  
It is enough to name him, surely we  
Have got that *Romans* doting Lethargy:  
And may our names forget, if so we can  
Forget the name of *Sweden*; Renown'd man!  
Thou hadst no sooner made the Worthies ten,  
But Heaven did claim the tenth; jealous that men  
Vould Idolize thee, but their Instrument.  
Thus thy Meridian prov'd thy occident:  
Had longer dayes been granted by the Fates,  
*Rome* had heard this *Hannibal* at her gates.

Farewell, thou *Austrian* scourge,  
Thou modern wonder,  
Strange rain hath followed  
Thy last clap of thunder,  
A Shower of tears:  
And yet for ought we know,  
The Horn that's left,  
May blow down *Jericho*.

## Epitaph

163: To Death.

Death, art thou mad? or having lost thine eyes,  
Now throw'st thy dart at wild uncertainties?  
Which hits those men, who hadst thou eyes or  
Would challenge from thee mild obedience. (sense  
Their prudent looks gilt with Divinity,  
Thy trembling hand would cast thy dart away;  
And grant the wearied Bells a holy day;  
And thou griev'd for thy former cruelty  
Would'st to the world proclaim a Jubilee.  
But thou art blind and deaf: yet one or two  
At most, me thinks, had been enow  
To satisfy thy bloody Tyranny:  
But thou wouldst fain rob poor mortality  
Of all true worth, that men might be as base  
As thou art; and the Devils of thy race.  
Art thou Coward grown? why didst not dart  
Thy spight at lusty youth? whose valiant heart  
Would scorn thy fond Alarums, and would flight  
Thy mighty malice, and thy puny might.  
This had been fair enough; but thou goest further:  
That had been but man-slaughter, this is murder.  
To kill those rich-soul'd men, who secretly do  
Whisper unto their willing souls to go:  
But knowledge of thy weakness makes thee wise,  
Thou seek'st not triumphs now, but sacrifice.

Thy

## *Epitaphs.*

---

Thy malice fools thee too, thou hop'st they'd grieve  
Because they should be forc'd behind to leave  
Their honour'd worth ; but (fond fool) they be  
Now crown'd and cloath'd with immortality.  
Nor shalt thou kill their fames; here we will raise  
A Monument to them, shall out-last dayes ;  
Nor shall decay, untill the Trumpets call  
The world to see thy long-wish'd Funeral :  
Till then sleep blest souls, fre'd from hopes & fears.  
Whilst we do write your *Epitaphs* in tears.





---



FANCIES

A N D

Fantasticks.





it will be burning  
broths, let fates be lying, such

*face so fine a feature.*

Love be turning- El's

**N**on plene, De

Never yet was found

is meaning, Ever that hope



my. O then let my plants be

Beauty should have 6

moving, I love not with

Whome with his like is true

*(The banner contains illegible text.)*

peninguar 1539 si unno s.

## Fancies and Fantasticks.

### Enigma.

**A**S often as I please, it changeth forme,  
It is so Coward, though it do no harm;  
'Tis never hurt, nor ever doth it feed;  
'Tis nothing worth, yet nothing doth it need.  
Swiftly it runs, yet never maketh sound,  
And once being lost, again 'tis never found.  
'Tis a fit Servant for a Gentleman,  
And a true pattern for a Serving-Man.  
'Tis born a Gyant, lives a Dwarf, and nigh  
Unto its death, a Gyant doth it dye.

### Another on the six Cases.

No. Nanta was nominated for a W—  
Gen. For she that had been *Genitive* before:  
Dat. Notice hereof was to the *Justice* given,  
Acc. Who her accus'd, that she had loosely liven:  
Voc. But she cry'd mercy, and her fault up ript,  
Abl. And so was ta'n away and soundly whipt.  
Her Case was ill; yet will the question be,  
Being thus declin'd, in what a case was she.

If V 2 I, as I 3 V am true,

V must lye, and U

# Fancies and Fantasticks.

Thoughts—  
 Searching }  
 Valued? }  
 Love— } may **B**



Truth never ties  
 Too A foole yy

If **V<sup>2</sup>** have part



And **IF** **V** bb

Y'ave 1. 2. many then I. C.  
 And R not worth

Write } **Q Q**  
 Ile— } not yours **V V**

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

### *A Riddle.*

A Begger once exceeding poor,  
A penny pray'd me give him,  
And deeply vow'd ne'r to ask more  
And I ne'r more to give him,  
Next day he begg'd again, I gave,  
Yet both of us our Oaths did save.

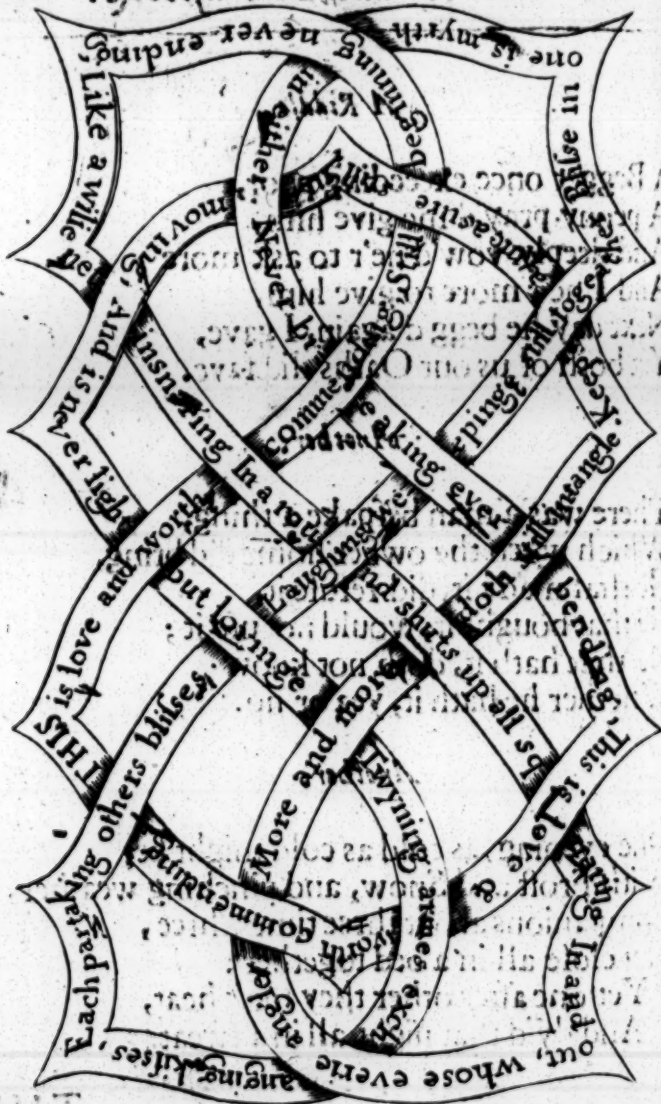
### *Another.*

There was a man bespake a thing,  
Which when the owner home did bring,  
He that made it, did refuse it,  
He that bought it, would not use it ;  
He that hath it, doth not know  
Whether he hath it, yea or no.

### *Another.*

One evening, as cold as cold might be,  
With Frost and Snow, and pinching weather,  
Companions about three times three,  
Lay close all in a bed together ;  
Yet one after other they took heat,  
And dy'd that night all in a sweat.

THIS



# Fables and Fantasticks

A doubtful meaning.

A

The *Feminine* kind is counted ill ;  
And is I swear, The contrary ;  
No man can find : That hurt they will ;  
But every where : Do show pity ;  
To no kind heart : They will be curst ;  
To all true friends : They will be trusty ;  
In no part : They work the worst ;  
VVith tongue and mind : But honestly ;  
They do detest : Inconstancy ;  
They do embrace : Honest intent ;  
They like least : Lewd fantasie ;  
In every case : Are penitent ;  
At no season : Doing amiss ;  
To it truly : Contrary ;  
To all reason : Subject and meek ;  
To no body : Malicious ;  
To friend or foe : Or gentle sort ;  
They be never : Doing amiss ;  
In weal and woe : Of like report ;  
They be ever : Be sure of this ;  
The *Feminine* kind : Shall have my heart ;  
Nothing at all : False they will be ;  
In word and mind : To suffer smart ;  
And ever shall : Believe you me.

...brought to light by ...  
2 A

# Fancies and Fantasticks!

---

2

A



That



doth

go

That's  
rul'd by i.

whose



sayes no :

Ile try e're trust  
ward left

my



Find flight regard.



# Fancies and Fantasticks.


The



a



whilst

I 

2 Lovers



That

gazed me.

There was nor



nor loathsome



That might disturb or break delight,

Nor



nor



in that same road,  
And yet to me they seem'd affright.  
favour

Then them I told,  
True Love cannot be  
bold.

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

*These may be read two or three ways.*

Your face	Your tongue	Your wit
so fair	so smooth	so sharp
first drew	then mov'd	then knit
mine eye	mine ear	my heart
Mine eye	Mine ear	My heart
thus drawn	thus mov'd	thus knit
affects	hangs on	yields to
Your face	Your tongue	your wit.

*These may be read backward or forward.*

Joy, Mirth, Triumphs, I do defie,  
Destroy me death ; Fain would I dye :  
Forlorn am I, love is exil'd,  
Scorn smiles thereat ; hope is beguil'd :  
Men banish'd blifs, in woe must dwell,  
Then Joy, Mirth, Triumphs, all farewell.

TRUE



## Fancies and Fantasticks.

---

<i>Est aliis</i>	<i>servire tenetur</i>
<i>Jure</i>	<i>qui</i>
<i>sum</i>	<i>servire necesse est</i>
<i>Jure tibi</i>	<i>me</i>
<i>Te nulli</i>	<i>cunctos</i>
	<i>aut are videris</i>
<i>Qui cunctos</i>	<i>hos laude</i>
<i>aut</i>	<i>fero cunctis.</i>

*Thus Englished.*

-ling is bound to serve his Mistris hands  
An-  
you & bound to do your high commands  
I'm  
None's you  
you all are then  
I'll praise you  
other men.



## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

### *A New years Gift.*

That our loves may never altar,  
Tye it fast with this strong Halter.

### *The Answer.*

The Rope is old, the Jest is new,  
I'll take the Jest, the Rope take you.

### *A Gentleman to his Love.*

Tell her I love; and if she ask how well;  
Tell her my tongue told thee, no tongue can tell.

### *Her Answer.*

Say not you love, unlesse you do,  
For lying will not honour you.

### *His Reply.*

Madam, I love, and love to do,  
And will not lye, unless with you.

### *To his Mistresse.*

A constant heart within a womans breast,  
Is Ophir gold within an Ivory Chest.

### *Her Answer.*

Of such a Treasure then thou art possesst,  
For thou hast such a heart in such a Chest.

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

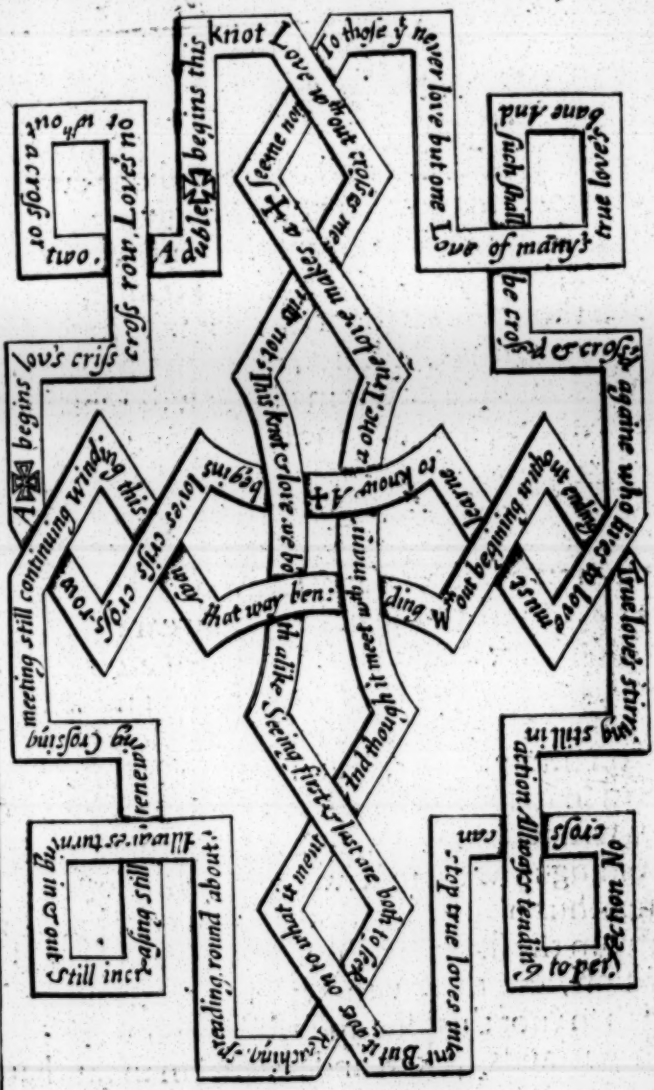
---

*On Chloris walking in the Snow.*

I saw fair *Chloris* walk alone,  
When feather'd rain came softly down,  
Then *Jove* descended from his Tower,  
To court her in a silver shower :  
The wanton Snow flew to her brest,  
Like little birds into their nest ;  
But overcome with whitenesse there,  
For grief it thaw'd into a tear ;  
Then falling down her garment hem,  
To deck her, froze into a gem.

*Upon Clarinda, begging a lock of her Lovers hair.*

Fairest *Clarinda*, she whom truth calls fair,  
Begg'd my heart of me, and a lock of hair ;  
Should I give both, said I, how should I live ?  
The lock I would, the heart I would not give :  
For that, least thieving love should steal away,  
Discretion had lock'd up, and kept the key ;  
As for the lock of hair which lovers use,  
My head laid on her knee, I pray'd her chuse,  
Taking her Sizzars by a cunning Art,  
First pick'd the lock, and then she stole my heart.



two. a cross of  
cross row. Love's no

able begins this  
knot Love is not  
To those y never  
love but one Love  
of many's true love's

And such shall  
be cross

begins  
love's cross  
meeting still continuing winding  
cross row

begins  
love's cross  
that way ben:

to know  
one's true  
meeting still continuing winding  
cross row

again who lives to love  
true love's striving  
still in action Always tending

meeting still continuing winding  
cross row

that way ben:

to know  
one's true  
meeting still continuing winding  
cross row

again who lives to love  
true love's striving  
still in action Always tending

meeting still continuing winding  
cross row

that way ben:

to know  
one's true  
meeting still continuing winding  
cross row

again who lives to love  
true love's striving  
still in action Always tending



## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

### *A Loving Bargain.*

Give me a kisse, I'll make that odd one even,  
Then treble that which you have given ;  
Be sure I'll answer you, and if I misse,  
Then take a thousand forfeits for a kisse,  
And a thousand be too few, then take more :  
Kisse me, with your kisses, make me poor :  
When I am begger'd some hope will remain,  
You will for pitty give me some again.

### *A Question.*

Between two Suiters, sat a Lady fair,  
Upon her head a Garland she did wear :  
And of the enamoured two, the first alone,  
A Garland wore like hers, the second none ;  
From her own head, she took the wreath she wore,  
And on him plac'd it, that had none before.  
And then mark this, their brows were both about  
Beset with Garlands, and she sate without ;  
Beholding now these Rivals on each side  
Of her thus plac'd, and deck'd with equal pride :  
She from the first mans head the wreath he had  
Took off, and therewith her own brow she clad.  
And then (not this) she and the second were  
With Garlands deck'd; and the first man sate bare.  
Now

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

Now which did she love best ? of him to whom  
She gave the wreath ? or him she took it from ?

### *The Answer.*

In my conceit, she would him soonest have,  
From whom she took, not him to whom she gave.  
For to bestow, many respects may move :  
But to receive, none can perswade but love.  
She grac'd him much on whom the wreath she  
plac'd ;  
But him whose wreath she wore, she much more  
grac'd.  
For where she gives, she there a Servant makes,  
But makes her self a Servant, where she takes.  
Then where she takes, she honours most : and where  
She doth most honour, she most love doth bear.

### *An Incomparable Kisse.*

Give me a Kisse from those sweet lips of thine,  
And make it double by enjoyning mine ;  
Another yet, nay yet another,  
And let the first Kisse be the seconds brother.  
Give me a thousand kisses, and yet more,  
And then repeat those that have gone before ;  
Let us begin, while day-light springs in Heaven,  
And kiss till night descends into the Ev'n,

And

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

And when that modest Secretary, Night,  
Discolours all but thy heav'n-beaming bright,  
We will begin Revels of hidden love,  
In that sweet Orbe where silent pleasures move.  
In high, new strains, unspeakable delight,  
We'll vent the dull hours of the silent night.  
Were the bright day no more to visit us,  
O then for ever would I hold thee thus ;  
Naked, inchain'd, empty of idle fear,  
As the first Lovers in the Garden were.  
I'll dye betwixt thy breasts that are so white,  
For, to dye there, would do a man delight.  
Embrace me still, for time runs on before,  
And being dead we shall embrace no more.  
Let us kiss faster than the hours do fly,  
Long live each kiss, and never know to dye.  
Yet if that fade, and fly away too fast,  
Impress another, and renew the last ;  
Let us vie kisses, till our eye-lids cover,  
And if I sleep, count me an idle Lover,  
Admit I sleep, I'll still pursue the Theam,  
And eagerly I'll kiss thee in a dream.  
O give me way ; grant love to me thy friend,  
Did hundred thousand suiters all contend  
For thy Virginity, there's none shall woe  
With heart so firm as mine ; none better do  
Then I with your sweet sweetness ; if you doubt,  
Pierce with your eyes my heart, or pluck it out.

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

*To his Mistress.*

Dearest, thy twin'd hairs are not threds of Gold,  
Nor thine eyes Diamonds; nor do I hold  
Thy lips for Rubies, nor thy cheeks to be  
Fresh Roses; nor thy Dugs of Ivory;  
The skin that doth thy dainty body sheath,  
Not Alabaster is; nor dost thou breath  
Arabian Odours; these the earth brings forth,  
Compar'd with thine, they would impair thy worth;  
Such then are other Mistresses: but mine  
Hath nothing Earth, but all Divine.

*The Answer.*

If Earth doth never change, nor move,  
There's nought of Earth sure in thy love;  
Sith Heavenly bodies with each one,  
Concur in Generation;  
And wanting gravity are light,  
Or in a borrowed lustre bright;  
If meteors and each falling star,  
Of heavenly matter framed are,  
Earth hath thy Mistrisse, but sure thine  
All heavenly is, though not divine,

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

*To his Mistresse.*

I love, because it comes to me by kind ;  
And much, because it much delights my mind :  
And thee, because thou art within my heart :  
And thee alone, because of thy desert.

I love, and much, and thee, and thee alone,  
By kind, mind, heart, and every one.

*Her Answer.*

Thou lov'st not, because thou art unkind,  
Nor much, 'cause it delighteth not thy mind :  
Nor me, because I am not in thy heart :  
Nor me alone, because I want desert :

Thou lov'st not much, nor me, nor me alone,  
By kind, mind, heart, desert, nor any one.

*Clownish Courtship.*

Excellent Mistresse, brighter than the Moon,  
Then scoured Pewter, or the Silver spoon,  
Fairer than *Phæbus*, or the morning star ;  
Dainty fair Mistresse, by my troth you are  
As far excelling *Dian* and her Nymphs,  
As lobsters crawfish, and as crawfish strimps :  
Thine eyes like Diamonds, do shine most clearly,  
As I'm an honest Man, I love thee dearly.

# *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

## *A Comparison.*

Like to the self-inhabiting Snail,  
Or like a Squirrel pent-hous'd under his tail,  
Even such is my Mistresse face in a vail :  
Or like to a Carp that's lost in mudding,  
Nay, more like to a black pudding :  
For as the pudding, the skin lies within,  
So doth my Mistresse beauty in a taffity gin.

## *A Question.*

Tell me (Sweet heart) how spell'st thou *Jone*,  
Tell me but that, 'tis all I crave ;  
I shall not need to be alone,  
If such a lovely mate I have ;  
That thou art one, who can deny ?  
And all will grant that I am I,  
If I be I, and thou art one,  
Tell me (Sweet heart) how spell'st thou *Jone*.

## *The Answer.*

I tell you Sir, and tell you true,  
That I am *I*, and I am *one*,  
So can I spell *Jone* without you,  
And spelling so, can lye alone :

My

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

My eye to one is consonant,  
But as for yours it is not so;  
If that your eye agreement want,  
I to your eye must answer no;  
Therefore leave off your loving plea,  
And let your I be I per se.

*Loves prime.*

Dear Love, do not you your fair beauty wrong  
With thinking still you are too young;  
The Rose and Lilly in your cheek  
Do flourish, and no ripening seek:  
Those flaming beams shot from your eye,  
Do show Loves Midsummer is nigh.  
Your cherry-lip, red, soft and sweet,  
Proclaim such fruit for taste is meet:  
Then lose no time, for love hath wings,  
And flies away from aged things.

*Another to his Mistress.*

When first I saw thee, thou didst sweetly play  
The gentle thief, and stol'st my heart away:  
Render me mine again, or leave thy own,  
Two are too much for thee, since I have none:  
But if thou wilt not, I will swear thou art  
A sweet-fac'd creature with a double heart.

*Ans.*



## Fancies and Fantasticks.

---

*Another.*

Sweetest fair be not too cruel,  
Blot not beauty with disdain,  
Let not those bright eyes add fewel  
To a burning heart in vain ;  
Lest men justly when I dye,  
Deem you the Candle, me the Fly.

*Another.*

I cannot pray you in a studied stile,  
Nor speak words distant from my heart a mile ;  
I cannot visit *Hide-Park* every day,  
And with a *Hackney*, court my time away ;  
I cannot spaniolize it week by week,  
Or wait a month to kiss your hand or cheek ;  
If when you'r lov'd, you cannot love againe,  
Why, do but say so, I am out of pain.

*Excuse for absence.*

You'l ask perhaps wherefore I stay,  
(Loving so much, ) so long away ?  
I do not think 'twas I did part,  
It was my body, not my heart :

For

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

For like a Compasse in your love,  
One foot was fixt, and cannot move ;  
Th' other may follow the blind guide  
Of giddy fortune, but cannot slide  
Beyond your service ; nor will venter  
To wander far from you the Center.

*To a fair, but unkind Mistress.*

I prethee turn that face away,  
Whose splendor but benights my day ;  
Sad eyes like mine, and wounded hearts,  
Shun the bright rayes that beauty darts ;  
Unwelcome is the Sun that pries  
Into those shades where sorrow lies.  
Go shine on happy things, to me  
The blessing is a misery ;  
For your bright Sun, not warms, but burns ;  
Like that the Indian footy turns.  
I'll serve the night, and there confin'd,  
With thee less fair, or else more kind.

*To himself.*

Retreat sad heart, breed not thy further pain ;  
Admire, but fonder thoughts seek to refrain.

# *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

*To some Ladies.*

Ladies, you that seem so nice,  
And in show as cold as ice,  
And perhaps have held out thrice,  
Do not think, but in a trice,  
One or other may entice;  
And at last by some device,  
Set your honour at a price.

You whose smooth and dainty skin,  
Rosie lips, or cheeks, or chin,  
All that gaze upon you win,  
Yet insult not, sparks within  
Slowly burn e'r flames begin,  
And presumption still hath bin  
Held a most notorious sin.

*A Heart lost.*

Good folk, for love or hire,  
But help me to a Cryer,  
For my poor heart is gone astray  
After two eyes that went that way.  
O yes! If there be any man  
In Town or Country, can  
Bring me my heart again,  
I'll pay him for his pain.

R

And

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

And by these marks I will you show,  
That only I this heart do ow :  
It is a wounded heart,  
Wherein yet sticks the dart,  
Every part sore hurt throughout :  
Faith and troth writ round about.  
It is a tame heart and a dear,  
That never us'd to roam,  
But having got a haunt, I fear  
VWill never stay at home,  
For love-sake walking by this way,  
If you this heart do see ;  
Either impound it for a stray,  
Or send it home to me.

### *The sad Lover.*

VWhy should I wrong my judgement so,  
As for to love where I do know  
There is no hold for to be taken ?

For what her wish thirsts after most,  
If once of it her heart can boast,  
Straight by her folly 'tis forsaken.

Thus whilst I still pursue in vain,  
Methinks I turn a child again,  
And of my shadow am a chasing.

For

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

For all her favours are to me  
Like apparitions which I see,  
But never can come near th'mbracing.

Oft had I wish'd that there had been  
Some Almaraack whereby to have seen  
When love with her had been in season.

But I perceive there is no art  
Can find the Epact of the heart,  
That loves by chance, and not by reason.

Yet will I not for this despaire,  
For time her humot may prepare  
To grace him who is now neglected.

And what unto my constancy  
Shee now denies : one day may be  
From her inconstancy expected.

### *A Watch sent to a Gentlewoman.*

Go and count her happy hours,  
They more happy are than ours :  
The day that gets her any blifs,  
Make it twice as long as 'tis :  
The hour she smiles in, let it be  
By thine art increas'd to thee :

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

But if the frown on thee or mee,  
Know night is made, by her, not thee :  
Be swift in such an hour, and soon  
Make it night, though it be noon :  
Obey her time, who is the free,  
Fair Sun that governs thee and me.

### *On a Fairing.*

Let them whose heart distrusts a Mistriss faith,  
Bribe it with gifts : mine no suspicion hath :  
It were a sin of as much stain to me,  
To think you false, as so my self to be.  
If to reward that thou hast exprest,  
Thou dost expect a present : 'tis confess  
'Twere justice from another, but I am  
So poor ; I have not left my self a name  
In substance ; not made thine by gift before :  
He that bestowes his heart, can give no more.  
If thou wouldst have a fairing from me, then  
Give me my self back, I'll give it thee agen.

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---



### *Posies for Rings.*

We are agreed  
In time to speed.

I trust in time  
Thou wilt be mine.

In thy breast  
My heart doth rest.

This and the giver  
Are thine for ever.

'Tis love alone  
Makes two but one.

Loves knot once ty'd  
Who can divide?

Where hearts agree  
No strife can be.



## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

God above  
Increase our love.

Though time do slide,  
Yet in true love abide.

Nought so sweet,  
As when we greet.

Thy affection,  
My perfection.

*With a*  *to Julia.*

*Julia*, I bring  
To thee this Ring,  
Made for thy *finger* fit ;  
To shew by this,  
That our love is  
Or sho'd be, like to it.

Close though it be  
Thy joynt is free :  
So when lov's yoke is on  
It must not gall,  
Or fret at all  
VVith hard oppression.

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

But it must play  
Still either way ;  
And be, too, such a yoke,  
As not too wide,  
To overslide ;  
Or be so strait to choak.

So we, who bear,  
This beam, must rear  
Our selves to such a height :  
As that the stay  
Of either may  
Create the burden light.

And as this round  
Is no where found  
To flaw or else to sever :  
So let our love  
As endless prove ;  
And pure as Gold for ever.

*True beauty.*

May I find a woman fair,  
And her mind as clear as air ;  
If her beauty goe alone,  
'Tis to me, as if 'twere none.

R 4

May

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

May I find a woman rich,  
And not of too high a pitch :  
If that pride should cause disdain,  
Tell me, Lover, where's thy gain ?

May I find a woman wise,  
And her falshood not disguise ;  
Hath she wit, as she hath will ?  
Double arm'd she is to ill.

May I find a woman kind,  
And not wavering like the wind,  
How should I call that love mine,  
When 'tis his, and his, and thine ?

May I find a woman true,  
There is beauties fairest hue ;  
Where is beauty, love and wit,  
Happy he can compass it.

### *Choice of a Mistress.*

Not that I wish my Mistris  
More or less then what she is,  
Write I these lines, for 'tis too late  
Rules to prescribe unto my fate.

But yet as their weak stomachs call  
For some choice meat, that bears not all :

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

A queazy lover may impart,  
What Mistress 'tis doth please his heart.

First I would have her richly spred,  
With natures blossoms white and red ;  
For flaming hearts will quickly dye,  
That have not fewel from the eye.

Yet this alone will never win,  
Except some treasure lies within ;  
For where the spoile's not worth the stay,  
Men raise their siege and go away.

I'd have her wise enough to know  
When, and to whom a grace to show :  
For she that doth at random chuse,  
She will as soon her choice refuse.

And yet methinks I'd have her mind  
To flowing courtesie inclin'd :  
And tender hearted as a maid,  
Yet pity only when I pray'd.

And I would wish her true to be,  
(Mistake me not) I mean to me ;  
She that loves me, and loves one more,  
Will love the Kingdom o'r and o'r.

And

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

And I could wish her full of wit,  
Knew she how to huswife it :  
But she whose wisdom makes her dare  
To try her wit, will sell more ware.

Some other things, delight will bring,  
As if she dances, play, and sing.  
So they be safe, what though her parts  
Catch ten thousand forain hearts.

But let me see, should she be proud ;  
A little pride should be allow'd.  
Each amorous boy will sport and prate  
Too freely, where he finds not state.

I care not much though she let down  
Sometime a chiding, or a frown.  
But if she wholly quench desire,  
'Tis hard to kindle a new fire.

To smile, to toy, is not amiss,  
Sometimes to interpose a kiss ;  
But not to cloy ; sweet things are good,  
Pleasant for sawce, but not for food.

*Wishes*

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

*Wishes to his supposed Mistress.*

Who e'r she be,  
That is the onely she,  
That shall command my heart and me.

Might you hear my wishes  
Bespeak her to my blisses,  
And be call'd my absent kisses.

I wish her beauty,  
That owes not all her duty  
To gawdy tire, or some such folly.

A face that's best  
By its own beauty drest;  
And can alone command therest.

Smiles, that can warm  
The blood, yet teach a charm  
That chastity shall take no harm.

Joyes that confesse  
Vertue her Mistress,  
And have no other head to dresse.

Dayes, that in spite  
Of darkness, by the light  
Of a clear mind, are day all Night.

Life

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

Life that dares send  
A challenge to his end,  
And when it's come, say, Welcome friend.

Soft silken Howers,  
Open Suns; shady Bowers,  
'Bove all; Nothing within that lowers.

I wish her store  
Of wealth may leave her poor  
Of wishes; and I wish no more.

Now if time knows,  
That her whose radiant browes,  
Weave them a Garland of my vows.

Her that dare bee,  
VVhat these lines wish to see,  
I seek no further, it is shee.

Such worth as this is  
Shall fix my flying wishes  
And determine them to kisses.

Let her full glory,  
(My fancies) flye before ye,  
Be ye my fiction, but her my story.



# *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

*To a Lady.*

*Madam,*

Should I smother this ambitious fire,  
VVhich actuates my verse : it would aspire  
To blear your vertues, in a glimm'ring line ;  
And your perfections in its measures twine.  
But I have check'd my fancy Muse, nor dares  
Dull Poetry attempt to scan the spheares ;  
Or in a cloudy rime invaile the light,  
Or court the trembling VVatchmen of the night ;  
Some vulgar vertue, or single blaze,  
Might stand in verse ; and would endure a gaze :  
But when both Art, and Nature, shall agree  
To sum them all in one Epitome :  
VVhen the perfections of both sexes, are  
Lock'd in one female store house ; who shall dare  
In an audacious rapture, to untwine  
Into loose numbers, what heaven doth enshrine,  
In one rich breast ? Dazled invention say,  
Canst thou embowel either *India*,  
In one poor rime ? Or can thy torch-light fire,  
Shew us the Sun ; or any Star that's higher ?  
If thou wilt needs spend thy officious flame,  
Do it in admiration : but disclaim  
Thy power to praise : thy slenders wishes, bear,  
And be the Herauld of the new-born year :

VVish

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

With that each rising Sun, may see her more  
Happy, then when he rose the morn before ;  
And may, when e'r he gilds the envious West,  
Leave her more blest, then when he grac'd the feast  
VVish higher yet, that her felicity  
May equalize her vertues : Poetry  
Thou art too low ; canst thou not swell a strain  
May reach my thoughts : good Madam since 'tis  
(vain,  
(And yet my verse to kiss your had presum'd)  
Let it to be your sacrifice be doom'd :  
And what it wants in true Poetique fire,  
Let the flame adde, till so my Muse expire.

### *An Eccho.*

Come Eccho I thee summon,  
Tell me truly what is Woman ?  
If worn, she is a feather,  
If woo'd, she's frosty weather ;  
If worn, the wind not flighter :  
If weigh'd, the Moons not lighter :  
If lain withall, she's apish :  
If not lain with, she's snappish.

Come Eccho I thee summon,  
Tell me once more what is woman ?  
If fair, she's coy in courting,  
If witty, loose in sporting,

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

If ready, she's but cloathing,  
If naked, she's just nothing,  
If not belov'd, she horns thee;  
If lov'd too well, she scorns thee.  
The Eccho still replied,  
But still me thought she lyed.

Then for my Mistres's sake,  
I again reply did make.  
If worn, she is a Jewel,  
If woo'd, she is not cruel,  
If won, no Rock is surer,  
If weigh'd, no gold is purer,  
If lain withal, delicious;  
If not, yet no way vitious.  
False Eccho go, you lye,  
See your errours I discry.

And for the second summon I  
This for woman do-reply.  
If fair, she's heavenly treasure,  
If witty, she's all pleasure,  
If ready, she's quaintest,  
If not ready, she's daintiest,  
If lov'd, her heart she spares not,  
If not belov'd, she cares not.  
False Eccho go, you-lye,  
See, your errours I descry.

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

*To Fortune.* (

Since Fortune thou art become so kind,  
To give me leave to take my mind,  
Of all thy store.

First it is needful that I find  
Good meat and drink of every kind;  
I ask no more.

And then that I may well digest  
Each several morsel of the feast:  
See thou my store.

To ease the care within my breast,  
With a thousand pound at least:  
I ask no more.

A well born and a pleasing Dame,  
Full of beauty void of shame:  
Let her have store  
Of wealth, discretion, and good fame;  
And able to appease my flame.  
I ask no more.

Yet ore thing more do not forget,  
Afore that I do do this feat,  
Forgot before;

That she a Virgin be, and neat,  
Of whom two sons I may beget;  
I ask no more.

Let them be Barons, and impart

To

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

To each a Million for his part ;  
I thee implore.  
That when I long life have led,  
I may have Heaven when I am dead :  
I ask no more.

### *A Dialogue between Icaris, and surprized Phillida.*

*Phil.* Prettie Sweet-one look on me,  
Faine I would thy Captive be;  
Bound by thee is *Liberty*.

*Icar.* Be not so unkindly wise,  
For your looks will bribe my eyes;  
To divulge where my heart lyes.

*Phil.* If they do, thou need'st not fear,  
By my innocence I swear,  
I'll but place another there.

*Icar.* That's my fear, I dare not prove,  
Nor my resolution move.  
'Cause I know you are in love.

*Phil.* Lov'd *Icarus*, and if I be,  
I know it cannot injure thee :  
Love and beauty will agree.

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

*Icar.* Oh you do my hearing wrong,  
I have turn'd my eyes thus long  
To be captiv'd by your tongue.

*Phil.* Then my houres are happy spent,  
If my tongue give such content,  
It shall be thy *Instrument*.

*Icar.* But be sure you use it then,  
Thus unto no other men,  
Lest that I grow deaf agen.

*Fidelius and his silent Mistriss Flora.*

*Fid.* My dearest *Flora* can you love me?

*Flo.* Prethee prove me.

*Fid.* Shall I have your hand to kifs?

*Flo.* Yes, yes.

*Fid.* On this whiteness let me swear.

*Flo.* No, pray forbear.

*Fid.* I love you dearer then mine eyes.

*Flo.* Be wise.

*Fid.* I prize no happiness like you.

*Flo.* Will you be true?

*Fid.* As is the Turtle to her Mate.

*Flo.* I hate:

*Fid.* VVho? my divinest *Flora*, me?

*Flo.* No, flattery.

*Fid.*

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

*Fid.* He that flatters, may he dye.

*Flo.* Perpetually.

*Fid.* And his black urne be the cell

*Flo.* Where Furies dwell.

*Fid.* May his name be blasphemous,

*Flo.* To us.

*Fid.* His memory for every rot ;

*Flo.* And be forgot.

*Fid.* Lest it keep our age and youth,

*Flo.* From love and truth.

*Fid.* Thus upon your Virgin hand,

*Flo.* Your vows shall stand.

*Fid.* This kiss confirms my act and deed,

*Flo.* You may exceed.

*Fid.* Your hand, your lip, Ile vow on both ;

*Flo.* A dangerous oath.

*Fid.* My resolution ne'r shall start ;

*Flo.* You have my heart.

### *Fears and Resolves of two Lovers.*

*A.* What wouldst thou wish ? tell me dear lover,

*I.* How I might but thy thoughts discover.

*A.* If my firm love I were denying,

Tell me, with sighs wouldst thou be dying ?

*I.* Those words in jest to hear thee speaking,

For very grief, this heart is breaking.

*A.* Yet wouldst thou change ? I prethee tell me,



## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

In seeing one that doth excell me ?

- I. O no, for how can I aspire,  
To more then to my own desire ?  
This my mishap doth chiefly grieve me ;  
Though I do swear't, you'l not believe me.

A. Imagine that thou dost not love me ;  
But some beauty that's above me.

- I. To such a thing Sweet do not will me ;  
The naming of the same will kill me.

A. Forgive me fair one, Love hath fears :

- I. I do forgive, witness these tears.

### *A Sonnet.*

Who can define, this, all things, nothing, love,  
Which hath so much of every thing in it ?  
Which watry, with the Planets oft doth move,  
And with the Zoane it hath a fiery fit ;  
Oft seizes men, like massy stupid earth,  
And with the Aire, it filleth every place ;  
Which had no Midwife, nor I think no birth,  
No shrine, no arrows, but a womans face.  
A God he is not, for he is unjust ;  
A Boy he is not, for he hath more power ;  
A Faction 'tis not, all will yield I trust ;  
What is it then, that is so sweetly sower ?  
No Law so wise, that can his absence prove ?  
But (ah) I know there is a thing call'd Love.

A

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

### *A Love-sick sonnet.*

Love is a sickness full of woes,  
All remedies refusing;  
A plant that with most cutting growes  
Most barren with best using.  
Why so?

More we enjoy it, more it dyes,  
If not enjoy'd, it sighing cries  
Hey ho!

Love is a torment to the mind,  
A tempest everlasting;  
And *Jove* hath made it of a kind,  
Not well, nor full nor fasting,  
Why so?

More we enjoy it, more it dyes,  
If not enjoy'd, it sighing cries  
Hey ho!

### *A Question.*

Fain would I learn of men the reason why  
They swear they dye for love, yet lowly ly?  
Or why they fondly dote on, and admire  
A painted face or a fantastick tyre?  
For while such Idols they fall down before,

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

They prove more fools then those they thus a-  
(dore.

*Answer.*

The reason why men loving lowly ly ;  
Is hope to gain their purposes thereby.  
And that they fondly dote on paint and tires ;  
'Tis just in love, to shew mens fond desires.  
And for the rest, this have I heard from Schools  
That love, makes foolish wise, & wise men fools.

*Sighs.*

All night I muse, all day I cry,  
ay me.  
Yet still I wish, though still deny,  
ay me.  
I sigh, I mourn, and say that still,  
I onely live my joyes to kill ;  
ay me.  
I feed the pain that on me feeds ;  
ay me.  
My wound I stop not, though it bleeds ;  
ay me.  
Heart be content, it must be so.  
For springs were made to overflow.  
ay me.  
His sigh and weep, and mourn thy fill ;

ay

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

ay me.  
Seek no redress, but languish still,  
ay me.  
Their griefs more willing they endure,  
That know when they are past recure.  
ay me.

### *To Celia weeping.*

Fairest, when thine eyes did poure  
A chrystal shower ;  
I was perswaded, that some stone  
Had liquid grown ;  
And thus amaz'd ; sure thought I  
VVhen stones are moist, some rain is nigh.  
VVhy weep'st thou ? cause thou canst not be  
More hard to me ?  
So Lionesses pittie, so  
Do Tygres too :  
So doth that Bird, which when she's fed  
On all the man, pines o're the head.  
Yet I'll make better omens till  
Event beguile ;  
Those pearly drops, in time shall be  
A precious Sea ;  
And thou shalt like the Coral prove,  
Soft under water, hard above.

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

### *An Hymne to Love.*

I will confefs  
With cheerfulnefs,  
Love is a thing so likes me,  
That let her lay  
On me me all day,  
I'll kiss the hand that strikes me.

I will not, I  
Now blubbring cry,  
It (ah ! ) too late repents me,  
That I did fall  
To love at all,  
Since love so much contents me.

No, no, I'll be  
In fetters free ;  
While others they sit wringing  
Their hands for pain,  
I'll entertain  
The wounds of love with singing,

VVith flowers and wine  
And Cakes divine,  
To strike me I will tempt thee ;  
Which done ; no more

I'll

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

Ile come before  
Thee and thine Altars empty.

### *Love's Discoveries.*

With much of paine, and all the Art I knew,  
Have I endeavor'd hitherto  
To hide my love; and yet all will not do.

The world perceives it, and it may be, she;  
Though so discreet and good she be,  
By hiding it, to teach that skill to me.

Men without love have oft so cunning grown;  
That something like it they have shown,  
But none that had it ever seem'd t'have none.

Love's of a strangely open, simple kind,  
Can no arts or disguises find,  
But thinks none sees it cause it self is blind.

The very eye betrays our inward smart;  
Love of himself left there a part,  
When through it he past into the heart.

Or if by chance the face betray not it,  
But keep the secret wisely, yet,  
Like drunkenness into the tongue t'will get.

*Heart.*

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

### *Heart-breaking.*

It gave a piteous groan, and so it broke ;  
In vain it something would have spoke :  
The love within too strong for't was  
Like poyson put into a Venice Glafs.

I thought that this same Remedy might prove,  
But, oh, the mighty Serpent Love,  
Cut by this chance in pieces small,  
In all still liv'd, and still it stung in all.

And now (alas) each little broken part  
Feels the whole pain of all my heart :  
And every smallest corner still  
Lives with that torment which the whole did kill.

Even so rude Armies when the field they quit,  
And into several Quarters get ;  
Each Troop does spoile and ruine more,  
Then all joyn'd in one body did before.

Hōw many loves reign in my bosome now ?  
How many loves, yet all of you ?  
Thus have I chang'd with evil fate,  
My Monarch Love into a Tyrants state.

A



## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

### *A Tear sent his Mistress.*

Glide gentle streams, and bear  
Along with you my tear.  
To that coy Girle,  
Who smiles, yet flayes  
Me with delayes;  
And strings my tears as Pearle.

See! see she's yonder set,  
Making a Caskanet  
Of maiden-flowers!  
There, there present  
This Orient,  
And Pendant Pearl of ours.

Then say, I've sent one more  
Jem, to enrich her store;  
And that is all  
Which I can I send,  
Or vainly spend,  
For teares no more will fall.

Nor will I seek supply  
Of them, the springs once dry;  
But I'll devise,

(Among

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

(Amongst the rest)  
A way that's best  
How I may save mine eyes,

Yet say, sho'd she condemn  
Me to surrender them ;  
Then say ; my part  
Must be to weep  
Out them ; to keep  
A poor, yet loving heart.

Say too, she wo'd have this ;  
She shall : Then my hope is,  
That when I'm poor,  
And nothing have  
To send, or save ;  
I'm sure she'l ask no more.

*A Song,*

To thy lover,  
Dear, discover  
That sweet blush of thine that shameth  
(When those Roses  
It discloses)  
All the flowers that nature nameth.

In fre Ayre,  
Flow thy Hair ;

That

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

That no more Summers best dresses,  
Be beholden  
For their Golden  
Locks to *Phæbus* flaming Tresses?

O deliver  
Love his Quiver,  
From thy eyes he shoots his Arrows,  
Where *Apollo*  
Cannot follow:  
Feathered with his mothers Sparrows.

O envy not  
(That we dye not)  
Those dear lips whose door encloses  
All the Graces  
In their Places,  
Brother Pearles, and sister Roses.

From these Treasures  
Of ripe Pleasures  
One bright smile to clear the weather.  
Earth and Heaven  
Thus made even,  
Both will be good friends together.

The aire does wooe thee,  
Winds cling to thee,

Might  
/

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

Might a word once fly from out thee ;  
Storm and thunder  
Would sit under,  
And keep silence round about thee.

But if natures  
Common Creatures,  
So dear glories dare not borrow ;  
Yet thy beauty  
Owes a duty  
To my loving lingering sorrow.

VWhen my dying  
Life is flying ;  
Those sweet Aires that often flew me ;  
Shall revive me,  
Or reprove me,  
And to many deaths renew me.

### *The Cruel Maid.*

'And cruel maid, because I see  
You scornful of my love, and me :  
Ile trouble you no more ; but goe  
My way, where you shall never know  
VVhat is become of me : there I,  
VVill find me out a path to dye ;

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

Or learn some way how to forget  
You and your name, for ever : yet  
Ere eye go hence, know this from me,  
VVhat will, in time, your fortune be :  
This to your coyness I will tell ;  
And having spoke it once, Farewell.  
The Lilly will not long endure ;  
Nor the Snow continue pure :  
The Rose, the Violet, one day  
See, both these Lady-flowers decay :  
And you must fade, as well as they.  
And it may chance that love may turn,  
And (like to mine) make your heart burn.  
And weep to see't ; yet this thing do,  
That my last vow commends to you :  
VVhen you shall see that I am dead,  
For pittie let a tear be shed ;  
And (with your Mantle o're me cast)  
Give my cold lips a kifs at last :  
If twice you kifs, you need not fear,  
That I shall stir, or live more here.  
Next hollow out a Tomb to cover  
Me ; me, the most despised Lover ;  
And write thereon, *This, Reader, know,*  
*Love kill'd this man.* No more but so.

*Silence.*

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

### *Silence.*

No ; to what purpose should I speak ?  
No, wretched Heart, swell till you break !  
She cannot love me if she would ;  
And to say truth, 'twere pity that she should.

No, to the grave thy sorrows bear,  
As silent as they will be there :  
Since that lov'd hand this mortal wound doth give  
So handsomely the thing contrive,  
That she may guiltless of it live.  
So perish, that her killing thee  
May a chance medley, and no murder be.

'Tis nobler much for me, that I  
By her beauty, not her anger dye ;  
This will look justly, and become  
An Execution, that a Martyrdom.  
The censuring world will ne're refrain  
From judging men by thunder slain.  
She must be angry sure, if I should be  
So bold to ask her to make me  
By being hers, happier then she ;  
I will not ; 'tis a milder fate  
To fall by her not loving, then her hate :

And yet this death of mine, I fear,  
Will ominous to her appear :

When

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

When, found in every other part,  
Her sacrifice is found without an Heart ;  
For the last tempest of my death  
Shall sigh out that too, with my breath.

### *His Misery.*

Water, water I espy  
Come, and cool ye, all who fry  
In your loves ; but none as I.

Though a thousand showers be  
Still a falling, yet I see  
Not one drop to light on me.

Happy you, who can have seas  
For to quench ye, or some ease  
From your kinder Mistresses.

I have one, and she alone  
Of a thousand thousand known,  
Dead to all compassion.

Such an one, as will repeat  
Both the cause, and make the heat  
More by provocation great.

Gentle friends, though I despair  
Of my cure, do you beware  
Of those Girls, which cruel are.

T

The



## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

### *The Call.*

*Marina* stay,  
And run not thus like a young Roe away,  
No Enemy  
Pursues thee (foolish Girl) 'tis onely I;  
Ile keep off harmes,  
If thou'lt be pleas'd to garrison mine arms;  
VVhat dost thou fear  
Ile turn a traytour? may these Roses here  
To paleness shred,  
And Lillies stand disguised in new red,  
If that I lay  
A snare, wherein thou wouldst not gladly stay;  
See, see the Sun  
Doth slowly to his azure lodging run;  
Come sit but here,  
And presently hee'l quit our Hemisphere;  
So still among  
Lovers, time is too short, or else too long;  
Here will we spin  
Legends for them, that have love Martyrs been;  
Here on this plain  
VVce'l take *Narcissus* to a flower again;  
Come here and chose  
On which of these proud plats thou wouldst repose  
Here mayest thou shame

The

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

The rusty Violets, with the Crimson flame  
Of either cheek;  
And Primroses white as thy fingers seek;  
Nay, thou may'st prove  
That mans most noble passion, is to love.

*A Check to her delay.*

Come, come away,  
Or let me go;  
Must I here stay,  
Because y<sup>e</sup> are slow;  
And will continue so?  
Troth Lady, no.

I scorn to be  
A slave to state;  
And since I'm free  
I will not wait  
Henceforth at such a rate;  
For needy fate.

If you desire  
My spark sho'd glow,  
The peeping fire  
You must blow;  
Or I shall quickly grow  
To frost or snow.

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

### *The Lure.*

Farewell, nay pray thee turn again,  
Rather then loose thee, I'll arraign  
My self before thee: thou (most fair) shall be  
Thy self the Judge;  
I'll never grudge  
A law, ordain'd by thee.

Pray do but see, how every Rose  
A language usage doth disclose,  
O see, what Aromatick gusts thy breath;  
Come here we'll sit,  
And learn to knit,  
Them up into a wreath.

With that wreath, crowned shalt thou be;  
Not grac't by it, but it thee:  
Then shall the fawning Zephirs wait to hear  
What thou shalt say,  
And softly play,  
While News to me they bear.

Come pray thee come, we'll now assay  
To piece the scantness of the day:  
We'll pluck the wheels from th' charry of the Sun,  
That he may give  
Us time to live;  
Till that our Scene be done.

We'l

*fancies and fantasticks.*

---

VVe'l suffer viperous thoughts, and cares,  
To follow after silver hairs;  
Let's not anticipate them long before;  
VWhen they begin,  
To enter in,  
Each minute they'l grow more.

No, no, *Marina*, see this brook  
How't would its passing course revoke,  
Ere it shall in the Ocean mingled lye,  
And what I pray,  
May cause this stay;  
But to attest our joy?

Far be't from lust; such wild fire, ne're  
Shall dare to lurk or kindle here;  
Diviner flames shall in our fancies roule,  
VWhich not depress  
To earthliness,  
But elevate the soul.

Then shall a grandiz'd love, confess  
That souls can mingle substances;  
That hearts can easily counter-changed be,  
Or at the least,  
Can alter breasts,  
VWhen breasts themselves agree.

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

*To Julia.*

'Tis Ev'ning my sweet heart,  
And dark ; let us meet ;  
Long time w'haye here been a toying :  
And never as yet,  
That season co'd get,  
Wherein t'haye had an enjoying.

For pittty or shame,  
Then let not loves flame,  
Be ever and ever a spending ;  
Since now to the Port  
The path is but short ;  
And yet our way has no ending.

Time flyes away fast ;  
Our hours do wast ;  
The while we never remember,  
How soon our life, here,  
Grows old with the year,  
That dyes with the next *December* ;

*Of Beauty.*

What do I hate, what's Beauty ? lasse  
How doth it passe ?  
As flowers, as soon as smelled at  
Evaporate,

Even

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

Even so this shadow, ere our eyes  
Can view it, flies.

What's colour ? 'las the sullen Night  
Can it affright ;  
A Rose can more Vermilion speak,  
Then any cheek ;  
A richer white on Lillies stands,  
Then any hands.

Then what's that worth, when any flower  
Is worth far more ?  
How constant's that which needs must dye  
When day doth fly ?  
Glow-worms, can lend some petty light,  
To gloomy night.

And what's proportion ? we discern  
That in a fly ;  
And what's a lip ? 'tis in the rest  
Red clay at best.  
And what's an Eye ? an Eglet's are  
More strong by far.

Who can that specious nothing heed,  
Which flies exceed ?  
Who would his frequent kisses lay  
On painted Clay ?

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

Wh' would not if eyes affection move  
Young Eglets love?

Is beauty thus? then who would lye  
Love-sick and dye?

And's wretched self annihilate,

For knows not what?

And with such sweat and care invade  
A very shade?

Even he that knows not to possesse

True happinesse,

But has some strong desires to try

What's misery,

And longs for tears, oh he will prove

One fit for love.

### *Farewell to Love.*

Well-shadow'd Landskip, fare-ye-well:

How I have lov'd you, none can tell,

At least so well.

As he, that now hates more

Then e're he lov'd before.

But my dear nothings, take your leave,

No longer must you me deceive,

Since I perceive,

All



## *fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

All the deceit, and know  
Whence the mistake did grow.

As he whose quicker eye doth trace  
A false star shot to a Market-place,

Does run apace,  
And thinking it to catch,  
A Gelly up do's snatch.

So our dull souls tasting delight  
Far off, by sense, and appetite,

Think that is right  
And real good ; when yet  
'Tis but the counterfeit.

Oh ! how I glory now ; that I  
Have made this new discovery ?

Each wanton eye  
Enflam'd before ; no more  
Will I increate that score,

If I gaze, now, 'tis but to see  
What manner of death's head 'twill be,

When it is free  
From that fresh upper-skin,  
The Gazers joy and sin.

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

A quick Coarse me-thinks I spy  
In ev'ry woman : and mine eye,  
At passing by,  
Check, and is troubled, just  
As if it rose from Dust.

They mortifie, not heighten me :  
These of my sins the Glasses be :  
And here I see  
How I have lov'd before,  
And so I love no more.

*To a proud Lady.*

Is it birth puffs up thy mind ?  
Women best born are best inclin'd.  
Is it thy breeding ? No, I ly'de ;  
Women well bred are foes to pride.  
Is it thy beauty, foolish thing ?  
Lay by thy cloaths, there's no such thing ?  
Is it thy vertue ? that's deny'd,  
Vertue's an opposite to pride.  
Nay, then walk on, I'll say no more,  
Who made thee proud, can make thee poor.  
The Devil only hath the skill,  
To draw fair fools to this foule ill,

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

### *On Women.*

Find me an end out in a Ring,  
Turn a stream backwards to its spring,  
Recover minutes past and gone,  
Undo what is already done ;  
Make heaven stand still, make mountains fly,  
And teach a woman constancy.

### *An Apologetique song.*

Men, if you love us, play no more  
The fools, or Tyrants, with your friends,  
To make us still sing o're and ore,  
Our own false praises, for your ends.

We have both wits and fancies too,  
And if we must, let's sing of you.

Nor do we doubt, but that we can,  
If we would search with care and pain,  
Find some one good, in some one man ;  
So going through all your strain.

We shall at last of parcells make  
One good enough for a Song sake.

And as a cunning Painter takes  
In any curious piece you see,  
More pleasure while the thing he makes,

Then

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

Then when 'tis made ; why, so will we.  
And having pleas'd our art, we'l try  
To make a new, and hang that by.

### *Canto.*

Like to a Ring without a finger,  
Or a Bell without a ringer ;  
Like a Horse was never ridden,  
Or a feast and no guest bidden,  
Like a well without a bucket,  
Or a Rose if no man pluck it :  
Just such as these may she be said,  
That lives, not loves, but dyes a maid.

The Ring if worn, the finger decks,  
The Bell pull'd by the ringer speaks,  
The Horse doth ease, if he be ridden,  
The feast doth please, if Guest be bidden,  
The bucket draws the water forth,  
The rose when pluck'd, is still most worth ;  
Such is the Virgin in my eyes,  
That lives, loves, marries, ere she dyes.

Like a Stock not grafted on,  
Or like a Lute not play'd upon,  
Like a Jack without a weight,  
Or a Bark without a freight,

Like

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

Like a Lock without a Key,  
Or a Candle in the day :  
Just such as these may she be said,  
That lives, not loves, but dyes a maid.

The grafted stock doth bear best fruit,  
There's Musick in the finger'd Lute ;  
The weight doth make the Jack go ready,  
The freight doth make the Bark go steady ;  
The Key the Lock doth open right,  
A Candle's useful in the night :  
Such is the Virgin in my eyes,  
That lives, loves marries, ere she dyes,

Like a Call without a Non-sir,  
Or a Question without an Answer,  
Like a Ship was never rigg'd,  
Or a Mine was never digg'd ;  
Like a Cage without a Bird,  
Or a thing not long preferr'd.  
Just such as these may she be said,  
That lives, not loves, but dyes a maid.

The Non-sir doth obey the Call,  
The Question Answer'd pleaseth all,  
Who rigs a Ship sails with the wind,  
Who digs a Mine doth treasure find ;  
The Wound by wholesome Tent hath ease,  
The

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

The Box perfum'd the senses please :  
Such is the Virgin in my eyes,  
That lives, loves, marries, ere she dies.

Like Marrow-bone was never broken,  
Or Commendation and no Token ;  
Like a Fort and none to win it,  
Or like the Moon, and no man in it ;  
Like a School without a Teacher,  
Or like a Pulpit and no Preacher.  
Just such as these may she be said,  
That lives, ne'r loves, but dyes a maid.

The broken Marrow-bone is sweet,  
The Token doth adorn the greet,  
There's triumph in the Fort being won,  
The Man rides glorious in the Moon ;  
The School is by the Teacher still'd,  
The Pulpit by the Preacher fill'd .  
Such is the Virgin in mine eyes,  
That lives, loves, marries ere she dyes.

Like a Cage without a Bird,  
Or a thing too long deferr'd :  
Like the Gold was never try'd,  
Or the ground unoccupi'd ;  
Like a house that's not possessed,  
Or the Book was never pressed.

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

Just such as these may she be said,  
That lives, ne'r loves, but dyes a maid.

The Bird in Cage doth sweetly sing,  
Due season prefers every thing,  
The Gold that's try'd from dross is pur'd,  
There's profit in the Ground manur'd,  
The house is by possession graced;  
The Book when prest, is then embraced.  
Such is the Virgin in mine eyes,  
That lives, loves, marries, ere she dyes.

### *A Disswative from Women.*

Come away, do not pursue  
A shadow that will follow you.  
Women lighter than a feather,  
Got and lost and altogether:  
Such a creature may be thought,  
Void of reason, a thing of nought.

2.

Come away, let not thy eyes  
Gaze upon their fopperies,  
Nor thy better Genius dwell  
Upon a subject known so well:  
For whose folly at the first  
Man and Beast became accurst.

3. Come



*Fancies and Fanciesticks.*

3.

Come away, thou canst not find,  
One of all that's fair and kind,  
Brighter be she then the day,  
Sweeter then a morn in *May*;  
Yet her heart and tongue agrees  
As we and the *Antipodes*.

4.

Come away, or if thou must  
Stay a while: yet do not trust,  
Nor her sighs, nor what she swears,  
Say she weep, suspect her tears.  
Though she seem to melt with passion,  
'Tis old deceit, but in new fashion.

5.

Come away, admit there be  
A natural necessity;  
Do not make thy self a slave  
For that which she desires to have.  
What she will, or do, or say,  
Is meant the clean contrary way.

6.

Come away, or if to part  
Soon from her, affects thy heart,  
Follow on thy sports a while:  
Laugh and kiss, and play a while:  
Yet as thou lov'st me, trust her not,  
Lest thou becom'st a--I know not what.

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

*An answer to it,*

Stay, O stay, and still pursue,  
Bid not such happiness adue,  
Know'st thou what a woman is ?  
An Image of Celestial blifs.  
Such a one is thought to be  
The nearest to Divinity.

2.

Stay, O stay, how can thine eye  
Feed on more felicity ?  
Or thy better Genius dwell  
On subjects that do this excell ?  
Had it not been for her at first,  
Man and beast had liv'd accurst.

3.

Stay, O stay, has not there been  
Of Beauty, and of Love a Queen ?  
Does not Sweetness term a she  
Worthy its only shrine to thee ?  
And where will vertue chuse to lye,  
If not in such a Treasury ?

4.

Stay, O stay, would'st thou live free ?  
Then seek a Nuptial destiny :  
Tis not natures blifs alone,  
(She gives) but Heavens, and that in one ;

U

What

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

What she shall, or do, or say,  
Never from truth shall goe astray.

5.

Stay, O stay, let not thine heart  
Afflicted be, unless to part  
Soon from her. Sport, kisse and play  
Whilst no howers enrich the day;  
And if thou dost a Cuckold prove,  
Impute it to thy want of love.

### *The Postscript.*

Good Women are like Stars in darkeſt night,  
Their vertuous actions ſhining as a light  
To guide their ignorant ſex, which oft times fall,  
And falling oft, turns Diabolical.  
Good Women ſure are Angels on the earth,  
Of theſe good Angels we have had a dearth:  
And therefore all you men that have good wives,  
Reſpect their Vertues equal with your lives.

The

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---



### *The Description of Women.*

Whose head befringed with bescattered tresses;  
Shews like *Apollo's*, when the morn he dresses:

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

Or like *Aurora* when with Pearl she sets,  
Her long discheveld Rose-crown'd Trammelets:  
Her forehead smooth, full, polish'd bright and  
Bears in it self a gracefull Majesty ; (high,  
Under the which, two crawling eye-brows twine  
Like to the tendrills of a flatt'ring Vine ;  
Under whose shade, two starry sparkling eyes  
Are beautif'd with fair fring'd Canopies.  
Her comely nose with uniformal grace,  
Like purest white, stands in the middle place,  
Parting the paire, as we may well suppose,  
Each cheek resembling still a damask Rose:  
VWhich like a Garden manifestly shown,  
How Roses, Lillies, and Carnations grown ;  
VWhich sweetly mixed both with white and red,  
Like Rose-leaves, white and red, seem mingled.  
Then nature for a sweet allurements sets  
Two smelling, swelling, bashful Cherry-lets ;  
The which with Ruby-redness being tip'd,  
Do speak a Virgin merry, Cherry-lip'd.  
Over the which a neat sweet skin is drawn,  
Which makes them shew like Roses under Lawn.  
These be the Ruby-portals and divine,  
VWhich open themselves, to shew an holy shrine,  
VWhose breath is rich perfume, that to the sense  
Smells like the burn'd *Sabea* Frankincense ;  
In which the tongue, though but a member small,  
Stands guarded with a Rofie-hilly-wall.

And

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

And her white teeth, which in the gums are set,  
Like Pearl and Gold, make one rich Cabinet.  
Next doth her chin, with dimpled beauty strive  
For his white, plump, and smooth prerogative.  
At whose fair top, to please the sight there grows  
The fairest image of a blushing rose;  
Mov'd by the chin, whose motion causeth this,  
That both her lips do part, do meet, do kifs.  
Her ears, which like two Labyrinths are plac'd  
On either side, with which rare Jewels grac'd :  
Moving a question whether that by them  
The Jem is grac'd, or they grac'd by the Jem.  
But the foundation of the Architect,  
Is the Swan-staining, fair, rare stately neck,  
Which with ambitious humbleness stands under,  
Bearing aloft this rich round world of wonder,  
Her breast a place for beauties throne most fit ;  
Bears up two Globes, where love and pleasure sit ;  
Which headed with two rich round Rubies, show  
Like wanton Rose-buds growing out of Snow,  
And in the milky valley that's between,  
Sits *Cupid* kissing of his mother Queen.  
Then comes the belly, seated next below,  
Like a fair mountain in *Riphean* snow :  
Where Nature in a whiteness without spot,  
Hath in the middle tide a Gordian knot.  
Now love invites me to survey her thighs,  
Swelling in likeness like two Crystal skyes :

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

Which to the knees by nature fastned on,  
Derive their ever well 'greed motion.  
Her legs with two clear Calves, like silver try'd,  
Kindly swell up with little pretty pride;  
Leaving a distance for the comely small  
To beautifie the leg and foot withall.  
Then lowly, yet most lovely stand the feet,  
Round, short and clear, like pounded Spices sweet;  
And whatsoever thing they tread upon,  
They make it sent like bruised Cynamon.  
The lovely shoulders now allure the eye,  
To see two Tablets of pure Ivory : (spread  
From which two Arms like branches seem to  
With tender vein'd, and silver coloured,  
With little hands, and fingers long and small,  
To grace a Lute, a Vial, Virginal.  
In length each finger doth his next excell,  
Each richly headed with a pearly shell.  
Thus every part in contrariety  
Meet in the whole, and make an harmony :  
As divers strings do singly disagree,  
But form'd by number make sweet melodie.



## Fancies and Fantasticks.

---

*Her supposed Servant, subscribed.*

I would have him if I could,  
Noble ; or of greater Blood :  
Titles, I confess, do take me ;  
And a woman God did make me,  
French to boot, at least in fashion,  
And his manners of that Nation.

Young I'd have him to, and fair,  
Yet a man ; with crisped hair  
Cast in a thousand snares, and rings  
For loves fingers, and his wings :  
Chestnut colour, or more slack  
Gold, upon a ground of black.  
*Venus*, and *Minerva's* eyes,  
For he must look wanton-wise.

Eye-brows bent like *Cupid's* bow,  
Front, an ample field of snow ;  
Even nose, and cheek (withall)  
Smooth as the Biliard Ball ;  
Chin, as wholly as the Peach,  
And his lip should kissing reach,  
Till he cherish't too much beard,  
And make love or me afraid.

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

He should have a hand as soft  
As the Down, and shew it oft ;  
Skin as smooth as any rush,  
And so thin to see a blush  
Rising through it e're it came ;  
All his bloud should be a flame  
Quickly fir'd as in beginners  
In Loves School, and yet no sinners.

'Twere too long to speak of all  
What we harmony do call  
In a body should be there.  
Well he should his cloaths to wear ;  
Yet no Taylor help to make him  
Drest, you still for man should take him ;  
And not think h' had eat a stake,  
Or were set up in a brake.

Valiant he should be as fire,  
Shewing danger more then ire.  
Bounteous as the clouds to earth ;  
And as honest as his birth.  
All his actions to be such  
As to do nothing too much.  
Nor o're praise, nor yet condemn ;  
Nor out-valew, nor contemne ;  
Nor doe wrongs, nor wrongs receive ;

Not

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

Nor tye knots, nor knots unweave ;  
And from baseness to be free,  
As he durst love truth and me.

Such a man with every part,  
I could give my very heart :  
But of one, if short he came,  
I can rest me where I am.

### *Another Ladies exception.*

For his mind, I do not care,  
That's a toy that I could spare.  
Let his title be but great,  
His cloaths rich, and band fit neat,  
Himself young, and face be good,  
All I wish 'tis understood.  
What you please, you parts may call,  
'Tis one good part I'd lie withal.

### *Abroad with the Maids.*

Come sit we under yonder Tree,  
Where merry as the Maids we'll be,  
And as on Primroses we sit,  
We'll venture (if we can) at wit :  
If not, at Draw-gloves we will play ;  
So spend some minutes of the day ;  
Or else spin out the thred of sands,  
Playing at Questions and Commands :

Or

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

Or tell what strange tricks love can do,  
By quickly making one of two.  
Thus we will sit and talk ; but tell  
No cruel truths of *Philomell*,  
Or *Phillis*, whom hard Fate forc't on;  
To kill her self for *Demophon*.  
But Fables we'l relate ; how *Jove*  
Put on all shapes to get a Love ;  
As now a Satyr, then a Swan ;  
A Bull but then, and now a Man.  
Next we will act how young men woe ;  
And sigh, and kiss, as Lovers do,  
And talk of Brides ; and who shall make  
That Wedding Smock, this Bridal-Cake ;  
That dress, this Sprig, that Lease, this Vine ;  
That smooth and silken Columbine.  
This done, we'l draw lots, who shall buy  
And guild the Bayes, and Rosemary :  
What Posies, for our wedding Rings ;  
What Gloves we'l give and Ribonings :  
And smiling at our selves, decree,  
Who then the joyning Priest shall be.  
What short sweet Prayers shall be said ;  
And how the Posset shall be made  
VVith Cream of Lillies (not of Kine)  
And Maidens-blush, for spiced wine.  
Thus having talkt, we'l next commend  
A kiss to each ; and so we'l end.

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---



*The Shepherds Holy-day.*

*Mopso and Marina.*

*M p.* Come *Marina* let's away,  
For both Bride, and Bridegroom stay :  
Fye for shame, are Swains so long  
Pinning of their Head-gear on ?

*Prethee*

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

Prethee see,  
None but we  
Mongst the Swaines are left unready :  
Fie, make hast,  
Bride is past,  
Follow me, and I will lead thee.

*Mar.* On my loving *Mopsus*, on,  
I am ready, all is done  
From my head unto my foot,  
I am fitted each way too't ;  
Buskins gay,  
Gown of gray,  
Best that all our Flocks do render ;  
Hat of Straw,  
Platted through,  
Cherry lip, and middle slender.

*Mop.* And I think you will not find  
*Mopsus* any whit behind,  
For he loves as well to goe,  
As most part of Shepheards do.  
Cap of brown,  
Bottle-crown,  
With the leg I won at dancing,  
And a pump,  
Fit to jump,  
VVhen we Shepheards fall a prancing.

And

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

And I know there is a sort,  
VVill be well provided for't,  
For I hear, there will be there,  
Liveliest Swains within the shiere :  
    Jetting *Gill*,  
    Jumping *Will* ;  
O'r the floor will have their measure :  
    *Kit* and *Kate*.  
    There will waite,  
*Tib* and *Tom* will take their pleasure.

*Mar.* But I fear ;

*Mop.* VVhat dost thou fear ?

*Mar.* *Crowd* the Fidler is not there ;  
And my mind delighted is  
VVith no stroke so much as his.

*Mop.* If not he,  
    There will be  
*Drone* the Piper that will trounce it.

*Mar.* But if *Crowd*  
    Struck alowd,  
Lord me-thinks how I could bounce it.

*Mop.* Bounce it *Mall* I hope thou will,  
For I know that thou hast skill ;  
And I am sure, thou there shalt find  
Measures store to please thy mind.

Roun-



## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

Roundelayes.

Irish bayes,

Cogs and Rongs, and Peggie Ramsy,  
Spaniletto,

The Venetto.

*John* come kifs me, *Wilsons* fancy.

*Mar.* But of all there's none so sprightly

To my ear, as *Touch me lightly* ;

For it's this we Shepheards love,

Being that which most doth move ;

There, there, there,

To a hair ;

O *Tim Crowd*, me thinks I hear thee,

Young nor old,

Ne're could hold,

But must leak if they come near thee.

*Mop.* Blush *Marina*, fie for shame,

Blemish not a Shepheards name ;

*Mar.* *Mopsus*, why, is't such a matter,

Maids to shew their yielding nature ?

O what then,

Be ye men,

That will hear your selves so forward,

VWhen you find

Us inclin'd

To your bed and board so toward ?

*Mop.*

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

*Mop.* True indeed, the fault is ours,  
Though we term it oft time yours.  
*Mar.* VVhat would Shepherds have us do,  
But to yield when they do woe?

And we yield  
Them the field,  
And endow them with their riches.

*Mop.* Yet we know  
Oft times too,  
You'll not stick to wear the Breeches.

*Mar.* Fools they'l deem them, that do heat them,  
Say their wives are wont to wear them;  
For I know there's none has wit,  
Can endure or suffer it;  
But if they :  
Have no stay,  
Nor discretion (as 'tis common)  
Then they may  
Give the sway,  
As is fitting, to the Woman.

*Mop.* All too long (dear Love) I wean,  
Have we stood upon this Theam :  
Let each Lass, as once it was,  
Love her Swain, and Swain his Lass.  
So shall we  
Honour'd be,

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

In our mating, in our meeting,  
While we stand  
Hand in hand,  
Honest Swainling, with his Sweeting.

### *Alvar and Anthea.*

Come *Anthea* let us two  
Go to Feast, as others do.  
Tarts and Custards, Cream and Cakes,  
Are the junkets still at Wakes :  
Unto which the Tribes resort,  
Where the business is the sport :  
Morris-dancers thou shalt see,  
Marian too in Pagentrie :  
And a Mimick to devise  
Many grinning properties.  
Players there will be, and those  
Base in action as in cloaths :  
Yet with strutting they will please  
The incurious villages.  
Near the dying of the day  
There will be a Cudgel-play,  
Where a Coxcomb will be broke,  
Ere a good word can be spoke :  
But the anger ends all here,  
Drencht in Ale, or drown'd in Beere

Happy

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

Happy Rusticks, best content  
With the cheapest Merriment :  
And possesse no other fear,  
Then to want the Wake next year.

### *The Wake.*

I, and whither shall we goe ?  
To the Wake I crow :  
'Tis the Village Lords Majors show,  
Oh! to meet I will not faile,  
For my pallate is in hast,  
Till I sip again and taste  
Of the Nut-brown Lase and Ale.

Feele how my Temples Ake  
For the Lady of the Wake ;  
Her lips are as soft es a Medler  
With her posies and her points,  
And the Ribbons on her joynts,  
The device of the fields and the Pedler.

X

*Enter*

## Fancies and Fantasticks.

*Enter Maurice-Dancer.*



With a noyse and a Din,  
Comes the Maurice-Dancer in :  
With a fine linnen shirt, but a Buckram skin.  
Oh ! he treads out such a Peale  
From his paire of legs of Veale,  
The Quarters are Idols to him.  
Nor do those Knaves inviron  
Their Toes with so much iron,  
'Twill ruine a Smith to shoe him.  
I, and then he flings about,  
His sweat and his clout,  
The wiser think it two Ells:  
While the Yeomen find it meet,  
That he jangle at his feet,  
The Fore-horses right Eaxe Jewels.

*Exit*

## *Fancies and fantasticks.*

---

*Enter Fidler.*



But before all be done,  
With a Christopher strong,  
Comes Musick none, though Fidler one,  
VWhile the Owle and his Granchild,  
VWith a face like a Manchild,  
Amaz'd in their Nest,  
Awake from their Rest,  
And seek out an Oak to laugh in.  
Such a dismall chance,  
Makes the Church-yard dance,  
When the Screech Owle guts strings a Coffin,  
When a Fidlers coarfe,  
Catches cold and grows hoarse,  
Oh ye never heard a sadder,  
When a Rattle-headed Cutter,  
Makes his will before Supper,  
To the Tune of the Nooze and the Ladder?

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

*Enter the Taberer.*



I, but all will not do,  
Without a pass or two,  
From him that pipes and Tabers the Tattoo.  
He's a man that can tell 'em,  
Such a Jigge from his vellam ;  
With his Whistle and his Club,  
And his brac't halt Tub,  
That I think there ne're came before ye,  
Though the Mothes lodged in't,  
Or in Manuscript or Print,  
Such a pitifull parchment story.  
He that hammers like a Tinker  
Kettle Musick is a stinker,  
Our Taberer bids him heark it ;  
Though he thrash till he sweats,  
And out the bottome beats  
Of his two Doffer Drums to the Market.

*Ent*



# Fancies and Fantasticks.

*Enter the Bag-piper.*



Bag-piper good luck on you,  
Th' art a Man for my money;  
Him the Bears love better then honey.  
How he tickles up his skill,  
VVith his bladder and his quill ;  
How he swells till he blister,  
VVhile he gives his mouth a Glister,  
Nor yet does his Physick grieve him ;  
His chops they would not tarry,  
For a try'd Apothecary,  
But the Harper comes in to relieve him.  
VVhose Musick took its fountain,  
From the Bog or the Mountain,  
For better was never afforded.  
Strings hop and rebound,  
Oh the very same sound  
May be struck from a Truckle-bed coarded.

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

### *Cock-throwing.*

Cock-a-doodle-do, 'tis the bravest game.  
Take a Cock from his Dame,  
And bind him to a stake,  
How he struts, how he throwes,  
How he swaggers, how he crowes,  
As if the day newly brake.  
How his mistress Cackles,  
Thus to find him in shackles,  
And ty'd to a Pack-threed Garter;  
Oh the Bears and the Bulls,  
Are but Corpulent Gulls  
To the valiant Shrove-tide Martyr.

### *Canto.*

Let no Poet Critick in his Are,  
Now tax me for a heedless Tale,  
For ere I have done, my honest Ned,  
I'll bring my matter to a head.

The Brazen Head speaks through the Nose,  
More Logick then the Colledge knows:  
Quick-silver Heads run over all,  
But Dunces Heads keep Loaden-ball.

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

A Quiristers Head is made of aire,  
A Head of wax becomes a Player,  
So pliant 'tis to any shape,  
A King, a Clown, but still an Ape.

A melancholy head it was,  
That thought it self a Venice glass;  
But when I see a drunken sot,  
Methinks his Head's a Chamberpot.

A Poets head is made of Match,  
Burnt Sack is apt to make it catch;  
Well may he grind his household bread,  
That hath a Windmill in his Head.

There is the tongue of ignorance,  
That hates the time it cannot dance;  
Shew him dear wit in Verse or Prose,  
It reeks like Brimstone in his nose;  
But when his Granhams will is read,  
O dear! (quoth he) and shakes his head.

*French* heads taught ours the graceful shake,  
They learn'd it in the last Earth-quake.

The gentle head makes mouths in state,  
At the Mechanick beaver pate,  
The Empty head of meer Esquire,  
Scorns wit; as born a title higher.

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

In *Capite* he holds his lands,  
His wisdom in Fee-simple stands.  
Which he may call for, and be sped,  
Out of the Footmans running head.

The Saracens, not Gorgons head,  
Can looke old ten in th' hundred dead;  
But deaths head on his fingers ends,  
Afflicts him more then twenty fiends.  
An *Oxford* Cook that is well read,  
Knows how to dress a Criticks head.  
Take out the brains, and stew the noats,  
O rare Calves-head for Pupills throats.

*Prometheus* would be puzzled,  
To make a new Projectors head:  
He hath such subtle turns and nooks,  
Such turn-pegs, mazes, enter-hooks:  
A trap-door here, and there a vault,  
Should you goe in, you'd sure be caught;  
This head, if e're the heads-man stick,  
He'll spoile the subtle politick.

Six heads there are will ne'r be seen,  
The first a Maids past twice sixteen:  
The next is of an Unicorn,  
Which when I see, I'le trust his horn;  
A Beggars in a beaver; and

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

A Gyant in a Pigmies hand ;  
A Coward in a Ladies lap,  
A good man in a Fryers cap.

The plurall head of multitude,  
Will make good hodge-podge when 'tis stude ;  
Now I have done my honest *Ned*,  
And brought my matter to a Head.

### *Interrogativa Cantilena,*

If all the world were Paper,  
And all the Sea were Inke ;  
If all the Trees were bread and cheese,  
How should we do for drink ?

If all the World were sand'o,  
Oh then what should we lack'o ;  
If as they say there were no clay,  
How should we take Tobacco ?

If all our vessels ran'a,  
If none but had a crack'a ;  
If Spanish Apes eat all the Grapes,  
How should we do for Sack'a ?

If Fryers had no bald pates,  
Nor Nuns had no Dark Cloysters,

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

If all the Seas were Beans and Pease,  
How should we do for Oysters?

If there had been no projects,  
Nor none that did great wrongs;  
If Fiddlers shall turn Players all,  
How should we do for songs;

If all things were eternal,  
And nothing their end bringing;  
If this should be, then how should we,  
Here make an end of singing?

### *The seven Planets.*

♄ ♃ ♂ ☉ ♀ ♀ ☽

*SATURNE* diseas'd with age, and left for dead;  
Chang'd all his gold, to be involv'd in Lead.

*JOVE*, *Juno* leaves, and loves to take his range;  
From whom, man learns to love, and loves to  
(change.

*JUNO* checks *Jove*, that he to earth should come,  
Having her self to sport withall at home.

*MARS* is disarmed, and is to *Venus* gon,  
Where *Vulcans* Anvill must be struck upon.

*SOL*

## Fancies and Fantasticks.

---

*SOL* sees, yet 'cause he may not be allow'd,  
To say he sees, he hides him in a Cloud.

*VENUS* tels *Vulcan*, *Mars* shall shooe her Steed,  
For he it is that hits the naile o'th head.

The Aery-nuntius fly *MECURIUS*,  
Is stoln from Heaven to *Galobelgicus*.

*LUNA* is deem'd chaste, yet she's a sinner,  
Witness the man that she receives within her;  
But that she's horn'd it cannot well be sed,  
Since I ne'r heard that she was married.

### The twelve Signes of the Zodiack.

V

*Venus* to *Mars*, and *Mars* to *Venus* came,  
*Venus* contriv'd, and *Mars* confirm'd the same:  
*Ida*, the place, the game what best did please,  
Whiles *Vulcan* found the Sun in *ARIES*.

8

*TAURUS*, as it hath been alledg'd by some,  
Is fled from Neck to Throat to roare at Rome.  
But now the Bull is grown to such a rate,  
The price has brought the Bull quite out of date.

CAN-



## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

♋

CANCER the backward *Crab* is figur'd here,  
O'r stomach, breast, ribs to dominicer.  
*Eve* on a rib was made, whence we may know,  
Women from *Eve* were Crab'd and backward too.

♍

VIRGO the Phoenix sign (as all can tell ye)  
Has regiment o'r bowels, and o'r belly,  
But now since *Virgo* could not her belly tame,  
Belly has forc'd *Virgo* to lose her name.

♏

SCORPIO Serpent-like, most sily tenders,  
What much seduceth man, his privy members:  
VWhich mov'd our Grandam *Eve* give ear unto  
That secret-member-patron *Scorpio*.

♐

The goatish CAPRICORNE that us'd to press  
'Mongst naked Mermaidens, now's faln on's knees,  
Where crest-faln too (poor Snake) he lies as low,  
As those on whom he did his horns bestow.

♊

VWith arm in arm our GEMINI enwreath;  
Their individuate parts in life and death :

The

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

The arms and shoulders sway, O may I have  
But two such friends to have me to my grave.



LEO a Port-like Prelate now become,  
Emperiously entires to th' Sea of *Rome* :  
A Sea, and yet no Levant-sea, for than  
He were no *Leo*, but *Leviathan*.



LIBRA the reins, which we may justly call  
A sign which Tradesmen hate the worst of all :  
For she implies even weights, but do not look  
To find this sign in every Grocers-book.



If thou wouldst please the las that thou dost mar-  
The sign must ever be in SAGITTARY : (ry,  
Which rules the thighs, an influence more comon  
'Mongst Marmosites and Monkies, then some wo-  
(men.



AQUARIUS (as I informed am)  
Kept *Puddle-wharf*, and was a VVaterman,  
But being one too honest for that kind,  
He row'd to Heaven, and left these knaves behind.

PISCIS

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

✕

PISCIS the fish is said to rule the feet, (sweat;  
And socks with all that keep the feet from  
One that purveyes provision enough,  
Of *Ling*, *Poor-John*, and other Lenten stuff.

### *A Hymne to Bacchus.*

I sing thy praise *Bacchus*,  
Who with thy *Thyrse* dost thwack us:  
And yet thou so dost black us.

With boldness that we fear  
No *Brutus* entring here;  
Nor *Cato* the severe.

VVhat though the *Lictors* threat us,  
VVe know they dare not beat us;  
So long as thou dost heat us.

VVhen we thy *Orgies* sing,  
Each Cobler is a King;  
Nor dreads he any thing.

And though he doth not rave,  
Yet he'l the courage have

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

To call my Lord Major knave ;  
Besides too, in a brave.

Although he has no riches,  
But walks with dangling breeches,  
And skirts that want their stiches ;  
And shewes his naked flitches ;

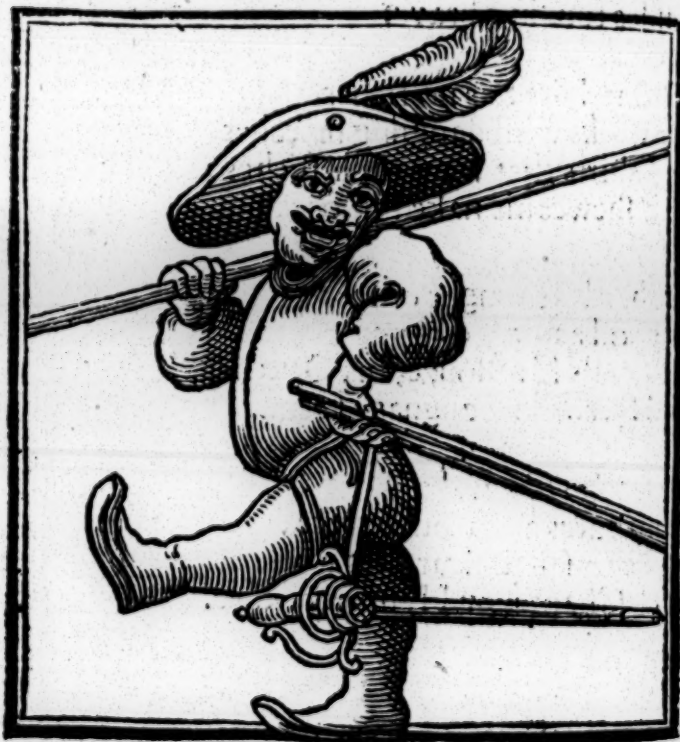
Yet he'll be thought or seen ;  
So good as *George-a-green* ;  
And calls his Blouze, his Queen,  
And speaks in Language keen.

O *Bacchus* ! let us be  
From cares and troubles free ;  
And thou shalt hear that we  
Will Chant new Hymnes to thee.

---

*The*

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*



### *The Welshmans praise for Wales.*

I's not come here to tauke of *Prnt*,  
From whence the *Welse* dos take hur root ;  
Nor tell long Pedegree of Prince *Camber*,  
Whose linage would fill full a Chamber,

Nor

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

Nor sing the deeds of ould Saint *Davie*;  
The Urslip of which would fill a Navie.  
But hark you me now, for a liddell tales  
Sall make gread deal to the credit of *Wales*;

For her will tudge your ears,  
With the praise of hur thirteen Seers;  
And make you as clad and merry,  
As fourteen pot of Perry.

'Tis true, was wear him Sherkin freize;  
But what is that? we have store of seize;  
And Got is plenty of Goats milk  
That sell him well will buy him silk  
Inough; to make him fine to quarrell  
At *Herford* Sizes in new apparrell;  
And get him as much green Melmet perhap;  
Sall give it a fate to his Monmouth Cap.

But then the ore of *Lemster*;  
Py Cot is uver a Sempster;  
That when he is spun, or did  
Yet match him with hir third.

Aull this the backs now, let us tell yee,  
Of some provisions for the belly:  
As Cid and Goat, and great Goats Mother,  
And Runn, and Cow, and good Cows ither:  
And once but taste of the *Wesse* Mutton;  
Your *Englis* Seeps not worth a button.

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

And then for your Fisse, shall shoose it your disse,  
Look but about, and there is a Trout.

A Salmon, Cor, or Chevin,  
Will feed you six or seven,  
As taull men as ever swagger  
With *Welse* Club, and long Dagger.

But all this while, was never think  
A word in praise of our *Welse* drink :  
Yet for aull that, is a Cup of *Bragat*,  
Aull *England* Seer may cast his Cap at.  
And what you say to Ale of *Webley*,  
Toudge him as well, you'l praise him trebly,  
As well as *Matheglin*, or *Syder*, or *Meath*,  
S'all sake it your dagger quite out o'the seath.  
And Oat-Cake of *Guarthenion*,  
VVith a goodly Leek or Onion,  
To give as sweet a rellis  
As e'r did Harper *Ellis*.

And yet is nothing now all this,  
It of our Musick we do miss ;  
Both Harps, and Pipes too, and the Crowd,  
Must aull come in, and tauk aloud,  
As loud as *Bangu*, *Davies* Bell,  
Of which is no doubt you have here tell :  
As well as our louder *Wrexham* Organ,  
And rumbling Rocks in the Seer of *Glamorgan*,  
Where



## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

Where look but in the ground there,  
And you shall see a sound there;  
That put her all to gedder,  
Is sweet as measure pedder.

### *Hur in Love.*

A modest Shentle when hur see  
The great laugh hur made on mee,  
And fine wink, that her send  
To hur come to see hur friend:  
Her could not strole py Got apove,  
Put was entangle in hur love.  
A hundred a time hur was about  
To speak to hur, and lave hur out,  
Put her being a *Welshman* porn,  
And therefore was think, hur woud hur scorn:  
VVas fear hur think, nothing petter,  
Then cram hur love into a letter;  
Hoping he will no ceptions take  
Unto her love, for Countrey sake:  
For say hur be a *Welshman*, whad ten?  
Py Got they all be Shentlemen.  
VVas descend from *Shoves* nown line,  
Par humane, and par divine;  
And from *Venus*, that fair Goddess,  
And twenty other Shentle poddys:

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

Hector stout, and comely Parrie,  
Autbur, Prute, and King of Fayris,  
Was hur nown Cosins all a kin  
We have the *Powells* issue in:  
And for ought that hur con see,  
As goot men, as other men pee:  
But whot of that? Love is a knave,  
Was make hur do whot he woud have;  
Was compell hur write the Rime,  
That ne'r was writ before the time  
And if he will nod pity hur paine,  
As Got shudge hur soul, sall ne'r write again:  
For love is like an Ague-fit;  
Was brin poor *Welfeman* out on hur wit:  
Till by hur onlwer, hur do know  
Whother hur do love hur, ai or no.  
Hur has not been in *England* lung,  
And conna speak the Englis tongue:  
Put hur is hur friend, and so hur will prove,  
Pray a send hur word, if hur con love.

# Fancies and Fantasticks.



## Of Melancholly.

When I goe musing alone,  
Thinking of divers things fore-knownn;  
When I build Castles in the aire,  
Void of sorrow and void of fear,

Y 3

Pleasing.

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

Pleasing my self with phantasmes sweet;

Me thinks the time runs very fleet.

All my joyes to this are folly,

Naught so sweet as melancholly.

When I lye waking all alone,

Recounting what I have ill done,

My thoughts on me then tyrannise,

Fear and sorrow me surprise,

VWhether I tarry still or goe,

Me thinks the time moves very slow,

All my griefs to this are jolly,

Naught so sad as melancholly.

VWhen to my self I act and smile,

VWith pleasing thoughts the time beguile,

By a brook side or wood so green,

Unheard, unsought for, or unseen,

A thousand pleasures do me bless,

And crown my soul with happiness.

All my joyes besides are folly,

None so sweet as melancholly.

VWhen I lye, sit, or walk alone,

I sigh, I grieve, making great moan,

In a dark grove, or irksome den,

VWith discontents and Furies then,

A thousand miseries at once,

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

Mine heavy heart and soul enſconce.

All my griefs to this are jolly,

None ſo ſoure as melancholly.

Methinks I hear, me thinks I ſee,

Sweet Muſick, wondrous melody,

Towns, places and Cities fine,

Here now, then there, the world is mine,

Rare Beauties, gallant Ladies ſhine,

What e're is lovely or divine.

All other joyes to this are jolly,

None ſo ſweet as melancholly.

Methinks I hear, me thinks I ſee

Ghosts, goblins, ſeinds, my phantaſie

Presents a thouſand ugly ſhapes ;

Headleſs bears, black-men and apes,

Dolefull outcries, and fearful ſights,

My ſad and diſmal ſoul affrights.

All my griefs to this are jolly,

None ſo damn'd as melancholly.

Me thinks I court, me thinks I kiſs,

Me thinks I now embrace my Miſtriſs.

O bleſſed days, O ſweet content,

In Paradife my time is ſpent.

Such thoughts may ſtill my fancy move,

So may I ever be in love.

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

All my joyes to this are folly,  
Naught so sweet as melancholly.

When I recount loves many frights,  
My sighs and tears, my waking nights,  
My jealous fits ; O mine hard fate,  
I now repent, but 'tis too late.  
No torment is so bad as love,  
So bitter to my soul can prove.

All my griefs to this are jolly,  
Naught so harsh as Melancholly.

Friends and Companions get you gone,  
'Tis my desire to be alone,  
Ne're well but when my thoughts and I,  
Do domineer in privacy.

No Jem no treasure like to this,  
'Tis my delight, my Crown, my blifs.

All my joyes to this are folly,  
Naught so sweet as Melancholly.

'Tis my sole plague to be alone,  
I am a beast, a monster grown,  
I will no light nor company,  
I find it now my misery.

The scene is turn'd, my joyes are gone,  
Fear, discontent, and sorrows come.

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

All my griefs to this are jolly,  
Naught so fierce as Melancholly.

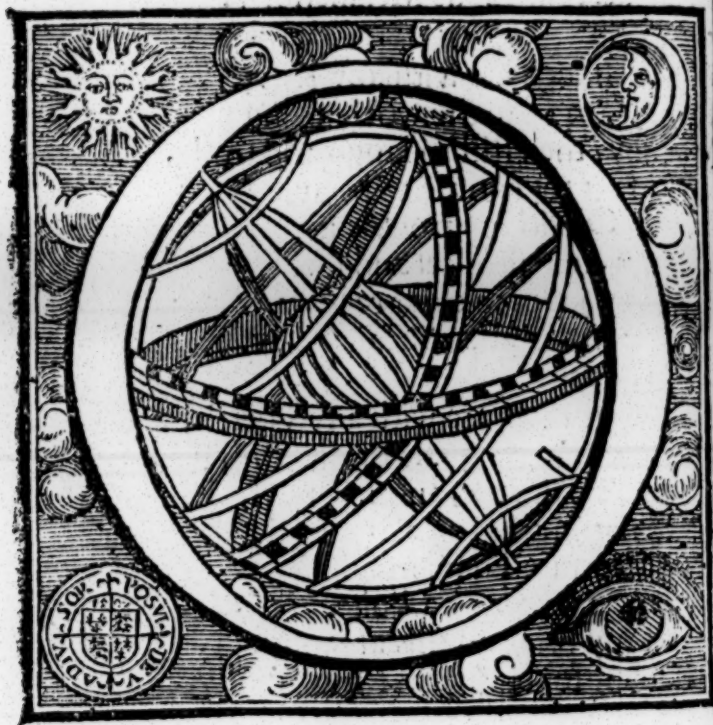
I'll not change life with any King,  
I raviſht am : can the world bring  
More joy, then ſtill to laugh and ſmile,  
In pleaſant toyes time to beguile ?  
Do not, Oh do not trouble me,  
So ſweet content I feel and ſee.

All my joyes to this are folly,  
None ſo divine as Melancholly.

I'll change my ſtate with any wretch,  
Thou canſt from goale or dunghill fetch :  
My pain's paſt cure, another Hell,  
I may not in this torment dwell.  
Now deſperate I hate my life,  
Lend me a halter or a knife.

All my griefs to this are jolly,  
Naught ſo damn'd as Melancholly.





*On the Letter O .*

Run round my lines, whilst I as roundly show  
The birth, the worth, the extent of my round O.  
That O which in the indigested Mass  
Did frame it self, when nothing framed was.

## Fancies and Fantasticks.

But when the worlds great mass it self did show,  
In largeness, fairness, roundness a great ○.  
The Heavens, the Element, a box of ○'s,  
Where still the greater doth the less inclose.  
The imaginary center in ○'s made,  
That speck which in the world doth stand or fade.  
The Zodiack Colours, and Equator line,  
In Tropique and Meridian ○ did shine.  
The lines of breadth, and lines of longitude,  
Climate from Climate, doth by ○ seclude.  
And the starry spangled sky the ○  
Makes us the day from night distinctly know.  
And by his motion, round as in a ring,  
Light to himself, light to each ○ doth bring:  
In each dayes journey, in his circle round,  
The framing of an ○ by sense is found.  
The Moon hath to the ○'s frame most affection:  
But the Sun's envy grudgeth such perfection.  
Yet *Dian* hath each moneth, and every year,  
Learned an ○'s frame in her front to bear.  
And to requite *Sols* envy with the like,  
With oft Eclipses at his ○ doth strike.  
In our Inferiour bodies there doth grow  
Matter enough to shew the worth of ○.  
Our brains and heart, either in ○ doth lye,  
So that the nest of ○'s the sparkling eye.  
The ribs in meeting, fashion an ○'s frame,  
The mouth and ear, the nostrills bear the same.

The

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

The Latins honouring the chiefest parts,  
Gloryed to make our O the heart of hearts,  
Fronting it with three words of deepest sense,  
Order, Opinion, and Obedience.  
Oft have I seen a reverend dimmed eye,  
By the help of O to read most legibly.  
Each drop of rain that falls, each flower that grows  
Each coyn that's current doth resemble O's.  
Into the water, if a stone we throw,  
Mark how each circle joyns to make an O.  
Cut but an Orange, you shall easily find,  
Yellow with white and watrey O's combin'd.  
O doth preserve a trembling Conjuror,  
Who from this Circle O doth never stir.  
O from a full throat Cryer, if it come,  
Strikes the tumultuous roaring people dumb.  
The thundring Cannon from this dreadful O,  
Ruine to walls, and death to men doth throw.  
O utters woes, O doth expresse our joyes,  
O wonders shews, O riches, or O royes.  
And O ye women which doth fashions fall,  
O ruff, O gorget, and O farthingall,  
And O ye spangles, O ye golden O's  
That art upon the rich embroydred throws,  
Think not we mock, though our displeasing pen  
Sometime doth write, you bring an O to men.  
'Tis no disparagement to you ye know,  
Since Ops the Gods great Grandam bears an O;  
Your

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

Your sexes glory (Fortune) though she reele,  
Is ever constant to her O, her wheele,  
And you Carroches through the street that glide,  
By art of four great O's do help you ride.  
When tables full, and cups do overflow,  
Is not each cup, each salt, each dish an O ?  
VVhat is't that dreadful makes a Princes frown,  
But that his head bears golden O the Crown ?  
Unhappy then th' Arithmatician, and  
Hethat makes O a barren Cipher stand.  
Let him know this, that we know in his place,  
An O adds number, with a figures grace ;  
And that O which for Cypher he doth take,  
One dash may easily a thousand make.  
But O enough, I have done my reader wrong,  
Mine O was round, and I have made it long.

### *Pure Nonsense.*

When Neptune's blasts, and Boreas blazing storms,  
When Tritons pitchfork cut off Vulcans horns,  
When Eolus boyst'rous Sun-beams grew so dark,  
That Mars in Moon-shine could not hit the mark :  
Then did I see the gloomy day of Troy,  
VVhen poor Aeneas legless ran away,  
Who took the torrid Ocean in his hand,  
And sailed to them all the way by land :  
An horrid sight to see Achilles fall,  
He brake his neck, yet had no hurt at all.

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

But being dead, and almost in a trance,  
He threatned forty thousand with his lance. (seen  
Indeed 'twas like such strange sights then were  
'An ugly, rough, black Monster all in green.  
That all about the white, blew, round, square, sky,  
The fixed Stars hung by Geometry,  
*Juno* amazed, and *Jove* surpris'd with wonder,  
Caus'd Heaven to shake, and made the mountaines  
Which caus'd *Aeneas* once again retire, (thunder.  
Drown'd *Aetna's* hill, and burnt the Sea with fire.  
*Nilus* for fear to see the Ocean burn,  
Went still on forward in a quick return.  
Then was that broyle of *Agamemnon's* done,  
VVhen trembling *Ajax* to the battell come.  
He struck stark dead ( they now are living still)  
Five hundred mushrooms with his martiall bill.  
Nor had himselfe escap'd, as some men say,  
If he being dead, he had not run away.  
O monstrous, hideous Troops of Dromidaries,  
How Bears and Bulls from Monks and Goblins  
Nay would not *Charon* yield to *Cerberus*, (varies!  
But catch'd the Dog, and cut his head off thus :  
• *Pluto* rag'd, and *Juno* pleas'd with ire,  
Sought all about, but could not find the fire :  
But being found, well pleas'd, and in a spight  
They slept at *Acharon*, and wak't all night :  
• VVhere I let pass to tell their mad bravadoes,  
Their meat was tosted cheefe and carbonadoes.

Thou-

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

Thousands of Monsters more besides there be  
Which I fast hoodwink'd, at that time did see;  
And in a word to shut up this discourse,  
A Rudg-gowns ribs are good to spur a horse.

### *A mess of Non-sense.*

Like to the tone of unspoke speeches,  
Or like a Lobster clad in logick breeches,  
Or like the gray freeze of a crimson cat,  
Or like a Moon-calf in a slipshoe-hat,  
Or like a shadow when the Sun is gon,  
Or like a thought that ne'r was thought upon:  
Even such is man, who never was begotten,  
Untill his children were both dead and rotten.

Like to the fiery touchstone of a Cabbage,  
Or like a Crablouse with his bag and baggage,  
Or like th'abortive issue of a Fizzle,  
Or the bag-pudding of a Plow-mans whistle,  
Or like the foursquare circle of a ring,  
Or like the singing of Hey down a ding;  
Even such is man, who breathles, without doubt,  
Spake to smal purpose when his tongue was out.

Like to the green fresh fading Rose,  
Or like to Rime or Verse that runs in prose,  
Or like the Humbles of a Tinder-box,

Or



## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

Or like a man that's sound, yet have the Pox,  
Or like a Hob-naile coyn'd in single pence,  
Or like the present preterperfect tense :  
Even such is man who dy'd and then did laugh  
To see such strong lines writ on's Epitaph.

### *An Encomium.*

I sing the praises of a Fart ;  
That I may do't by rules of Art,  
I will invoke no Deity  
But butter'd Pease and Firmity,  
And think their help sufficient  
To fit and furnish my intent.  
For sure I must not use high straines,  
For fear it bluster out in grains :  
VVhen *Virgils* Gnat, and *Ovids* Flea,  
And *Homers* Frogs strive for the day  
There is no reason in my mind,  
That a brave Fart should come behind ;  
Since that you may it parallell  
VVith any thing that doth excell :  
Musick is but a Fart that's sent  
From the gurs of an Instrument :  
The Scholler but farts, when he gains  
Learning with cracking of his brains.  
And when he has spent much pain and oile,  
*Thomas* and *Dan* to reconcile ;

And



## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

And to learn the abstracting Art,  
VVhat does he get by't? not a fart.  
The Souldier makes his foes to ruin  
VVith but the farting of a Gun;  
That's if he makes the bullet whistle,  
Else 'tis no better then a Fizle:  
And if withall the wind do stir up  
Rain, 'tis but a Fart in Syrrup.  
They are but Farts, the words we say,  
VVords are but wind, and so are they.  
Applause is but a Fart, the crude  
Blast of the fickle multitude.  
Five boats that lye the *Thames* about,  
Be but farts several Docks let out.  
Some of our projects were, I think,  
But politick farts; for how they stink!  
As soon as born, they by and by,  
Fart-like but only breath, and dy.  
Farts are as good as Land, for both  
VVe hold in taile, and let them both:  
Ouely the difference here is, that  
Farts are let at a lower rate.  
I'll say no more, for this is right,  
That for my Guts I cannot write,  
Though I should study all my dayes,  
Rimes that are worth the thing I praise.  
VVhat I have said, take in good part,  
If not, I do not care a fart.

# *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

## *The Drunken Humors.*



One here is bent to quarrell, and he will  
(If not prevented) this his fellow kill :

He

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

He fums, and frets, and rages ; in whose face  
Nothing but death and horror taketh place,  
But being parted, 'tother odd jugg, or two,  
Makes them all friends again with small ado.

Another he makes deaf your ears to hear  
The vain tautologies he doth declare ;  
That, had you as many ears as *Argus* eyes ;  
He'd make them weary all with tales, and lyes :  
And at the period of each idle fable,  
He gives the on-set to out-laugh the Table.

One he sits drinking healths to such a friend,  
Then to his Mistress he a health doth send :  
This publick Captains health he next doth mean,  
And then in private to some nasty Queen ;  
Nothing but healths of love is his pretence,  
Till he himselfe hath lost both health and sense.

To make the number up amongst the crew,  
Another being o're fill'd, begins to spue  
Worse then the brutish beast ; ( O fy upon it ! )  
It is a qualme forsooth doth cause him vomit.  
So that his stomach being over-prest,  
He must disgorge it, e're he can have rest.

Here sits one straining of his drunken throat  
Beyond all reason, yet far short of note :

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

Singing is his delight, then hoops and hallows,  
Making a Garboyle worse then *Vulcans* bellows.  
Now for a Counter-tenor he takes place,  
But straining that too high, falls to a base.  
Then screws his mouth an inch beyond his form,  
To treble it, just like a Gelders-horn :  
He's all for singing, and he hates to chide,  
Till blithful *Bacchus* cause his tongue be tide.

One like an Ape shews many tricks and toys,  
To leap, and dance, and sing with rueful noise ;  
O're the forme skips, then cross-legd sits  
Upon the Table in his apish fits.  
From house to house he rambles in such sort,  
That no Baboon could make you better sport :  
He pincheth one, another with his wand  
He thrusts, or striketh, or else with his hand :  
Pissles the room, and as he sleeping lyes,  
Waters his Couch (not with repenting eyes.)

A seventh, he sits mute, as if his tongue  
Had never learn'd no other word but mum ;  
And with his mouth he maketh mops and mews,  
Just like an Ape his face in form he screws :  
Then nods with hum, and hah ; but not one word  
His tongue-tide foolish silence can afford.  
To note his gesture, and his snorting after,  
'T would make a horsebirst his girts with

(laughter.  
But

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

But questionless he'd speak more were he able,  
Which you shall hear, having well slept at table.

Sir reverence, your stomachs do prepare  
Against some word, or deed, ill-scent doth bear.  
So this most sordid beast being drunk, doth miss  
The Chamber-pot, and in his hose doth piss.  
Nay, smell but near him, you perhaps may find,  
Not onely piss'd before, but — behind;  
Each company loaths him, holding of their nose,  
Scorning, and pointing at his filthy hose:  
As no condition of a Drunkard's good,  
So this smells worst of all the loathsome brood.

---

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*



*The Post of the Signe.*

Though it may seem rude  
For me to intrude,  
    With these my bears by chance-a ;  
'Twere sport for a King,  
It they could sing  
As well as they can dance-a.

Then

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

Then to put you out  
Of fear or doubt,

He came from *St. Katherine-a.*

These dancing three,  
By help of me,

VVho am the post of the *Signe-a.*

VVe sell good ware,

And we need not care,

Though Court and Countrey knew it ;

Our Ale's o'th best :

And each good guest

Prayes for their souls that brew it.

For any Ale-house,

VVe care not a *Louse,*

Nor Tavern in all the *Town-a ;*

Nor the Vintry Cranes,

Nor *St. Clement Danes,*

Nor the *Devil* can put us down-a.

Who has once there been,

Comes hither agen,

The liquor is so mighty ;

Beer strong and stale,

And so is our Ale ;

And it burns like *Aqua-vitæ.*



## *Fancies. and Fantasticks.*

---

To a stranger there,  
If any appear,  
Where never before he has bin ;  
We shew th' Iron gate,  
The wheele of St. *Kate*,  
And the place where they first sell in.

The wives of *Wapping*,  
They trudge to our tapping,  
And still our Ale desire ;  
And there sit and drink,  
Till they spue and stink,  
And often piss out the fire.

From morning to night,  
And about to day-light,  
They sit and never grudge it ;  
Till the fish-wives joyn  
Their single coyn  
And the Tinker pawns his budget.

If their brains be not well,  
Or bladders do swell,  
To ease them of their burden ;  
My Lady will come  
With a bowl and a broom,  
And her handmaid with a Jourden.

From

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

From Court we invite,  
Lord, Lady, and Knight,  
Squire, Gentlemen, Yeoman, and Groom,  
And all our stiff drinkers,  
Smiths, Porters, and Tinkers,  
And the Beggers shall give ye room.

If you give not credit,  
Then take you the verdict,  
Of a guest that came from Saint *Hallows* ;  
And you then will swear,  
The Man has been there,  
By his story now that follows,

---

*A Ballade.*

# *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

## *A Ballade.*



## *A Discourse between two Countrey-men.*

**I** Tell thee *Dick* where I have been,  
VVhere I the rarest things have seen ;  
O things beyond compare !

## *Fancier and Fantasticks.*

Such fights again cannot be found  
In any place on English ground,  
Be it at Wake or Faire.

At *Charing-Cross*, hard by the way  
Where we (thou know'st) do sell our Hay,  
There is a House with stairs;  
And there did I see coming down  
Such volk as are not in our Town,  
Vorty at least in pairs.

Amongst the rest, on pest'lent fine,  
(His beard no bigger though then thine)  
Walkt on before the rest:  
Our Landlord looks like nothing to him:  
The King (God bless him) 'twould undo him  
Should he go still so drest.

At *Course-a-Park*, without all doubt,  
He should have first been taken out  
By all the maids i'th Town:  
Though lustly *Rogers* there had been,  
Or little *George* upon the green,  
Or *Vincent* of the Crown.

But wot you what? the youth was going  
To make an end of his wooing;  
The Parson for him staid:

Yet

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

Yet by his leave (for all his hast)  
He did not so much with all past  
(Perchance) as did the Maid.

The Maid (and thereby hangs a tale)  
For such a Maid no Widson-Ale  
Could ever yet produce :  
No grape that's kindly ripe, could be  
So round, so plump, so soft as she,  
Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small, the Ring  
Would not stay on which she did bring,  
It was too wide a peck :  
And to say truth (for out it must)  
It lookt like the great Collar (just)  
About our young Colts neck.

Her feet beneath her peticoat,  
Like little mice stole in and out,  
As if they fear'd the light :  
But *Dick* she dances such away !  
No Sun upon an Easter day  
Is halfe so fine a sight.

He would have kist her once or twice,  
But she would not, she was so nice.  
She would not do't in sight :

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

And then she lookt, as who would say  
I will do what I list to day ;  
And you shall do't at night.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,  
No Dazy makes comparison  
(Who sees them is undone)  
For streaks of red were mingled there,  
Such as are on a Katherine Pear,  
(The side that's next the Sun.)

Her lips were red, and one was thin  
Compar'd to heat was next her chin ;  
(Some Bee had stung it newly)  
But (*Dick*) her eyes so guard her face,  
I durst no more upon them gaze,  
Then on the Sun in *July*.

Her mouth so small when she does speak,  
Thou'dst swear her teeth her words did break,  
That they might passage get,  
But she so handled still the matter,  
They came as good as ours, or better,  
And are not spent awhit.

If wishing should be any sin  
The Parson himself had guilty bin,  
(She lookt that day so purely)

And

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

And did the youth so oft the feat  
At night, as some did in conceit,  
It would have spoil'd him surely.

Passion oh me ! how I run on !  
There's that that would be thought upon,  
(I trow) besides the Bride.  
The business of the Kitchen's great,  
For it is fit that men should eat ;  
Nor was it there deny'd.

Just in the neck the Cook knockt thrice,  
And all the Waiters in a trice  
His summons did obey,  
Each Serving-man with dish in hand,  
Marcht boldly up like our Train'd-band,  
Presented and away.

When all the meat was on the Table,  
What man of knife, or teeth, was able  
To stay to be intreated ?  
And this the very reason was  
Before the Parson could say Grace,  
The company was seated.

Now hats fly off, and youths carrouse ;  
Healts first go round, & then the house,  
The brides came thick and thick ;

And



## Fancies and Fantasticks.

And when 'twas nam'd anothers health,  
Perhaps he made it hers by stealth;  
(And who could help it *Dick*)

O'th sudain up they rise and dance;  
Then sit again, and sigh, and glance:  
Then dance again and kiss:  
Thus sev'ral wayes the time did pass,  
Whil'st every woman wisht her place,  
And every man wisht his.

By this time all were stoln aside,  
To counsel and undress the Bride;  
But that he must not know:  
But 'twas thought he guest her mind,  
And did not mean to stay behind  
Above an hour or so.

When in he came (*Dick*) there she lay  
Like new-faln snow melting away,  
( 'Twas time I trow to part )  
Kisses were now the onely stay,  
Which soon she gave, as who would say,  
God B'w'y'! with all my heart.

But just as Heavens would have to cross it,  
In came the Bride-maids with the Posset:  
The Bridegroom eat in spight;

For

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

For had he left the women to't  
It would have cost two hours to do't,  
Which were too much at night.

At length the Candle's out, and now,  
All that they had not done, they do :  
What that is, who can tell ?  
But I believe it was no more  
Then thou and I have done before  
With *Bridget*, and with *Nell*.



### *The Good Fellow.*

VWhen shall we meet again to have a taste  
Of that transcendent Ale we drank of last ?  
VWhat wild ingredient did the woman chose  
To make her drink withall ? it made me lose  
My wit, before I quencht my thirst, there came  
Such whimsies in my brain, and such a flame  
Of fiery drunkenness had sing'd my nose,  
My beard shrunk in for fear ; there were of those  
That took me for a Comet, some afar  
Distant remote, thought me a blazing star ;  
The earth methought, just as it was, it went  
Round in a wheeling course of merriment.  
My head was ever drooping, and my nose  
Offering to be a suiter to my toes.

My

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

My pock-hole face, they say, appear'd to some,  
Just like a dry and burning Honey-comb :  
My tongue did swim in Ale, and joy'd to boast  
It self a greater Sea-man then the toast.  
My mouth was grown awry, as if it were  
Lab'ring to reach the whisper in mine ear,  
My guts were mines of sulphur, and my set  
Of parched teeth, struck fire as they met,  
Nay, when I piss, my Urine was so hot,  
It burnt a hole quite through the chamber pot :  
Each Brewer that I met, I kiss'd and made  
Suit to be bound Apprentice to the Trade :  
One did approve the motion, when he saw,  
That my own legs could my Indentures draw.  
Well Sir, I grew stark mad, as you may see  
By this adventure upon Poetry.  
You easily may guess, I am not quite  
Grown sober yet, by these weak lines I write :  
Only I do't for this, to let you see,  
Whos'ere paid for the Ale, I'm sur't paid me.

*Canto, In the praise of Sack.*

Listen all I pray,  
To the words I have to say,  
In memory sure insert 'um ;  
Rich Wines do us raise  
To the honour of Bayes,  
*Quem non facere disertum ?*

## Fancies and Fantasticks.

---

Of all the juice  
Which the Gods produce,  
Sack shall be preferr'd before them;  
'Tis Sack that shall  
Create us all,  
*Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum.*

We abandon all Ale,  
And Beer that is stale,  
Rosa-solis, and damnable hum :  
But we will rack  
In the praise of Sack,  
'Gainst *Omne quod exit in um,*

This is the wine,  
Which in former time,  
Each wise one of the Magi  
Was wont to carouse  
In a frolick blouse,  
*'Recubans sub tegmine fagi.*

Let the hope be their bane,  
And a rope be their shame,  
Let the gout and collick pine um,  
That offer to shrink,  
In taking their drink,  
*Sen Gracum, sive Latinum.*

## Fancies and Fantasticks.

---

Let the glafs goe round,  
Let the quart-pot found ;  
Let each one do as he's done to :  
Avaunt ye that hugge  
The abominable Jugge,  
'Mongst us *Heteroclitica sunt*.

There's no fuch difeafe,  
As he that doth pleafe  
His Palate with Beer to fhamc us :  
'Tis fack makes us fmg,  
Hey down a down ding,  
*Musa paulo majora canamus.*

He is either mute,  
Or doth poorly difpute,  
That drinks ought elfe but wine O,  
The more wine a man drinks,  
Like a fubtile-Sphinx  
*Tantum valet ille loquendo.*

'Tis true, our fouls,  
By the lowfie bowles  
Of Beer that doth naught but fwill us,  
Do goe into fwine,  
(*Pythagoras* 'tis thine)  
*Nam vos mutastis & illos,*

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

When I've Sack in my brain,  
I'm in a merry vain,  
And this to me a bliss is :  
Him that is wise,  
I can justly despise:  
*Mecum confertur Ulysses ?*

How it cheers the brains,  
How it warms the veins,  
How against all crosses it arms us !  
How it makes him that's poor,  
Couragiously roar,  
*Et mutatas dicere formas.*

Give me the boy,  
My delight and my joy,  
To my *tantum* that drinks his tale :  
By Sack he that waxes  
In our Syntaxes.  
*Est verbum personale.*

Art thou weak or lame,  
Or thy wits to blame ?  
Call for Sack, and thou shalt have it,  
'Twill make thee rise,  
And be very wise,  
*Cui vim natura negavit.*

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

We have frolick rounds.

We have merry go downs,

Yet nothing is done at random,

For when we are to pay,

We club and away,

*Id est commune notandum.*

The blades that want cash,

Have credit for crash,

They'l have Sack what ever it cost um,

They do not pay,

Till another day,

*Manet alta mente repostum.*

Who ne'r failes to drink

All clear from the brink,

With a smooth and even swallow,

I'll offer at his shrine,

And call it divine,

*Et erit mihi magnus Apollo.*

He that drinks still;

And never hath his fill,

Hath a passage like a Conduit,

The Sack doth inspire,

In rapture and fire,

*Sic æther æthera fundit.*



## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

When you merrily quaffe,  
If any do off,  
And then from you needs will pass thee,  
Give their nose a twitch,  
And kick them in the britch,  
*Non componuntur ab asse,*

I have told you plain,  
And tell you again,  
Be he furious as *Orlando*,  
He is an ass,  
That from hence doth pass,  
*Nisi bibit ad ostia stando.*

### *The vertue of Sack.*

Fetch me *Ben Johnsons* scull, and fill't with Sack,  
Rich as the same he drank, when the whole pack  
Of jolly sisters pledg'd, and did agree,  
It was no sin to be as drunk as he :  
If there be any weakness in the wine,  
There's vertue in the cup to mak't diuine ;  
This muddy drench of Ale does tast too much  
Of earth, the Mault retains a scurvy touch  
Of the dull hand that sows it ; and I fear  
There's heresie in hops ; give Block-heads Beer,  
And silly *Ignoramus*, such as think  
There's Powder-treason in all *Spanish* drink,

Call

## Fancies and Fantasticks.

Call Sack an Idoll ; we will kiss the Cup,  
For fear the Convneticle be blown up  
With superstition; away with the brew-house alms  
Whose best mirth is six shillings Beer, and qualms.  
Let me rejoyce in sprightly Sack, that can  
Create a brain even in an empty pan.  
*Canary* ! it's thou that dost inspire,  
And actuate the soul with heavenly fire.  
Thou that sublim'st the Genius making wit,  
Scorn earth, and such as love, or live by it,  
Thou mak'st us Lords of Regions large and fair,  
Whilst our conceits build Castles in the aire :  
Since fire, earth, aire, thus thy inferiours be,  
Henceforth I'll know no element but thee :  
Thou precious *Elixar* of all Grapes,  
Welcome by thee our Muse begins her scapes,  
Such is the worth of Sack ; I am (me thinks)  
In the *Exchequer* now, hark how it chinks,  
And do esteem my venerable selfe  
As brave a fellow, as if all the pelfe  
Were sure mine own ; and I have thought a way  
Already how to spend it ; I would pay  
No debts, but fairly empty every trunk ;  
And change the Gold for Sack to keep me drunk ;  
And so by consequence till rich *Spaines* wine  
Being in my crown, the *Indies* too were mine  
And when my brains are once a foot (heaven blest  
I think my self a better man then *Cæsus* : (us!)  
And

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

And now I do conceit my self to be a Judge,  
And coughing laugh to see my Clients trudge  
After my Lordships Coach unto the Hall  
For Justice, and am full of Law withall,  
And do become the Bench as well as he  
That fled long since for want of honesty :  
But I'll be Judge no longer, though in jest,  
For fear I should be talk't with like the rest,  
VWhen I am sober ; who can chuse but think  
Me wise, that am so wary in my drink ?  
Oh admirable Sack ! here's dainty sport,  
I am comè back from *Westminster* to Court ;  
And am grown young again ; my Pusick now  
Hath left me, and my Judges graven brow  
Is smooth'd ; and turn'd amorous as *May*,  
VWhen she invites young Lovers forth to play  
Upon her flowry bosome : I could win  
A Vestal now, or tempt a Queen to sin.  
Oh for a score of Queens ! you'd laugh to see,  
How they would strive which first should ravish  
Three goddesses were nothing : Sack has tipt (me :  
My tongue with charms like those which *Paris* sipt  
From *Venus*, when she taught him how to kiss  
Fair *Helen*, and invite a fairer blis :  
Mine is *Canary-Rhetorick*, that alone  
VWould turn *Diana* to a burning stone,  
Stone with amazement. burning with loves fire ;  
Hard to the touch, but short in her desire.

Inesti-

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

In estimable Sack! thou mak'st us rich,  
VVise, amorous, any thing; I have an itch  
To t' other cup, and that perchance will make  
Me valiant too, and quarrel for thy sake.  
If I be once inflam'd against thy foes (prose,  
That would preach down thy worth in smal-beer  
I shall do miracles as bad, or worse,  
As he that gave the King an hundred Horse:  
T' other odd Cup, and I shall be prepar'd  
To snatch at Stars, and pluck down a reward  
With mine own hands from *Jove* upon their backs  
That are, or *Charles* his enemies, or Sacks;  
Let it be full, if I do chance to spill  
Over my Standish by the way, I will  
Dipping in this diviner Ink, my pen,  
VVrite my self sober, and fall to't agen,

### *The Answer of Ale to the Challenge of Sack.*

Come, all you brave wights,  
That are dubbed Ale-Knights  
Now set out your selves in fight:  
And let them that crack  
In the praises of Sack,  
Know *Malt* is of mickle might.  
Though Sack they define  
To holy divine,

Yet

## Fancies and Fantasticks.

---

Yet is but natural liquor.  
'Ale hath for its part.  
An addition of art,  
    To make it drink thinner or thicker.  
Sacks fiery fume  
Doth waft and consume  
    Mens *humidum radicale* ;  
It scaldeth their livers,  
It breads burning feavers,  
    Proves *vinum venenum reale*;  
But Histories gathers,  
From aged fore-fathers,  
    That Ale's the true liquor of life :  
Men liv'd long in health  
And preserved their wealth,  
    Whilst Barley-broth onely was rise.  
Sack quickly ascends,  
And suddenly ends  
    What company came for at first :  
And that which yet worse is,  
It empties mens purses  
    Before it half quencheth their thirst.  
Ale is not so costly,  
Although that the most lye  
    Too long by the oyle of Barley,  
Yet may they part late  
At a reasonable rate,  
    Though they came in the morning early.  
Sack

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

Sack makes men from words  
Fall to drawing of swords,  
    And quarrelling endeth their quaffing ;  
Whilst dagger-ale barrels  
Bear off many quarrels,  
    And often turn chiding to laughing.  
Sack's drink for our Masters :  
All may be Ale-tasters.  
    Good things the more common the better.  
Sack's but single broth :  
Ale's meat, drink, and cloth,  
    Say they that know never a letter.  
But not to entangle  
Old friends till they wrangle,  
    And quarrell for other mens pleasure ;  
Let Ale keep his place  
And let Sack have his grace,  
    So that neither exceed the due measure.

---

### *The Tryumph of Tobacco over Sack and Ale.*

**N**Ay, soft, by your leaves,  
Tobacco bereaves  
    You both of the Garland : forbear it :  
You are two to one  
Yet Tobacco alone

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

Is like both to win it, and wear it.  
Though many men crack,  
Some of Ale, some of Sack,  
And think they have reason to do it ;  
Tobacco hath more,  
That will never give o're  
The honour they do unto it.  
Tobacco engages  
Both sexes, all ages,  
The poor as well the wealthy,  
From the Court to the Cottage,  
From childhood to dotage,  
Both those that are sick and the healthy.  
It plainly appears  
That in a few years  
Tobacco more custom hath gained,  
Then Sack, or then Ale,  
Though they'd double the tale  
Of the times, wherein they have reigned.  
And worthily too,  
For what they undo  
Tobacco doth help to regain,  
On fairer conditions,  
Then many Physitians,  
Puts an end to much grief and pain.  
It helpeth digestion,  
Of that there's no question,  
The gout, and the toothach, it easeth :



## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

But it early, or late,  
'Tis never out of date,

He may safely take it that pleaseth.

Tobacco prevent,  
Infection by sent,

That hurt the brain, and are heady.

An Antidote is,  
Before you're amiss,

As well as an after remedy.

The cold it doth heat,  
Cools them that do sweat,

As them that are fat maketh lean:

The hungry doth feed,  
And, if there be need,

Spent spirits restoreth again.

Tobacco infused  
May safely be used

For purging, and killing of lice:

Not so much as the ashes  
But heales cuts and flashes,

And that out of hand, in a trice.

The Poets of old,  
Many fables have told,

Of the Gods and their *Symposia*:

But Tobacco alone,  
Had they known it, had gone

For their *Nectar* and *Ambrosia*.

It is not the smack

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

Of Ale, or of Sack,  
That can with Tobacco compare;  
For taste, and for smell,  
It bears away the bell  
From them both where ever they are.  
For all their bravado,  
It is Trinidado  
That both their noses will wipe  
Of the praises they desire,  
Unless they conspire  
To sing to the tune of his pipe.

*Turpe est difficiles habere nugas.*

---

### *A Farewell to Sack.*

Farewell thou thing, time past so true and dear  
To me, as blood to life, and spirit, and near,  
Nay thou more dear then kindred, friend, or wife,  
Male to the female, soul to the body, life  
To quick action, or the warm soft side  
Of the yet chaste, and undefiled Bride.  
These and a thousand more could never be  
More near, more dear then thou wert once to me.  
'Tis thou above, that with thy mystick saln  
Work'st more then Wisdom, Art, or Nature can  
To raise the holy madnes, and awake

The

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

The frost-bound blood and spirits, and to make  
Them frantick with thy raptures, stretching  
The souls like lightning, & as active too. (through  
But why, why do I longer gaze upon  
Thee, with the eye of admiration,  
When I must leave thee, and inforc'd must say,  
To all thy witching beauties, goe away?  
And if thy whimpring looks do ask me, why?  
Know then, 'tis Nature biddeth thee hence, not I;  
'Tis her erronious selfe hath form'd my brain,  
Uncapable of such a Sovereigne,  
As is thy powerful self; I prethee draw in  
Thy gazing fires, lest at their sight the sin  
Of fierce Idolatry shoot into me, and  
I turn Apostate to the strict command  
Of Nature; bid me now farewell, or smile  
More ugly, lest thy tempting looks beguile (thee,  
My vows pronounc't in zeal, wch thus much shows  
That I have sworn, but by thy looks to know thee,  
Let others drink thee boldly, and desire  
Thee, and their lips espous'd, while I admire  
And love, but yet not taste thee: Let my Muse  
Faile of thy former helps, and onely use  
Her inadulterate strength, whats done by me,  
Shall smell hereafter of the Lamp, not thee.

*A fit of Rime against Rime.*

Rime the rack of finest wits,  
That expresseth but by fits

True

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

True conceit.

Spoyling senses of their treasure,  
Cousening judgement with a measure,  
But false weight.

Wresting words from their true calling,  
Propping Verse for fear of falling  
To the ground.

Joynting syllables, drowning letters,  
Fastning vowels, as with fetters  
They were bound.

Soon as lazie thou wer't known,  
All good Poetry hence was flown,  
And art banish'd.

For a thousand years together,  
All *Parnassus* green did wither,  
And wit vanish'd.

*Pegasus* did fly away,  
At the wells no Muse did stay,  
But bewayl'd.

So to see the fountain dry,  
And *Apollo's* Musick dye ;  
All light fail'd !

Starveling Rhime did fill the Stage,  
Not a Poet in an age  
Worth crowning.

Not a work deserving Bayes,  
Nor a line deserving praise ;  
*Pallas* frowning.

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

Greek was free from Rimes infection,  
Happy Greek by this protection

Was not spoyled.

Whilst the Latine, Queen of Tongues;  
Is not free from Rimes wrongs ;

But rests soiled.

Scarce the hill again doth flourish,  
Scarce the world a wit doth nourish,

To restore

*Phæbus* to his Crown again,  
And the Muses to their brain,

As before.

Vulgar languages that want  
Words, and sweetness, and be scant

Of true measure,

*Tyrant* Rime hath so abused,  
That they long since have refused

Other ceasure.

He that first invented thee,  
May his joynts tormented be,

Cramp'd for ever.

Still may syllables joyne with rime,  
Still may reason war with rime,

Resting never.

May his sense when it would meet,  
The cold tumor in his feet,

Grow unsunder.

And his title be long fool;

B b

That

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

True conceit.

Spoyling senses of their treasure,

Cousening judgement with a measure,

But false weight.

Wresting words from their true calling,

Propping Verse for fear of falling

To the ground.

Joynting syllables, drowning letters;

Fastning vowels, as with fetters

They were bound.

Soon as lazie thowwer't known,

All good Poetry hence was flown,

And art banish'd.

For a thousand years together,

All *Parnassus* green did wither,

And wit vanish'd.

*Pegasus* did fly away,

At the wells no Muse did stay,

But bewayl'd.

So to see the fountain dry,

And *Apollo's* Musick dye;

All light fail'd!

Starveling Rhime did fill the Stage,

Not a Poet in an age

Worth crowning.

Not a work deserving Bayes,

Nor a line deserving praise;

*Pallas* frowning.

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

Greek was free from Rimes infection,  
Happy Greek by this protection  
Was not spoyled.

Whilst the Latine, Queen of Tongues;  
Is not free from Rimes wrongs ;  
But rests soiled.

Scarce the hill again doth flourish,  
Scarce the world a wit doth nourish,  
To restore

*Phœbus* to his Crown again,  
And the Muses to their brain,  
As before.

Vulgar languages that want  
Words, and sweetness, and be scant  
Of true measure,  
*Tyran* Rime hath so abused,  
That they long since have refused  
Other ceasure.

He that first invented thee,  
May his joynts tormented be,  
Cramp'd for ever.  
Still may syllables joyn with time,  
Still may reason war with rime,  
Resting never.

May his sense when it would meet,  
The cold tumor in his feet,  
Grow unsounder.

And his title be long fool;  
B b

That



## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

That in rearing such a School,  
Was the Founder.

### *A Letany.*

From a proud Woodcock, and a peevish wife,  
A pointless Needle, and a broken Knife,  
From lying in a Ladies lap,  
Like a great fool that longs for pap,  
And from the fruit of the three corner'd tree,  
Vertue and goodness still deliver me.

From a conspiracy of wicked knaves,  
A knot of villains, and a crew of slaves,  
From laying plots for to abuse a friend,  
From working humors to a wicked end,  
And from the wood where Wolves and Foxes be  
Vertue and goodness still deliver me.

From rusty Bacon, and ill roasted Eeles,  
And from a madding wit that runs on wheels,  
A vap'ring humour, and a beetle-head,  
A smoaky chimney, and a lowsie bed,  
A blow upon the elbow and the knee,  
From each of these, goodness deliver me.

From setting vertue at too low a price,  
From losing too much coyn at Cards and Dice.  
From

## *Fancies and Fantasticks,*

---

From surety-ship, and from an empty purse,  
Or any thing that may be termed worle;  
From all such ill, wherein no good can be,  
Vertue and goodness still deliver me.

From a fool, and serious toyes,  
From a Lawyer three parts noise;  
From impertinence like a Drum

Beat at dinner in his room,  
From a tongue without a file,  
Heaps of *Phrases* and no file,  
From a Fidler out of tune,  
As the *Cuckoo* is in *June*.

From a Lady that doth breath  
Worse above, than underneath.

From the Bristles of a Hog,  
Or the ring-worm in a Dog:  
From the courtship of a bryer,  
Or St. *Anthones* old fire.

From the mercy of some Jaylors,  
From the long bills of all Taylors,  
From Parasites that will stroak us,  
From morsels that will choak us,

From all such as purses cur,  
From a filthy durty flut,  
From Canters and great eaters,  
From Parentees and Cheaters,  
From men with reason tainted.

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

From women which are painted,  
From all far-fetch'd new fangles,  
From him that ever wrangles,  
From rotten Cheefe, and addle Eggs,  
From broken shins and gowty Legs,  
From a Pudding hath no end,  
From bad men that never mend,  
From the Counter or the Fleet,  
From doing penance in a she. t,  
From Jesuits, Monks and Fryers,  
From hypocrites, knaves, and lyers,  
From *Romes* Pardons, Bulls, and Masses,  
From Bug-bears, and broken Glasses,  
From *Spanish* Pensions and their spies,  
From weeping Cheefe with *Argus* eyes,  
From forain toes invasions,  
From Papistical perswasions,  
From private gain, by publick loss,  
From coming home by weeping crosse,  
From all these I say agen,  
Heaven deliver me. Amen.

# Peasants and Fam'lyicks.

## The Gypsey.



## The Captain sings.

From the famous Peak of Darby,  
And the Devil's Arse there hard-by,  
Where we yearly keep our Musters,  
Thus the Egyptian throng in clusters.

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

From women which are painted,  
From all far-fetch'd new fangles,  
From him that ever wrangles,  
From rotten Cheese, and addle Eggs,  
From broken shins and gowty Legs,  
From a Pudding hath no end,  
From bad men that never mend,  
From the Counter or the Fleet,  
From doing penance in a sheet,  
From Jesuits, Monks and Fryers,  
From hypocrites, knaves, and lyers,  
From *Romes* Pardons, Bulls, and Masses,  
From Bug-bears, and broken Glasses,  
From *Spanish* Pensions and their spies,  
From weeping Cheese with *Argus* eyes,  
From forain toes invasions,  
From Papistical perswasions,  
From private gain, by publick loss,  
From coming home by weeping crosse,  
From all these I say agen,  
Heaven deliver me. Amen.

# Fancies and Fantasticks.

## The Gypsies.



## The Captain sings.

he  
FROM the famous *Peak of Darby*,  
And the *Devils-Arse* there hard-by,  
VVhere we yearly keep our *Musters*,  
Thus the *Egyptians* throng in clusters.

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

Be not frightened at our fashion,  
Though we seem a tattered Nation ;  
We account our rags, our riches,  
So our Tricks exceed our stitches,

Give us Bacon, rinds of Wallnuts,  
Shells of Cockles, and of small Nuts ;  
Ribands, bells, and saffrand linnen,  
All the world is ours to win in.  
Knacks we have that will delight you,  
Slight of hand that will invite you,  
To endure our tawny faces,  
Quit your places, and not cause you cut your laces.

All your fortunes we can tell ye,  
Be they for the back or belly ;  
In the Moods too, and the Tences,  
That may fit your fine five senses.

Draw but then your Gloves we pray you,  
And sit still, we will not fray you ;  
For though we be here at *Burley*,  
Wee'd be loath to make a hurley.

---

### *Another sings.*

**S**Tay my sweet Singer,  
The touch of thy finger,  
A little and a longer ;



## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

For me that am bringer  
Of bound to the border,  
The rule and Recorder,  
And mouth of the order,  
As Priest of the Game,  
And Prelate of the same.  
There's a *Gentry Cove* here,  
Is the top of the shire,  
Of the *Bever Ken*,  
A man among men ;  
You need not to fear,  
I have an eye, and an ear  
That turnes here and there,  
To look to our geare.

Some say that there be,  
One or two, if not three,  
That are greater than he.  
And for the *Rome-Morts*,  
I know by their Ports  
And their jolly resorts  
They are of the sorts  
That love the true sports  
Of King *Ptolomeus*,  
Or great *Coripheus*,  
And Queen *Cleopatra*,  
The *Gypsies* grand *Matra*.

Then if we shall shark it,  
Here Fair is, and Market.

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

Leave Pig Py and Goose,  
And play fast and loose,  
A short cut and long,  
Some inch of a Song,  
*Pythagoras* lot,  
Drawn out of the pot ;  
With what sayes *Alkindus*  
And *Pharaotes Indus*,  
*John de Indagine*  
With all their *Pagine*,  
Of faces and *Palmestrie*,  
And this is *Allmysterie*.  
Lay by your Wimbles,  
Your boring for Thimbles,  
Or using your nimbles,  
In diving the Pockets,  
And founding the sockets  
Of *Simper* the *Cockets* ;  
Or angling the purses,  
Of such as will curse us ;  
But in the strict duell  
Be merry, and cruell,  
Strike fair at some Jewell  
That mine may accrew well  
For that is the fuell,  
To make the Town brew well,  
And the Pot wring well,  
And the brain sing well,

Which

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

Which we may bring well  
About by a string well,  
And do the thing well.  
It is but a strain  
Of true legerdemain,  
Once twice and again,  
Or what will you say now ?  
If with our fine play now,  
Our knack and our dances,  
We work on the fancies  
Of some of your Nancies.  
These trinckets and tripfies,  
And make'em turn Gypsies.  
Here's no Justice *Lippus*  
Will seek for to nip us,  
In *Cramp-ring* or *Cippus*,  
And then for to strip us,  
And after to whip us.  
His justice to vary ,  
While here we do tarry  
But be wise and wary,  
And we may both carry  
The *Kate* and the *Mary*,  
And all the bright ae'ry,  
Away to the Quarry.  
Or durst I goe further  
In method and order,  
There's a Purse and a Seal,

I have

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

I have a great mind to steal.  
That when our tricks are done,  
We might seal our own pardon ;  
All this we may do.  
And a great deal more too,  
If our brave *Ptolomee*,  
Will but say follow me.

*To those that would be Gypsies too.*

**F**Riends not to refell ye,  
Or any way quell ye,  
To buy or to sell ye,  
I onely must tell ye,  
Ye aim at a Mystery  
Worthy a History ;  
There's much to be done,  
Ere you can be a Son,  
Or brother of the Moon.  
'Tis not so soon  
Acquir'd as desir'd.  
You must be *Ben-bonfie*,  
And sleepy and drowsie,  
And lasie, and lowsie,  
Before ye can rouse ye,  
In shape that arowse ye.  
And then you may stalk  
The *Gypsies* walk ;

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

To the *Coops* and the *Pens*.  
And bring in the *Hens*,  
Though the *Cock* be sullen  
For loss of the *Pullen* :  
Take *Turkie*, or *Capon*,  
And *Gammons* of *Bacon*,  
Let nought be forsaken ;  
We'll let you go loose  
Like a *Fox* to a *Goose*,  
And shew you the sty  
Where the little *Pigs* lye ;  
Whence if you can take  
One or two, and not wake  
The *Sow* in her dreams,  
But by the *Moon* beams  
So warily hie,  
As neither do cry ;  
You shall the next day  
Have license to play  
At the hedge a flirt  
For a sheet or a shirt ;  
If your hand be light,  
I'll shew you the flight  
Of our *Ptolomies* knot,  
It is, and 'tis not.  
To change your complexion  
With the noble confection.

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

Of Wallnuts and Hogs-grease,  
Better then Dogs-grease :  
To milk the kine,  
Ere the milkmaid fine  
Hath opened her eie.  
Or if you desire  
To spit, or fart fire,  
Ile teach you the knacks,  
Of eating of flax ;  
And out of their noses,  
Draw ribbands and posies.  
And if you incline  
To a cup of good wine,  
VVhen you sup or dine ;  
If you chance it to lack,  
Be it Clarer or Sack ;  
Ile make this snout  
To deal it about,  
Or this to run out,  
As it were from a spout.

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

*On a patch'd up Madam.*

*Pigmalions* fate revers'd is mine,  
His marble love took flesh and blood;  
What late I worship'd, I decline;  
Your Beauty now is understood  
To have no more in it of life,  
Then that whereof he framed his wife.

As women yet who apprehend  
Some suddain cause of causeless fear,  
Although that seeming cause take end;  
And they behold no danger neer,  
And shaking through their limbs they find  
Like Leaves saluted by the wind.

So though your beauties do appear  
No Beauties which amaz'd me so,  
Yet from my Breast I cannot tear  
The passion which from thence did grow,  
Nor yet out of my fancy race  
The print of that supposed face.

A Real Beauty though too neer  
The fond *Narcissus* did admire,  
I done on that which is no where  
The sign of Beauty feeds my fire:  
No mortal flame was ere so cruel  
As mine which thus survives the fuel.



## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

### *The Reply on the Contrary.*

Not caring to observe the wind,  
Or the unfaithful Sea explore,  
I now no painted colours find,  
But settled stand upon the shoar ;  
And may not here new dangers lye  
To conquer and deceive the eye ?  
No, for the looks so pure, so cleer  
That her rich Bottom doth appear  
Pay'd all with precious things, not torn  
From shiprack'd Vessels, but there born ;  
Here Sweetness, Truth, and every Grace  
Which time and youth are wont to teach  
The eye may in a moment reach  
And read distinctly in her face ;  
Some other Nymph with colours faint  
And with slow Pensils we may paint ;  
And a weak heart in time destroy  
But she alone can print the Boy,  
Can with a single look inflame  
The coldest Breast, the rudest tame.  
Then Painter say, where couldst thou find  
Shades to counterfeit that face ?  
For colours of this glorious kind,  
Come not from any mortal race.  
In heaven it self she sure was drest,

With

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

With that Angel-like guise,  
Thus not deluded, we are blest  
And see with clearest eyes.

### *The Melancholly Lover.*

It is not I that love you less  
Then when before your feet I lay,  
But to prevent the sad increase  
Of hopeful love, I keep away ;  
In vain (alas) for every thing  
Which I have known, belongs to you ;  
Your form doth to my fancy bring,  
And makes my old wounds bleed anew.  
He in the Spring who from the Sun  
Already hath a fever got,  
Too late begins those heats to shun,  
Which *Phæbus* through his veins hath shot ;  
Too late he would the pain assuage,  
And to his chamber doth retire ;  
About with him he bears the rage,  
And in his tainted blood the fire ;  
But vowd to have, and never must  
Your banish'd servant trouble you.  
For if I break, you may mistrust  
The Vow I made to love you too.  
But tell me Lady, Dearest foe,  
Where your lovely strength doth lye ;

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

Is the Power that charms me so  
In your Soul, or in your Eye,  
In your snowy neck alone ?  
Or is that Grace in motion seen,  
No such wonders can be done,  
But in your voyce that's Musicks Queen ;  
Whilest I do listen to that Voyce  
I do feel my life decay  
For that sweet and powerful noise  
Calls my flitting soul away ;  
Oh suppress that Magick sound  
That destroyes without a wound,  
Peace Lady, peace, or singing dye  
That together you and I  
May arm in arm to Heaven go,  
For all the story we do know,  
That the blessed do above  
Is that they sing, and that they love.

*The Variable Lover ; or a Reply to the  
Melancholly Lover.*

Thrice happy pairs, of whom we cannot know  
Which first began to love, and which to woe,  
Fairst course of passion where two loves impart,  
And run together, heart still yoakt in heart ;  
Successful Love, whom Love hath taught the way  
To be victorious in the first assay :

Sur

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

Sure Loves an Art, best practis'd at first,  
And where the sad and pining prosper worst:  
Some with a different fate pursue in vain  
Their Ladies loves, whiles others just disdain  
Of their neglect, above their passion born,  
Do pride to pride oppose, and scorn to scorn;  
Then they relent, but all too late to move  
A heart diverted to a nobler Love,  
The scales are turn'd, her beauties weigh no more  
Then th' others Vows, and services before;  
So in some well wrought hangings we may see  
How *Hector* leads, and how the *Grecians* flee;  
Here the fierce *Mar*, his courage so inspires,  
That with bold hands the *Argive* Fleet he fires;  
But there from Heaven the blew-ey'd Virgin falls,  
And frighted *Troy* retires within her walls;  
They who are foremost in that bloody place,  
Retire anon, and give the Conquerers chase;  
So like the chances are of Love and War,  
That they in this alone distinguished are  
In love the Victors from the vanquish'd flye,  
They fly that wound, and they pursue that dye.

*The Ladies Slave to his Mistress.*

Fairest piece of well form'd Earth,  
Urge not thus your haughty birth;  
The power which you have o're us lyes  
Not in you face, but in your eyes;

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

Is the Power that charms me so  
In your Soul, or in your Eye,  
In your snowy neck alone ?  
Or is that Grace in motion seen,  
No such wonders can be done,  
But in your voyce that's Musicks Queen ;  
Whilest I do listen to that Voyce  
I do feel my life decay  
For that sweet and powerful noise  
Calls my flitting soul away ;  
Oh suppress that Magick sound  
That destroyes without a wound,  
Peace Lady, peace, or singing dye  
That together you and I  
May arm in arm to Heaven go,  
For all the story we do know,  
That the blessed do above  
Is that they sing, and that they love.

*The Variable Lover ; or a Reply to the  
Melancholly Lover.*

Thrice happy pairs, of whom we cannot know  
Which first began to love, and which to woe,  
Fairst course of passion where two loves impart,  
And run together, heart still yoakt in heart ;  
Successful Love, whom Love hath taught the way  
To be victorious in the first assay :

Sun

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

Sure Loves an Art, best practis'd at first,  
And where the sad and pining prosper worst :  
Some with a different fate pursue in vain  
Their Ladies loves, whiles others just disdain  
Of their neglect, above their passion born,  
Do pride to pride oppose, and scorn to scorn ;  
Then they relent, but all too late to move  
A heart diverted to a nobler Love,  
The scales are turn'd, her beauties weigh no more  
Then th' others Vows, and services before ;  
So in some well wrought hangings we may see  
How *Hector* leads, and how the *Grecians* flee ;  
Here the fierce *Mars* his courage so inspires,  
That with bold hands the *Argive* Fleet he fires ;  
But there from Heaven the blew-ey'd Virgin falls,  
And frighted *Troy* retires within her walls ;  
They who are foremost in that bloody place,  
Retire anon, and give the Conquerers chase ;  
So like the chances are of Love and War,  
That they in this alone distinguished are :  
In love the Victors from the vanquish'd flye,  
They fly that wound, and they pursue that dye.

*The Ladies Slave to his Mistress.*

Fairest piece of well form'd Earth,  
Urge not thus your haughty birth ;  
The power which you have o're us lyes  
Not in you face, but in your eyes ;

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

None but a Lord ! Alas that voice  
Confines you to a narrow choice,  
Should you no Honey vow to taste,  
But what the master Bees have plac'd  
In compass of their Cells, how small  
A portion to your share would fall ?  
Nor all appear amongst those few  
VVorthy the stock from whence they grew ;  
The Sap which at the Root is bred  
In Trees, through all the Boughes is spread ;  
But Vertues which in Beauties shine,  
Make not like progress through the line ;  
'Tis not from whom, but where we live,  
The place doth oft the Graces give ;  
Had *Cesar* on the Mountain bred  
A Flock perhaps, or Herd had led,  
He who the world subdu'd, had been  
But the best VVrestler on the Green :  
'Tis Art and Knowledge which draw forth  
The hidden seeds of humane worth ;  
They blow the sparks, and make them rise  
Into such flames, as touch the skies :  
To the old *Heroes* hence was given  
A pedigree that touch'd the Heaven ;  
Of mortal Seed they were not held,  
VVhich other Mortals so excell'd  
And beauty too in such excess  
As yours (fair Lady) claims no less.

Smile



## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

Smile but on me, and you shall scorn  
Henceforth to be of Princes born ;  
Your Slave I am, can paint the Grove  
Where your lov'd Mother slept with Jove,  
And yet excuse the faultless Dame,  
Caught with her Spouses shape, and name ;  
Your matchless form will credit bring  
To all the wonders I shall sing.

### *The Reply.*

At last here for your sake I part  
With all that grew so near my heart ;  
The passion which you had for me,  
The Faith, the Love, the Constancy ;  
And that all may successful prove,  
I'll turn my self to what you love.  
Too much I do confess I priz'd  
That which you thought all Grace compriz'd ;  
Too much I with my Arrows strove  
To reach, or hurt a yielding Dove ;  
It was your Constancy that still  
Declin'd my force, and mock'd my skill ;  
No more I'll wander through the Aire,  
Nor Mount, nor Shop at every Fair ;  
And with a Fancy unconfin'd,  
And lawless as the Sea, or Wind,  
Pursue you wheresoe'er you fly,  
And with your various thoughts comply ;

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

The formal Stars do travail so,  
As we their names, and courses know,  
And he who on their Aspects looks,  
VVould think them governed by our Books;  
But never were the Clouds reduc'd  
To any Art their Motion us'd;  
For those free Vapours are so light  
And frequent, that the conquer'd fight  
Despaire to find the Rules that guide  
Those guilded shadows, as they slide;  
And therefore of the spacious Aire,  
Joves Royal Comfort had the care;  
And by that power did once escape  
The amorous bold Ixions rape;  
And she with her resemblance grac'd  
A shining Cloud which he embrac'd;  
Such was the Image, so it smil'd  
VVith seeming kindness, which beguild  
Your hugging thoughts, when as you thought  
That you had me your Mistriss caught;  
So shap'd it was, but for the Faire,  
You fill'd your Arms with yielding Aire;  
For which you sure may grieve the less  
Because the Gods had like success;  
For in their story, One we see  
Pursues a Nymph, and takes a Tree;  
A second, with a Lovers hast,  
Soon overtakes whom he had chac'd;

But

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

But she that did a Virgin seem,  
Did prove to be a gliding stream ;  
For his supposed love a third  
Layes greedy hold upon a Bird,  
And stands amaz'd to find his Dear  
A wilde Inhabitant of th'Ayre ;  
To these bold tales such youths as you  
Give credit, and still make them new.  
But Sir, if you do apprehend  
These words of your repenting friend,  
Again, deceive me, and again,  
For I do swear, I'll not complain ;  
For still to be deluded so,  
Is all the pleasure Lovers know ;  
Who light good Faulknors take delight  
Not in the quarry, but the flight.

### *The cunning Curtezan.*

Sir tell me, why should we delay  
Pleasures shorter than the day ?  
Could we, which we never can,  
Stretch our lives beyond their span ;  
Beauty, like a shadow flies,  
And our youth before us dyes ;  
Or would youth and beauty stay,  
Love hath wings, and will away ;  
Love hath swifter wings than time,  
Change in love, to Heaven doth clime ;

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

God who never change their state,  
Varied of their love and hate,  
Sir, Unto this truth we owe  
All the love betwixt us two;  
Let not you and I enquire  
What hath been our past desire,  
On what Maidens you have smil'd,  
Or what youths I have beguil'd;  
Leave it to the Plannets too,  
What we shall hereafter do;  
And for the joyes we now all prove  
Take advice of present Love.

### *The Reply.*

See how the willing Earth gives way  
To take th' Impression where she lay;  
See how the ground as loath to leave  
So sweet a burden, still doth cleave  
Close to her staine'd Garments; here  
The coming Spring would first appear,  
And all this place with Roses strow;  
If busie feet would let them grow;  
Thus the first lover on the clay  
Of which they were composed lay,  
And in their prime, with equal grace  
Met the first patterns of our race;  
Then blush not Lady, nor yet frown  
Nor wonder how you both came down;

The

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

The young man could not choose but bend,  
VVhen all his Heav'n upon him lean'd ;  
If ought by him amiss were done,  
'Twas, that he let you rise so soon.

*On the French-Eglisht Ape.*

Mark him once more, and tell me if you can  
Look, and not laugh, on yonder Gentleman.  
Could I but work a transformation strange  
On him whose pride doth swell and rankle so,  
I would his Carrion to a thistle change,  
Which Asses feed on, and which Rusticks mow.

*Another on the same.*

VVhat dost thou mean to revel, roar, and spend,  
And drink, and drab, and swear so? wilt thou rend  
thy way to Hell? the Devil will spy day,  
And at a small hole snatch thee quite away.

*On a Brede of divers colours, woven by four Maids of Honour, and presented to the Queen on Newyears day last.*

Twice twenty slender Virgin fingers twine  
This curious web, where all their fancies shine ;  
As nature them, so they this Brede have wrought,  
Soft as their hands, and various as their thoughts ;  
Not Juno's Bird when he his train doth spread,

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

And woes the female to his painted Bed ;  
No, nor the Bow which so adorns the skyes,  
So glorious is, or boasts so many dies.

But now 'tis done, O let me know  
Where those immortal colours grow,  
That could this Deathless piece compose  
In Lillies, or the fading Rose ?  
No for this Art they have climb'd higher,  
Then did *Prometheus* for his fire.

*On deaf Small, the Ale-wife.*

She prates to others, yet can nothing hear,  
Just like a sounding Jugge that wants an ear.

*Another.*

*Small* my Host doth to me such reckoning make,  
That I of *Small* my Host small reckoning take,  
Henceforth, good *Small*, let reckonings lesser be,  
And greater reckoning I shall make of thee.

*On a Tell-tale.*

Such gloing tongues to hot contention bent,  
Are not unlike red Herrings broyl'd in Lent.

*Cherry-pit.*

*Nickolas* and *Nell* did lately sit  
Playing for sport at Cherry-pit ;

They

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

They both did throw, and having thrown,  
He got the pit, and she the stone.

### *A vow to Cupid.*

*Cupid* I do love a Girl  
Ruby lip'd, and tooth'd like Pearle ;  
If so be that I may prove  
Luky in this Maid I love,  
I do promise there shall be  
Myrtles offer'd up to thee.

### *On the Rose.*

Go lowly Rose,  
Tell her that wasts her time and me,  
That now she knows  
When I resemble her to thee.  
How sweet and fair she seems to be.  
Tell her that's young  
And shuns to have her Graces spy'd,  
That hadst thou sprung  
In Desarts where no men abide,  
Thou must have uncommended dy'd.  
Small is the worth  
Of beauty from the light retir'd,  
Bid her come forth  
Suffer her self to be desir'd,  
And blush not to be so admir'd.

Then



## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

Then dye that she,  
The common fate of all things rare  
May read in thee  
How small a part of time they share  
That are so wondrous sweet, and faire.

### *Another.*

Lately on yonder fragrant Bush,  
Big with many a Coming Rose,  
This early Bud began to blush,  
And did but half it self disclose ;  
I pluck'd it, though no better grown,  
Yet now you see how full 'tis blown.  
Still as I did the leaves inspire,  
With such a Purple light they shone  
As if they had been made of fire,  
And spreading so, would flame anon ;  
All that was meant by Air, or Sun,  
To the young Flower my breath hath done.  
And if loose breath so much can do,  
It may as well inform of love,  
Of purest Love, and Musick too,  
When once your Beauties it shall move,  
That breath may have the happy power  
To work on you, as on a Flower.

### *Another.*

Go happy Rose, and interweave  
With other Flowers bind my love ;

Te

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

Tell her too, she must not be  
Longer peevish, longer free,  
That so long hath tetter'd me.

Say, if she frets, that I have bands  
Of Pearl, and Gold to bind her hands ;  
Tell her if she struggles still,  
I have Myrtle Rods at will  
That can tame, although not kill.

Take thou my blessing now, and go  
And tell her this, but do not so,  
Least a handsome anger fly  
Like a Lightning from her eye,  
And burnt thee up, as well as I

*On the two Dwarfs that were married at Court,  
not long before Shrovetide.*

The Sign or Chance makes others wive,  
But Nature did this match contrive ;  
Eve might as well have *Adam* fled,  
As she denyed her little bed  
To him, for whom Heaven seem'd to frame  
And measure out this little Dame.

Thrice happy is this humble paire,  
Beneath the level of all care ;  
For o're their heads all Arrows fly  
Of sad distrust, and Jealousie,

Secured

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

Secured in as high extream,  
As if the world held none but them.

To him the fairest Nymphs do show  
Like moving Mountains ropt with snow ;  
And every man *Polypheme*,  
Doth to his *Galatea* seem :  
None may presume her faith to prove,  
He proffers death, who proffers love.

### *On the approaching Spring.*

*Chl.* *Hilas*, Oh *Hilas* why sit we mute  
Now that each Bird saluteth the Spring ?  
Wind up the slackned strings of thy Lute ;  
Never canst thou want matter to sing ?  
For love thy breast doth fill with such a fire,  
That whatsoe're is fair, moves thy desire.

*Hil.* Sweetest you know the sweetest of things  
Of various Flowers which the Bees do compose,  
Yet no particular taste it brings  
Of Violet, Wood-bine, Pink or Rose ;  
So love's the Relutance of all the Graces  
Which flow from a thousand several faces.

*Chl.* *Hilas* the Birds which chant in this Grove  
Could we but know the language they use,  
They would instruct us better in love,  
And reprehend thy inconstant muse ;

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

For love their breasts doth fill with such a fire,  
That what they do chuse, bounds their desire,

*Hil. Chloris*, this change the Birds do approve,  
Which the warm season hither does bring,  
Time from your self does further remove,  
You, then the Winter from the gay Spring;  
She that like lightning shin'd whiles her face  
(lasted,  
Looks like an Oak being old, which lightning  
(hath blasted.

*To beingraven under the Queens Picture.*

Such *Helen* was, and who can blame the Boy  
That in so bright a flame consum'd his *Troy*?  
But had like vertue shin'd in that fair Greek,  
The amorous Shepherd had not dar'd to seek  
Or hope for pity, but with silent moan  
And better fate, had perished alone.

*How the Violets came blew.*

The Violets, as Poets tell,  
With *Venus* wrangling went  
Whither the Violets did excell  
Or she in sweetest scent;  
But *Venus* having lost the day  
Poor Girle, she fell on you,  
And beat you so, as some do say  
Her Blowes did make you blew.

*Violets*

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

### *Violets in a Ladies Bosome*

Twice happy Violets, that first had birth  
In the warm Spring, when no Frosts nip the Earth;  
Thrice happy now, since you transplanted are  
Unto the sweeter bosome of my Fair;  
And yet poor Flowers, I pity your hard Fate;  
You have but chang'd, not better'd your estate:  
What boots it you t'have scap'd cold winters breath  
To find like me, by flames a sudden death?

### *An old Man, to a young Maid.*

Scorn me not fair, because you see  
My hairs are white; what if they be?  
Think not, 'cause in your Cheeks appear  
Fresh Springs of Roses, all the year;  
And mine, like Winter, wan and old,  
My love like Winter, should be could;  
See in the Garland which you wear,  
How the sweet blushing Roses there  
With palest Lillies do combine,  
Be taught by them, and so lets joyn.

### *To the Wife, being married to that old man.*

Since thou wilt needs, bewitch'd with some ill  
Be buryed in those monumental Arms, (charms  
All we can wish, is, may his Earth lye light  
Upon thy tender limbs, and so good night.

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

### *The Surprisal, or Lovers Tyranny.*

Ther's no dallying with Love  
Though he be a Child, and blind ;  
Then let none the danger prove ;  
VVho would to himself be kind ;  
Smile he does, when thou dost play,  
But his smiles to death betray.

Lately with the Boy I sported,  
Love I did not, yet love feigned ;  
Had no Mistriss, yet I courted ;  
Sigh I did, yet was not pained,  
Till at last his love in jest  
Prov'd in earnest, my unrest.

VVhen I saw my fair one first,  
In a feigned fire I burn'd ;  
But true flames my poor heart pierc'd,  
When her eyes on mine she turn'd ;  
So a real wound I took  
For my counterfeited look.

Slighted love his skill to show  
Struck me with a mortal Dart ;  
Then I learn'd that 'gainst his Bow,  
Vain are all the helps of Art :

And

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

And thus captiv'd found that true,  
Doth dissembled love pursue.

'Cause his fetters I disclaim'd,  
Now the Tyrant faster bound me  
With more scorching Bonds inflam'd,  
'Cause in love so cold he found me;  
And my sighs more scalding made,  
'Cause with winds before they play'd.

Who love not then, O make no show;  
Love's as ill deceived as Fate,  
Fly the Boy, he'l cogge and woe;  
Mock him, and he'l wound thee stout:  
They who dally, boast in vain;  
False love wants not real pain.

*On the Eyes and Breasts of the Lady on whom he  
was inamoured.*

Lady, on your eyes I gaz'd,  
When amaz'd  
At their brightness,  
On your breasts I cast a look,  
No less took  
With their witness;  
Both I justly did admire  
These all snow, and those all fire.

Whilest



## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

Whilest these wonders I surveigh'd,  
Thus I said  
In suspence,  
Nature could have done no lesse  
To expresse  
Her providence,  
Then that two such fair worlds might  
Have two Suns to give them light.

### *On an old Batchelour.*

Mope-ey'd I am, as some have said,  
Because I've liv'd so long a Maid;  
But grant that I should married be,  
Should I one jot the better see?  
No, I should think that marriage might  
Rather than mend me, blind me quite.

### *On Love.*

Love scorch'd my finger, but did spare  
The burning of my heart,  
To tell me that in love my share  
Should be a little part;  
Little I love, but if that he  
Would but that heat recall,  
That Joynt to Ashes burnt should be,  
E're I would love at all.

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

### *Virtus improved by suffering.*

Tis but the body that blind Fortune's spight  
Can chain to earth, the nobler soul doth flight  
Her servile bonds, and takes to Heaven her flight.

So heav'n through dark clouds lightneth, whilst the  
Is but a file to its bright splendour made ; (shade  
So Stars with greater lustre might invade.

So sparkle Flints when struck, so mettles find  
Harshnels from hammering, and the closer bind ;  
So flames encrease, the more supprest by wind.

And as the Grindstone to unpolish'd Steel  
Gives edge and Lustre, so my mind I feel  
Whetted and glaz'd, by Fortunes turning wheel.

### *The Braggadochio Captain.*

VVhilst timorous *Ansa* led his Martial band  
'Gainst the Invader of his Native Land,  
Thus he bespake his men before the fight,  
Courage (my Friends) let's dine, for we to night  
Shall sup, says he, in Heaven ; this having said,  
Soon as the threatning Ensigns were display'd,  
And the loud drums and trumpets had proclaim'd  
Defiance 'twixt the Hoasts, he, who ne're sham'd  
At loss of Honour, fairly ran away ;  
VVho being ask'd, how chance he would not stay,  
And

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

And go along with them to Sit in Heaven,  
Pardon me, Friends, said he, I fast this Even.

### *The choyce of a Wife.*

I would not have a wife with such a wast,  
As might be well with a Thumb-ring imbrac'd ;  
VVhose bony hips, which out on both sides stick,  
May serve for graters, and whose lean knees prick;  
One who a Saw doth in her back-bone bear,  
VVhose withered legs like kenes do appear ;  
Nor would I have her yet of bulk so gross, (cross,  
That weigh'd she'd break the Scales of th' Market-  
A meer unfathom'd lump of grease, no, that  
I do not relish, give me flesh, not fat.

### *A Debtor to his Creditor.*

Thou think'st, th' hast shown thyself a mighty friend,  
Because to me thou fifty pounds did lend ;  
But if you rich, for lending, mayest be said  
So great a friend, what I ? who poor repay'd.

### *On a vain fond Husband.*

Thou wondrest thy wives ears should smell so ill,  
They may thank thee, thou whisperest in them stil.

### *On a Boy kill'd by the fall of an Ice-sickle.*

Where *T hames* her water through the Bridge doth

(poure,  
And

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

And th'upper buildings sweat with many a showre;  
A drop congealed to an Ice-sickle  
On a Childs throat, that stood beneath it fell;  
And when the poor child's fate dissolv'd it had,  
Melted away in the warm wound it made;  
What may not cruel Fate? or where will not  
Death find us out, if water cut the throat?

*On the Statue of a Tyrant, which falling  
kill'd a Child.*

Thy Statue, sad Usurper, doth present  
To Tyrants a sad Document;  
Though Marble, on its Basis yet so fast  
It stood not, but it fell at last;  
And seems, as when he liv'd, as cruel still,  
It could not fall, but it must kill.

*On a Widow.*

Fain she'd have Robert, and who blame her can,  
But he'll not have her, and who'll blame the man?

*On one that wore a Leather Cap.*

Whilst thou a Kids skin Cap put'st on  
To hide the baldness of thy Crown,  
One jested handsomly, who said,  
Thou wear'st thy shoes upon thy head.

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

### *Ice and Fire.*

Naked love did to thine eye,  
Fairest, once to warm him fly ;  
But its purer Flame and Light  
Scorch'd his wings, and spoil'd his sight.

Forc'd from thence he went to rest,  
In the soft Couch of thy breast,  
But there met a frost so great,  
As his Torch extinguish'd strait.

When poor *Cupid* being constrain'd  
His cold bed to leave complain'd,  
What a lodging's here for me  
If all Ice and Fire she be ?

### *Counsel not to Love.*

He that will not love, must be  
My Schollar, and learn this of me ;  
There be in Love as many fears  
As the Summers Corn hath ears ;  
Sighs and tears, and sorrows more  
Then the sand that makes the shore ;  
Fiery cold, and freezing beats,  
Fainting, swoonds, and deadly sweats ;  
Now an Ague, then a Fever,  
Both tormenting Lovers ever :  
Wouldst thou know, besides all these  
How hard a woman 'tis to please ?

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

How cross, how sullen, and how soon  
She shifts and changes like the Moon,  
How false, how hollow she's in heart,  
And how she is in every part,  
How high she's prized, and worth but small?  
Little thou't love, or not at all.

### *The Recantation.*

Nay, let her go, can I endure all this?  
Yet dye to doat upon a Maidens kiss!  
Is there such Magick in her looks that can,  
Into a fool transfigure a man?  
Didst not thou love her? true, and she disdain  
To meet thy Vertue, let her meet her shame;  
Were she as fair, as she her self would be,  
Adorn'd with all the cost of bravery;  
Could she melt hearts of flint, and from her eye  
Give her Beholders power to live or dye;  
Id'e rather beg she would pronounce my death,  
Then be her scorn, though that preserv'd my breath;  
Rise heart, and be not fool'd! 'Sfoot, what a shame  
Were it for thee to re-infence one flame  
From the declining spark? dost thou not know  
As she's a woman, her whole Sex doth owe  
To thine all Honour? her false heart and pride  
Dare not oppose thy faith, then turn high-tide,  
And let her, since her scorn doth so deceive thee,  
By her Repentance strive again to please thee.

*Incon-*

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

### *Inconstancy defended.*

Leave fairest, leave, I pray no more  
With want of love or lightness charge me;  
'Cause your looks captiv'd me before,  
May not others now inlarge me?

He whose misguided Zeal hath long  
Pay'd homage to some Stars pale light,  
Better inform'd may without wrong,  
Leave that t'adore the Queen of Night.

Then if my heart, which long serv'd thee,  
Will to another now incline,  
Why term'd inconstant, should it be  
For bowing 'fore a richer shrine?

Censure those Lovers so, whose will  
Inferiour objects can entice,  
Who changes for the better still,  
Makes that a vertue you call vice.

### *The Reply.*

Shall I hopeless then pursue,  
A fair shadow that still flies me?  
Shall I still adore and woe,  
A proud heart that doth despise me?  
Yes, a constant love may so,  
Yet 'tis but a fruitless show.



## *Fancies and Fantesticks.*

---

Shall I by the erring light  
Of two croſſer Stars ſtill fail ?  
That do ſhine, but ſhine in ſpight,  
Not to guide, but make me fail ?  
I a wandring courſe may ſteer,  
But the harbour ne'r come near.

Whilſt theſe thoughts my Soul poſſeſſe,  
Reason, paſſion, would o'reſway,  
Bidding me my flames ſuppreſſe,  
Or divert ſome other way ;  
But what Reason would purſue,  
When my heart runs counter too ?

So a Pilot bent to make  
Search for ſome unfound-out Land,  
Does with him his Loadſtone take,  
Sayling to the unknown ſtrand ;  
But ſail he which way he will,  
The Loadſtone to the North poynts ſtill.

### *The Vow.*

By my life I vow,  
That my life art thou ;  
By my Heart, and by my Eyes,  
But thy faith denyes  
To my juſter oath t' incline,  
For thou ſayeſt, I ſwear by thine.

By

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

By this sigh I swear,  
By thy falling tear ;  
By the undeserved pains  
My grieved soul sustains,  
Thou mayest now believe my moan,  
They are too too much my own.

*On a Maid in love with a Youth blind  
of one Eye.*

Though a Sable Cloud benight  
One of thy fair Twins of light,  
Yet the other brighter seems  
As t'had rob'd his brothers beams,  
Or both Lights to one were run,  
Of two Stars to make one Sun : -  
Cunning Archer ! who knows yet  
But thou wink'st my heart to hit :  
Close the other too, and all  
Thee the God of Love will call.

*Love begotten by pity.*

'Tis true, your beauties which before  
Did dazle each bold Gazers eye,  
And forc'd even rebel hearts t' adore,  
Or from its conquering splendour fly ;  
Now shines with new increase of light,  
Like *Cynthia* at her full most bright.

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

Yet though you glory in th' increase  
Of so much Beauty, dearest Fair ;  
They err, who think this great access,  
Of which all eyes th' admirers are ;  
Or Arts or Natures gifts should be,  
Leave then the hidden cause from me.

Pity in thee, in me desire,  
First bred (before I durst but aime  
At fair respect) now that close fire  
Thy love hath fann'd into a flame,  
Which mounting to its proper place,  
Shines like a Glory 'bout thy face.

### *The Bag of a Bee.*

To have the sweet Bag of the Bee,  
Two *Cupids* fell at odds,  
And whose the pretty prize should be,  
They vow'd to ask the Gods ;  
Which *Venus* hearing, thither came,  
And for their boldness stript them,  
And taking from them each his flame,  
With myrtle rods she whipt them ;  
Which done, to still their wanton cryes,  
VVhen quiet grown sh' had seen them,  
She kiss'd, and wip'd their Dove-like eyes,  
And gave the Bag between them.

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

*To make much of time.*

Gather your Rose-buds whilst you may,  
Old time is still a flying ;  
And that same flower that smiles to day,  
To morrow may be dying.

The glorious Lamp of Heaven, the Sun,  
The higher he is getting,  
The sooner will his race be run,  
And nearer to his setting.

That Age is best, which is the first,  
When youth, and old are warmer ;  
And being spent, the worse and worst  
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your Time,  
And while you may go marry ;  
For having lost but once your prime,  
You may for ever tarry.

*On the Picture of Icarus in Wax.*

What once did unto thee impart  
The means of death, by happy Art  
Now thee restores to life again ;  
Yet still remember to refrain

Ambitious

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

Ambitious flights, nor soar too high  
The Sun of an inflaming eye;  
For so thou may'st scorch'd by those beams  
In ashes dye, as once in streams.

### *The Farewell to Love, and to his Mistress.*

What conscience say, is it in thee,  
When I a heart had one,  
To take away that heart from me,  
And to retain thy own?  
For shame and pitty now incline  
To play a loving part,  
Either to send me kindly thine,  
Or send me back my heart:  
Court not both, for if thou dost  
Resolve to part with neither,  
Why yet to shew that thou art just  
Take me, and mine together.

---

*A Fare-*

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*



### *A Farewell to Folly.*

**F**arewel, ye gilded follies, pleasing troubles ;  
Farewel, ye honour'd rags, ye christal bubbles ;  
Fame's but a hollow Eccho ; Gold, poor clay ;  
Honour, the darling but of one short day ;  
Beauties chief Idol, but a damask skin ;  
State, but a golden prison to live in,  
And torture free-born minds ; imbroydred trains,  
But goodly Pageants : proudly swelling vains,  
And blood ally'd to greatness, is but loane  
Inherited, not purchast, not our own.  
Fame, Riches, Honour, Beauty, Gold, Trains, Birth,  
Are but the fading blessings of the Earth.  
I would be rich, but see man too unkind,  
Digs in the bowels of the richest mine.

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

I would be great, but yet the Sun doth still  
Level his beams against the rising hill.  
I would be fair, but see the Champion proud,  
The worlds fair eye, oft setting in a cloud.  
I would be wise, but that the Fox I see  
Suspected guilty, when the Fox is free.  
I would be poor, but see the humble grasse  
Trampled upon, by each unworthy Asse.  
Rich, hated ; wise, suspected ; scorn'd if poor ;  
Great, fear'd ; fair, tempted ; high, still envied more.  
Would the world then adopt me for her heir ;  
Would beauties Queen entitle me the fair ;  
Fame speak me honours Minion ; and could I  
With *Indian-Angels*, and a speaking eye, (dumb  
Command bare heads, bow'd knees, strike Justice  
As well as blind, as lame, and give a tongue  
To stones by Epitaphs, be call'd great Master,  
In the loose lines of every Poetaster ;  
Could I be more then any man that lives,  
Great, wise, Rich, Fair, all in superlatives :  
Yet I these favours, would more free resign,  
Then ever fortune would have had them mine.  
I count one minute of my holy leasure,  
Beyond the mirth of all this earthly pleasure.  
Welcom pure thoughts, welcom ye careless groves,  
These are my guests ; this is the Court age loves.  
The winged people of the skies shall sing  
Me Anthems, by my sellers gentle spring.



## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

Divinity shall be my looking-glass,  
VVherein I will adore sweet vertues face.  
Here dwells no heartless loves, no pale-fac't fears,  
No short joyes purchast with eternal tears.  
Here will I sit, and sing my hot youths folly ;  
And learn to affect an holy Melancholy :  
And if contentment be a stranger, then  
I'le ne'r look for it but in Heaven agen.

### *An Invitation to the Reader.*

**H**AVING now fed thy youthfull frencies, with  
these Juvenilian Fancies ; let me invite thee  
(with my self ) to sing *Altiora peto*. And then to  
meet with this thy noble resolution, I would com-  
mend to thy sharpest view, and serious considerati-  
on, The Sweet Coelestial Sacred Poems by Mr.  
*Henry Vaughan*, Intituled, *Silex Scintillans* :

There plumes from Angels wings, he'l lend thee,  
VVhich every day to Heaven will send thee.

*( Hear him thus invite thee home. )*

If thou wouldst thither, linger not,

Catch at the place,

Tell youth, and beaury, they must rot,

They'r but a Case :

Loose, parcell'd hearts will freeze ; the Sun

VVith

## *Fancies and Fantasticks.*

---

With scatter'd locks  
Scarce warms, but by contraction  
Can heat Rocks ;  
Call in thy powers ; run, and reach  
Home with the light ;  
Be there, before the shadows stretch,  
And span up night ;  
Follow the Cry no more : there is  
An ancient way  
All strewed with flowers and happinesse,  
And fresh as *May* ;  
There turn, and turn no more ; let wits  
Smile at fair eyes,  
Or lips, but who there weeping sits,  
Hath got the Prize.

---

**F I N I S.**



*Glass Case*

CLASS BX 7795 BOOK M95 L8

1668?

THE LIBRARY

OF

HAVERFORD COLLEGE

THE GIFT OF

*Friends Library, Phila*

4 MO. 23 19 29

ACCESSION NO.

106819